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TALKING SCREEN

September
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An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) at any drug store in the world—an enemy to fat.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

PRESS TIME TOPICS

HARRY LANGDON, screen comedian, was acquitted on charges of being a love thief, when a Los Angeles court ruled against Thomas J. O'Brien, ex-husband of Langdon's bride of a year. O'Brien had sued to force payment on two notes given him by Langdon in addition to $15,000 cash to halt a threatened $250,000 alienation action. The judge ruled that O'Brien killed his wife's love before she divorced him.

With 300 miniature golf courses already established in Los Angeles and Hollywood, the Fox West Coast theatres have set aside $500,000 to establish more of these as close as possible to their theatres. Some of the present individually owned courses are netting as high as $500 a day, and cutting deeply into theatre patronage.

The Fox idea is that the golfers will see the show first, then play golf.

While Harold Lloyd sat in court defending his own corporation against charges that he had stolen the story from which he filmed *The Freshman,* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were made defendants in an action alleging they pirated *The Florodora Girl.*

H. C. Witwer's widow is demanding $1,000,000 from Lloyd.

Executors of the estate of Leslie Stuart demanded $350,000 damages for *Florodora.*

And while all this was taking place, Beatrice Lillie, the British star who made one picture for Fox, sued Warner Brothers for $100,000 charging breach of contract for her services, and she's not kidding, either.

When Harold Lloyd, with his wife and Barbara Kent, leading lady, recently arrived in Honolulu to make scenes for *Feet First*, he was given a rousing welcome by members of the Aloha Lodge of Shriners.

Few knew that Will Rogers was a collector of antiques, but the news leaked out when he presented an old time Western stage-coach to the United States Museum of Natural History at Washington.

Milton Sills, starring, and Nat Pendleton, a featured player, in Fox's production of *Sea Wolf,* narrowly escaped with their lives while filming scenes 300 miles out in the Pacific. They had left the schooner in a small boat and were some distance away when a whale came to the surface beneath their craft and upset it, tossing them into the ocean.

The Fox Film Corporation will expend $5,000,000 before January 1, 1930, to enlarge Fox Movietone City at Westwood. As soon as the additions are completed the company will vacate its original studio on Western Avenue in the center of Hollywood. The land is now too valuable for studio purposes, and will be converted into hotel, apartment and theatre sites.

Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan sisters, had Rex Lease, the Tiffany star, arrested on charges of assault and battery following a Sunday night party in the Charlie Farrell Malibu beach home. Lease was released on bail to await trial, which it is said will be held shortly.

Vivian alleged that Lease punched her nose and kicked her shins when she refused him a kiss on the route home from Charlie's. She was taken to a hospital to be treated for her injuries.

Hollywood will shed another tear when Nancy Welford begins her starring rôle in *Mickey,* which is to be refilmed by the old Triangle Company, long inactive. The character was Mabel Normand's greatest screen success of the silent days.

Wallace Beery will play opposite Marie Dressler in *Dark Star,* which will be produced by M-G-M.

Polly Moran went to Mount Clemens, Michigan, for an operation for sinus trouble.

Mary Pickford has resumed work on *Forever Yours,* which was practically completed when she decided to put it on the shelf. Sam Taylor replaced Mickey Neilan as director, but Kenneth McKenna was recalled to play opposite the star. The story has been entirely rewritten.

The deadlock between Janet Gaynor and the Fox company continues. The little star has not been on the lot since February. Rumor has it that Janet and Winnie Sheehan, her boss, are trying to outwait one another. She is holding out for Winnie to send for her, and Winnie simply isn't bothering. The trouble began in a dispute over stories and salary.

Lila Lee has been ordered to take a six-months' vacation by her physician after having set a Hollywood record by playing the feminine lead in seventeen talking pictures within a year. Her health broke under the strain.

Anders Randolph, noted film character actor, is dead at the age of fifty-four. Many will mourn his passing.

TALKING SCREEN

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BRIEF GUIDE

TO GIVE YOU A LINE OR SO ON CURRENT TALKIE OFFERINGS

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE *(RKO)*—The newly-weds, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, in the same film. It's all about a couple of crooks and how they reformed. Not bad entertainment.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT *(Universal)*—This is one of the most startling pictures that has ever been flashed on the public screen. See it by all means, unless you are the possessor of a weak stomach.

ANNA CHRISTIE *(M-G-M)*—The fame of this number has spread far and wide and wide and far. We merely list it to emphasize the importance of your seeing it.

ANYBODY'S WAR *(Paramount)*—Them thar Two Black Crow fellers are back again in a comedy about the A. E. F. It's not a world beater, but it's good.

THE ARIZONA KID *(Fox)*—Warner Baxter as the Cisco Kid again, swash-buckling all over the lot. He's good, but the story is ver', ver' slow.

THE BAD ONE *(United Artists)*—One of those Marseilles waterfront pictures with Edmund Lowe as the love-making sailor and Dolores Del Río as the feminine sex appeal.

BEAU BANDIT *(RKO)*—Rod la Rocque as a noble thief in a fairly interesting story.

THE BIG FIGHT *(Sono-Art)*—Mr. Dempsey's play in talkie form, but without Mr. Dempsey. Since the original play was written merely to give Mr. Dempsey something to play in, we ask you to draw your own conclusions about this one.

THE BIG HOUSE *(M-G-M)*—A pretty good prison picture with all the acting honors going to Wallace Beery as *Butch*. Chester Morris does well in a difficult part and Robert Montgomery is unconvincing in the hopeless rôle of an unbelievable weakling. As entertainment, it's above average.

THE BIG POND *(Paramount)*—Here's that Chevalier guy again with his famous voice and, of course, that fascinating accent. Don't miss him, girls.

THE BORDER LEGION *(Paramount)*—Richard Arlen and Jack Holt—two of the he-est he's—team up in this excellent story of the West. Don't miss it whether you're a Western fan or not.

BORN RECKLESS *(Fox)*—Edmund Lowe does very well as *Louis Beretti* in this excellent talkie version of the famous best seller.

THE BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT *(First National)*—The Technicolor is good, Vivienne Segal is good, and Walter Pidgeon is excellent, but—the story is a little slow and the comedy, by Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda, and Lupino Lane is a little forced.

BRIGHT LIGHTS *(First National)*—Reviewed in this issue.

CAUGHT SHORT *(M-G-M)*—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a perfectly delightful comedy which, although based on the Wall Street crash, is still very entertaining in spite of its rather old-fashioned theme. If M-G-M doesn't team up these two again—well——.

COMMON CLAY *(Fox)*—Reviewed in this issue.

CONSPIRACY *(RKO)*—Reviewed in this issue.

COURAGE *(Warner Brothers)*—Belle Bennett in the well known mother rôle does beautifully in this audible cinema version of the stage play of a few seasons ago. Well worth a visit.

DANCING SWEETIES *(Warner Brothers)*—If you are one of those fans who like dance hall stories, don't miss this little number. Grant Withers and Sue Carol are delightful.

DANGEROUS NAN McGREW *(Paramount)*—A rather disappointing picture. It might have been a swell comedy, but somehow or other, Mal St. Clair couldn't make up his mind what to do with it. Helen Kane is not at her best.

The Ten Best and Why

THE ROGUE SONG, for the marvelous voice of Tibbett.

ANNA CHRISTIE, for Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler.

DISRAELI, for George Arliss' superb performance and the charming atmosphere.

THE VAGABOND KING, for its convincing historical romanticism and for its voices.

THE DIVORCEE, for its gripping truth and for Norma Shearer's most brilliant performance of her career.

SO THIS IS LONDON, for Will Rogers, that's all.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, for its breath-taking brutality.

THE CUCKOOS, for its perfectly delightful foolishness.

JOURNEY'S END, for its excellence as a psychological study.

THE DAWN PATROL, for its thrilling noises and for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

THE DAWN PATROL *(First National)*—A fairly good airplane picture of the Great War, acted out by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Barthelmess and Neil Hamilton in the leading rôles. As English officers, they're all there except the accent. However, that's a detail.

THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY *(Paramount)*—Nancy Carroll goes dramatic in this one with fairly good results. We're still thinking, however, that heavy dramatics are not her forte. Great praise to Phillips Holmes as the very, very handsome leading man. He really can act as well as look matinée-idolish.

DISRAELI *(Warner Brothers)*—Here's another one that needs no words of praise. Again, we merely list it to remind you to see it if you haven't done so already.

THE DIVORCEE *(M-G-M)*—That book, *Ex-Wife*, unofficially transferred to the screen. Whether or not it follows the book doesn't really matter for the movie is such a corking piece of work that you will be fascinated as it unreels. Norma Shearer does excellent work.

DUMBELLS IN ERMINE *(Warner Brothers)*—A good, slangy comedy with James Gleason and Robert Armstrong continuing their excellent work of former films.

THE FLORODORA GIRL *(M-G-M)*—Marion Davies in a swell comedy which has as its setting the frivolous days of the Nineties. Marion looks pretty and gets some good laughs in the funny outfits they dashed around in, in those days.

FOR THE DEFENSE *(Paramount)*—Reviewed in this issue.

FREE AND EASY *(M-G-M)*—A more or less amusing story starring Frozen Faced Keaton. Maybe we're getting old, but it seems to us that Keaton isn't as funny in this as he used to be.

GOLDEN DAWN *(Warner Brothers)*—This is what is known as a spectacle, built around the famous operetta. Lavish is hardly the word for it—extravagant might be better. You'll get your money's worth.

GOOD INTENTIONS *(Fox)*—Edmund Lowe in another underworld characterization, as a gang leader who tries to give it all up because he's fallen in love with one of them thar sassiety girls. Pretty good entertainment.

GOOD NEWS *(M-G-M)*—A fairly faithful talkie version of the famous musical comedy. Maybe that's the trouble—it's so darn faithful that you wish there were something a little bit new in it. However, it's all right.

HELL'S ISLAND *(Columbia)*—A triangle story about a couple of them fighting fellers and a goil. The fighting fellers are in the Foreign Legion. Jack Holt and Ralph Graves do good work.

HOLD EVERYTHING *(Warner Brothers)*—The excellent musical comedy in which Joe E. Brown plays a prize fighter. Winnie Lightner is also in the cast and between the two of them, you will be holding your sides, dearie.

HOLIDAY *(Pathé)*—An excellent talkie version of the famous stage play of the same name. Not an exciting play, but interesting, with plenty of smart talk.

INSIDE THE LINES *(RKO)*—In this story of 1914 there's so much spying, counter-spying, and counter-counter-spying that it's quite hard to tell t'other from which. As a story of war intrigue, this little yarn is satisfactory.

JOURNEY'S END *(Tiffany)*—A very faithful translation of the very famous stage play. It's a psychological study, so if you don't like psychological studies, you had better stay at home and play solitaire.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK *(Harold Auten)*—An English talkie of the Irish play with an English-Irish cast. It's very good and very un-Hollywood and we advise you not to see it unless you can stand a rather drab and foreboding story.

LADIES LOVE BRUTES *(Paramount)*—Georgie Bancroft is here again. This he-man rollicks through a he-man story for audiences of adoring ladies.

LADIES MUST PLAY *(Columbia)*—Reviewed in this issue.

LET US BE GAY *(M-G-M)*—A delightful version of Rachel Crother's play. Acting honors go to Marie Dressler with Norma Shearer scoring second in the leading rôles. Norma has gone back to posing again in this one.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES *(Paramount)*—Clara Bow in an absolutely ridiculous story, not even convincing and certainly not interesting. Clara is good—sings a couple of good songs and looks cute. Mitzi Green scores another hit.

MADAME SATAN *(M-G-M)*—Reviewed in this issue.

MAMBA *(Tiffany)*—A story of South Africa which is extremely entertaining. Jean Hersholt and Eleanor Boardman do very well.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEYS *(Warner Brothers)*—An amusing burlesque of middle-class English life with the romantic John Barrymore being delightfully unromantic and highly amusing.

A MAN FROM WYOMING *(Paramount)*—Gary Cooper in a story so utterly ridiculous that it's almost too much. However, it is worth seeing for Gary's acting and nothing else.

MANSLAUGHTER *(Paramount)*—Reviewed in this issue.

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JUST YOUR STYLE AND HOLLYWOOD'S

The intimate garments worn by the stars are the smartest in the world—and you may copy them at modest cost if you follow these informative hints

By DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

TO THE truly well-dressed girl of today, lingerie shares equal importance with her outer apparel; for surely there is nothing more intimately a part of the fastidious wearer than her most personal garments. To wander in the lingerie sections of the exclusive department stores these days is really a treat, so refreshingly lovely and feminine are the garments displayed.

During the last few months lingerie has undergone as radical a change as outer garments, and it is interesting to note that many of the new stylings are apparent in both. Just as frocks and coats follow the silhouette, so do the new lingerie modes. Why, even nightgowns—which, by the way, are becoming increasingly popular again for night wear—have a real made-just-for-you fit. For a while we were wearing them very short; but now they are quite long, and the most bridesy ones have trains, just like our most festive new evening gowns. They have their own little capelets and tiny "baby" sleeves, to say nothing of their natural-waistline belts and dainty sashes.

ONE of the most spectacular nighties I've ever seen is owned by Constance Bennett, who is one of the best dressed women in Hollywood—off-screen as well as on. The material is lustrous satin in an ivory shade, molded closely to the figure. A deep lace yoke features the low back. The most novel feature, however, is the lace inset at the natural waistline in front, forming deep godets, at the side-back, and ending in a small train. It certainly must have cost her something in three figures; but a clever girl could copy it for much less. The expense would depend almost entirely on the value of the lace used—and, of course, the best lace is terribly expensive. Fortunately, there are laces that are very effective, yet well within the means of average persons like you and me. But more of them later.

Of course we, being ordinary individuals instead of stars, don't wear trains and tricky lace godets to bed. We're much more apt to select one of the new, simple gowns of wash satin, crêpe de chine, or voile, bound in some contrasting shade, or with a touch of lace, embroidery, fagoting, or cleverly manipulated tucks. Many of the new nighties have amusing little epaulettes of chiffon, or flattering Marie Antoinette collars that cover the shoulders; and, of course, all kinds of tiny sleeves are making their appearance in the fall lingerie. Some of the gowns for winter feature fancy long sleeves—a style sponsored once upon a time by Elinor Glyn, who declared that it insured beautiful shoulders!

PAJAMAS! The chic boudoirs are full of them, both for sleeping and negligée. The most popular type is the two piece tuck-in. Even the one-piece sleeping pajamas effect two-piece styling. Pajamas adapt themselves to a sport type of garment, and are wonderfully attractive, practical, and inexpensive both to buy and make in gay cotton prints. On the other hand, they are charmingly feminine when created of rayon fabrics, crêpe, chiffon, or satin, and combined with lace.

Again, pajamas may substitute for the conventional negligée. When used for lounging, they become more decorative. Do you remember that clever costume worn by Norma Shearer in *The Divorcée?* It was a one-piece outfit with the two-piece effect, and tied smartly in front at the normal waistline. The dolman sleeves—a new fashion trend this fall—were finished with long, tight cuffs. The real feature of these pajamas, however, was the smart use of a lighter shade of crêpe applied in a futuristic design on the blouse. Any girl could copy these pajamas for $10; but the light-and-dark design that "makes" the costume would be a tricky one to duplicate.

In *Such Men are Dangerous.* Catherine Dale Owen wore a wonderful three-piece pajama outfit of peach satin, featuring large chiffon sleeves hand-painted in an attractive yellow design. A trim little orange vestee with rhinestone

[*Continued on page 77*]

The coat and trousers of this boudoir costume worn by Evelyn Brent are contrived of hand-blocked crêpe in futuristic triangles of brown and orange while the blouse is of egg-shell crêpe.

PORTRAITS

Clarence Sinclair Bull

We have come to depend on Marion Davies for a constant succession of delightful, more-than-competent pictures. Her The Florodora Girl *will be followed by* Rosalie, *the Gershwin-music-equipped opus.*

Otto Dyar

Gary Cooper becomes, with each picture in which his talents are given full opportunity, more securely the possessor of a unique position as the talkies great portrayer of romantic Westerners.

William E. Thomas

The pensive young lady above is Sally Starr, who really shouldn't be that way at all, for her recent successes—especially her work in Pathé's Swing High—*are rapidly bringing her up the ladder of stardom.*

Clarence Sinclair Bull

This informally attired young man has fast become one of the most popular of the clean-cut, man's man type. Girls, you mustn't miss Johnny Mack Brown in his coming picture, Billy The Kid.

Hurrell

With his splendid performance in What A Man!, *Reginald Denny demonstrated conclusively that his was a talent likely to make talkie history, and is expected to do big things in* Madam Satan.

Ray Jones

After quite a long period of inactivity following Hell Harbor, *Lupe Velez' lovably fiery personality is scheduled to speed things up on the talking screen shortly in the very appropriate vehicle,* The Storm.

You SIXTY OTHERS BE

Who made SUNNY SIDE UP the most popular motion picture of the past year? . . . . YOU did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country . . . . Who made THE COCKEYED WORLD the runner-up? . . . . YOU again—with your spontaneous approval, registered by cosh paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. . . . . Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? . . . . Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspopers in their respective cities. . . . Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? . . . FOX—last year with John Ford's FOUR SONS —yeor before last with Frank Borzage's 7th HEAVEN. . . . . Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? . . . . Nobody but YOU. . . . Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and

leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? . . . .YOU, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what FOX has done in the past and told us what you like . . . . Will you get it? . . . . Look ot this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! . . . . Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in OH, FOR A MAN!—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made SUNNY SIDE UP, David Butler. . . . McLaglen and Lowe chosing WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of WHAT PRICE GLORY. Direction by Raoul Wolsh. What a line-up! . . . . Charlie Farrell in his greatest port of all, as Liliom,

AND

MILLION

CAN'T

WRONG

in DEVIL WITH WOMEN, from Franz Molnar's international stage success . . . . And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year — THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, with Louise Huntington; THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and SHE'S MY GIRL, with Joyce Compton . . . . In UP THE RIVER, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold Medal winner, FOUR SONS. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites . . . . Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures — SONG O' MY HEART, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack — two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, THE MAN WHO CAME BACK and DEVIL WITH WOMEN — and ALONE WITH YOU, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections . . . . The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor — won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in IN OLD ARIZONA. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures . . . . If you saw Will Rogers in THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, or SO THIS IS LONDON, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's incomparable comic: A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and SEE AMERICA FIRST . . . . DeSylva, Brown and Henderson — the Gilbert and Sullivon of our day — will follow their smash success, SUNNY SIDE UP with JUST IMAGINE, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel . . . . We made the pictures — but YOU asked for them — and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!

FOX

Elmer Fryer

Joe E. Brown is the fellow with the panicky pan whom you've seen so often lately. Having knocked the world for a loop in Hold Everything, *Joe will soon be seen with Joan Bennett and James Hall in* Maybe It's Love.

AUG 14 1930

GEORGE T. DELACORTE, Jr.,
Publisher and Editorial Director

TALKING SCREEN

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ROWELL BATTEN,
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Associate Editors

WAYNE G. HAISLEY,
Managing Editor

The Spokesman of Talking Pictures

A GENERATION of girls has wished devoutly to exchange places with Mary Pickford. It seemed more romantic to be America's Sweetheart rather than just the girl-friend of Tom or Harry. Yet "Our Mary" has known little of happiness.

Since the poverty-bareness of her childhood she has striven and slaved to acquire that success measured in the dimes and dollars of the movie public. She has seen her girlhood romance wither on the stem like a blighted rose. Children have been denied her. Family escapades have brought her sorrow. The searing rays of white-hot publicity have burned into the most sacredly secret corners of her heart.

Now from the lofty exile of her high estate rumors of further infelicity become so insistent as to demand denials. And so this tired little queen, who has bowed in life-long genuflection to public opinion, bravely endeavors to laugh off repeated rumors that she and Doug have been storm-tossed from their marital moorings.

In return for a quarter-century of unhappy servitude she has failed to win the common freedom necessary to either ignore the gossip-mongers, or sever a love-knot that may have become a gyve upon her heart. Mary Pickford would gladly exchange life-roles with any of her flapper fans.

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

SINCE the war, Hollywood has been all cluttered up with royalty. Honest-to-goodness ex-Highnesses are hidden in the spinach. And there's a phoney prince for every première. But this didn't prevent a lady celeb seeker from trying to impress Alice Joyce, whom she met for the first time.

"Why," said the lion-hunter to the aristocratic Alice, "I actually dined with a Russian Grand Duke!"

"Really?", replied Alice, "I was more fortunate. I didn't!"

PROFITS FOR PROPHETS

PICK winners and get rich quick. Of course, there's a trick in it. Every bang-tail isn't a "Gallant Fox." Nor is every actor a Chester Morris. But, nevertheless, it can be done. If you're lucky.

Director Roland West "discovered" Chester Morris and starred him in *Alibi*. Incidentally, Roland signed Chester to a personal contract. That was a year ago. Since then Chester has worked in six of the major Hollywood studios. West's cut of Chester's earnings has totalled well over a quarter-million. Chester, himself, has doubtless netted enough to buy the baby shoes and save up for that rainy day umbrella.

GAYNOR LOSES

JANET GAYNOR'S one-man strike is off. She's returned to work and will be teamed again with Charlie Farrell. Janet didn't want to make song-cinemas, for the seemingly good reason that she can't sing. Or thinks she can't. So when they scheduled her for another *High Society Blues*, she sailed off the set and didn't furl her canvass until she passed Diamond Head, Hawaii.

Cajolery failed, so they took her off the pay-roll, although her contract prevented work for another company. Apparently some one has given Janet good advice. Right or wrong, no player is bigger than the picture business. She's back on the Fox lot now, and maybe her smile, her dimples and that bow in her hair will accomplish more than the pouting.

CHEERS FOR CHANEY

LON CHANEY lies stricken with serious illness. This following on the heels of what should have been his greatest triumph. For the man-with-a-thousand-faces certainly scored a victory over the film menace, Mike Rophone, when he gave the talking screen not one but a half-dozen voices in the new *Unholy Three*.

None of the old and honorable guard of moviedom has emerged with such complete supremacy from an initial combat with the sound device. Cheers for Chaney! May he soon be back before the mikes and camera and find greater fame than he has ever known.

And incidentally, if you hear any odd sounds around the house these midnights—don't shoot, because, now that the talkies are here, it might be Lon Chaney!

FAMOUS MOVIE FRIENDSHIPS

Sally Eilers and Jeanette Loff met when they were just a couple of extra girls. Their friendship started by Sally's sitting plump down in Jeanette's chair. By mistake, of course. Their friendship has held through the years of extra work to stardom.

By
GRACE KINGSLEY

PROBABLY you think of a picture star as a person who walks alone.

Nonsense. A picture star is just as human as you or I.

Doesn't every girl need somebody to help her pick out her hats? Somebody to tell her love affairs to? And doesn't every boy require a pal from whom to borrow a dress suit once in a while? And somebody to go to the ball games with?

Maybe you imagine that if you were as famous as Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin or Bebe Daniels or Maurice Chevalier, you wouldn't care whether you had a bosom friend or not.

But you're wrong.

And many a friendship in the film world has grown from a tiny seed of casual acquaintanceship to be a hardy plant that has bloomed through the years and borne fruit of self-sacrifice and devotion.

Yes, sometimes even in the hectic world of picturedom, there springs up, fostered by a genuine gift for friendship and loyalty, a comradeship so deep and true that nothing can change it, not even long separations or difference of professional standing or jealousy of other friends, or any of the other manifold strains that inevitably come to any friendship, and which are all aggravated in this mimic world.

Indeed, on the other hand, I think that, with the multiplicity of problems that beset a film player, the need for the companionship, inspiration and advice of some true friend, is even more necessary than to most of us.

Guinn Williams and Charles Farrell in a scene from *Lucky Star*, the movie in which these two close friends in real life had to play bitter enemies for the sake of art.

SALLY EILERS AND JEANETTE LOFF WERE EXTRAS TOGETHER

ONE morning, about three years ago, I came down to the Fox Studio," said Jeanette Loff. "I was feeling awfully blue. I was an extra, and I was wondering if, after all, I should ever be anything else.

"I went into the dressing room where I dressed with three or four other extra girls—sometimes more when there was a big mob—and suddenly I realized there was a new girl there. She was sitting in the chair I considered mine and was making up at my part of the mirror. Not feeling any too good-natured anyway, I guess I looked a little bit cross at her.

"But she hopped right up and said, 'Oh, I beg your pardon! Is this your place?' I

It was through old George Fawcett that Johnny Mack Brown went into the movies in the first place. George is god-father to Johnny's little baby.

In spite of all the rumors about professional jealousy and the general inhumanity of Hollywood, there are many real and beautiful bonds of friendship among the stars—as loyal and true as any anywhere

thought that was nice of her and heard myself saying, 'Oh, never mind, it doesn't matter.' But she moved to the next place, and I sat down.

"Then the girl looked at me as I began putting on my make-up. I pretended I knew all about it, but I really didn't. I saw she was trying to copy me. Then I had to give in. I laughed, 'Say,' I said, 'I don't know much more about it than you do!' She laughed, too, and we began to help each other. The girl said her name was Sally Eilers, and I told her mine was Jeanette Loff."

That was the beginning of a very close friendship which exists today between Sally and Jeanette.

"We loaned each other money and dresses, and we tried to get into the same pictures," explained Jeanette. "Sally, I found, was a lovely, thoughtful, kind girl, even though she did seem harum-scarum. I was inclined to be too serious, and she was good for me, and I guess I was and am a balance for her.

"One day she was to be in a picture for which I had not been called. But she said to me, 'Just you walk right in with me, and nobody will know the difference.' 'What about a costume?' I asked. 'Oh, I'll see to that!' exclaimed Sally. Sure enough, she came back to the dressing room with a costume just like hers. It was a dancing number. 'I took it when one of the girls wasn't looking,' grinned Sally.

Ruth Chatterton dropped her cigarette case and Lois Wilson picked it up for her. That got them started talking, and from that one little incident a great and fine friendship developed which has stood well the test of time.

At left we have Billie Dove and Lillian Akers. Lillian is not in the movie game and this makes one of the few instances where a star's closest friend is a person outside of the profession.

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol (Mr. and Mrs. Stuart) are great friends of David Rollins. They all met each other on the Fox lot.

'They're looking for it now, but they've got plenty of extra ones. They'll find one for her!'

"And so I earned seven fifty that day, too!

"One day on location we were short a lunch. There was no place to buy anything. There was a cow in a pasture, and one of the girls said she knew how to milk. Evidently the animal hadn't been milked that morning, and as we found a big pan, we had fresh milk, with two or three of the girls donating part of their lunches, so that Sally had plenty to eat after all. Somehow it had been Sally that was left out.

"I remember once I had been working more than Sally had. I was called for an evening scene. I slipped Sally into my place. Nobody was the wiser."

Both girls got breaks at about the same time, and their friendship was always maintained. They ride horseback and go swimming and play tennis together.

They advise each other about their love affairs, and even that strain on friendship hasn't broken their relations.

"I advised Sally," said Jeanette, "not to marry a certain man, and she didn't. She's glad now she didn't. I approve her marriage to Hoot Gibson. He is a fine man. Sally and I have been to his mountain ranch sometimes over week-ends, chaperoned by some one we know well.

"I'm inclined to be a stay-at-home, and Sally makes me go out and meet people and see shows.

"I got my break first in pictures when I signed with DeMille, and we celebrated with a big dinner. It was a few weeks afterward that Sally was signed for the lead in *The Good-Bye Kiss.*"

REX BELL AND GEORGE O'BRIEN PAL TOGETHER

"WE'RE together all summer," remarked George O'Brien, "although we aren't just summer pals. But we seem to have more time in summer, to be together."

George was talking about his friendship with Rex Bell.

Polly Moran and Bill Haines constitute the greatest friendship of any two wise-crackers in Hollywood. They have a great old time seeing who can out-repartee the other and, believe us, they keep those sparks of wit a-sizzling and a-crackling.

That's what somebody said one day to Billy Haines.

While Billy is a great comedian, both on and off, his closest friends know that these frolicsome gestures really hide a serious nature, that is given to actually somber moods.

Billy met Polly that very day at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Polly has her deep and serious side, too, but there's nothing morbid about her. She and Billy began kidding each other. It developed into a contest of wits, and pretty soon a lot of people were listening to the two, who really are brilliant at repartee.

Then Billy invited Polly over to his house for dinner; after which Polly invited Billy to her house for dinner the next week. And now they meet almost as regularly as a lodge!

When Billy goes to a party, he usually goes with Polly and his sister. They go to the theater together a good deal too, especially to comedies.

They find all the laughter of life together, with Polly forever in the lead.

There's rather a famous joke in Hollywood, at the expense of an interviewer.

"Whom are you in love with?" the interviewer asked Billy.

[*Continued on page 84*]

George O'Brien and Rex Bell are two of the closest friends in the movie colony. During the summer months they spend a lot of time at George's home at Malibu. Their friendship is based on their mutual liking for swimming and water sports.

The two are quite inseparable, except, of course, for their girling evenings.

They spent their vacations together last summer at George's beach house.

And it isn't the friendship of a moment by a long way. They have been pals for years, each seeming to have a capacity for real loyalty and friendship.

BILLIE DOVE'S BEST FRIEND IS NON-PROFESSIONAL

MOST friends of players are naturally to be found in their profession. But occasionally a friendship is formed with some one outside, and so it is with Billie Dove.

Billie's best friend is Lillian Akers of New York. Up until two years ago, Billie went east every year to visit her friend. But recently she has been so busy she couldn't get away, so last year Miss Akers came out to spend two weeks with Billie, but had such a good time that she remained eight months! The girls shopped and went to the theater together, and especially delighted in short trips to California points of interest, like Catalina Island, Monterey and Coronado. Both enjoy yachting, and as Billie knows several people who own yachts, including Belle Bennett, they were not lacking for entertainment in this way.

William Powell and Ronald Colman have been close friends for years. Their chief delight is to steal away to some wide open spaces and rough it between the grind of pictures.

POLLY MORAN CHEERS HER PAL, BILLY HAINES

YOU really ought to know Polly Moran. She'd be good for you. She's one of the real wows of the century."

NOW YOU'RE TALKING

Mitzi Green, whose efforts—and whose efforts alone — transform *Love Among the Millionaires* from a very ordinary picture to something swell.

Victor McLaglen, whose performance as the iron-worker in *On the Level,* proves beyond all doubt that he is not just a one-rôle man.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who, in *The Dawn Patrol,* proves that he can portray sentiment without being horribly sentimental — other movie actors please copy.

In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends hearty congratulations to:

Wallace Beery, whose performance in *The Big House* is the sort of unforgettably rich characterization which comes once in a lifetime.

Marie Dressler, whose beautifully human performance in *Caught Short* blends comedy and pathos with a delicacy which is positively superb.

HEADLINE LADY

Constance Bennett was born to play the leading rôle—and always has

By

HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

On page 48 of this issue you will find Miss Bennett's views on the most important of all the emotions—love. In the following article this young lady is presented to you in startlingly vivid fashion. Together, these articles will give you a real insight into the personality of this fascinating woman who commands the spotlight.
—THE EDITORS.

HER birth stone is the opal, gem of changing, restless fires. And the opal is the birth stone of October, in case you don't know. For it was during the month when the country-side goes hay-wire with Nature's Technicolor that she made her mundane début in New York. Some say the year was 1905. Substract a couple on general principles. It is axiomatic that no woman, from Baby Peggy to Fanny Ward, tells the absolute truth about her age.

But whatever the time, or the locale, Constance Bennett was born to be. That is, to be just what she is. There has been no deviation for the star-spelled destiny written down for her since Time's first subtitle—"Came the Dawn."

Constance is part of that scheme of things which caused Rose Wood, the dancer, to matrimonially "yes" a youthful thespian named Louis Morrison. Their talent was perpetuated in a daughter, Adrienne.

At seventeen, Adrienne was the ingénue lead in her father's theatric troupe. And a dashing juvenile scratched "I Love You," on the mirror in her dressing room. His name was Richard Bennett. And she married him. All this because Constance had to be born. Born to be—

Twelve years later a skinny kid with straggly blonde hair and blazing blue eyes was making governesses miserable in the rambling home at Palisades, across the Hudson. The house was called "Ben - Mor." "Ben," for Bennett. "Mor," for Morrison.

She had two sisters, Joan and Barbara. But she was "King o' the Kids." They used to plunder their mother's wardrobe to play at acting. And Constance was invariably the star. The others never tried to steal the play.

Constance Bennett is the daughter of dyed - in - the - wool thespians, Richard and Adrienne Bennett. Constance began to play at acting when she was a mere chit. The troupers' blood is as much a part of her as her pretty nose and mouth.

LATER, she attended school. Here and there at her parents' whims. One swanky academy for "young ladies" refused her admission because she was an actor's child, and because—horrors—her father had played in *Damaged Goods*. Somehow or other, in due course she was "finished," as the completion of such a curriculum is appropriately termed. And her parents were shocked to find that with all their care, she was branded with the mark of the theatre. She danced divinely. How grandmother Rose Wood, in the wisdom of her understanding, must have smiled.

So destiny led her by the hand to the Knickerbocker Grill. And her feet did the rest. Under constant parental surveillance, she managed somehow to dance her way straight to the consciousness of Chester Moorehead. She eloped with him to Greenwich, Connecticut. This was in 1921. The impetuous Richard, her father, came dashing to what may be termed the rescue, in reponse to a wire that reached him in California. Constance made page one of the dailies twice. Once upon the marriage. And again upon its annulment.

Why folks prefer fiction to fact is as obscure as the Einstein theory. They'd have you believe this vivid, life-tossed, cornflower of a girl is a milk-and-water débutante—a wide-eyed Junior Leaguer, sitting around, waiting for things to happen. That isn't Constance's way. She's the time-and-tide kid who waits for no man. When she wants things to happen—she makes 'em happen. No nonsense about it.

Constance Bennett demonstrates what the smart traveller should look like—and we may accept her version as authentic, as regards smartness in this and plenty of other activities.

Miss Bennett's first movie rôle was in the old silent picture, *Cytherea*, produced by Samuel Goldwyn. As soon as the picture opened her career was assured.

For a time Miss Bennett left the stage completely for a career as a dashing young Long Island matron — and, as usual, held the center of the whole stage.

SO SHE battered at the door of many a casting director before Sam Goldwyn gave her a movie rôle in *Cytherea*. She cinched her career the night of the picture's première. Thereafter it was Hollywood, and pacts with Pathé, Paramount, First National, Warners and Universal.

The title of one of her films was *The Goose Hangs High*. And so it did. But in the midst of everything, Constance ups and plays a return engagement at Greenwich. She must have bought a return ticket. In any event, a November dawn in 1925 found her eloping with Philip Morton Plant, son of Commodore Plant and the lady who is now Mrs. William Hayward. Phil had more dollars than DeMille has yes-men. The third of Connie's front-page breaks came as a sort of follow-up story to one on the cancellation of Phil's engagement to Judith Smith, described as a "society bud." Constance makes things happen.

So the daughter of Adrienne Morrison calmly turned her back on the Kleigs to become one of the most dashing young matrons in Long Island's multi-million dollar set. Life was one long whoopee. Week-end parties that began Wednesday and ended Tuesday. The speeding of the parting guests, and the welcoming of those arriving, were gracefully combined into a single gesture of hospitality. Her friends did as they pleased in her home—just so they didn't annoy Constance. Sometimes she appeared. Sometimes not. There was much excitement. And a good time was had by all.

CONSTANCE kept off all save the society pages of the papers for almost four years. Then came the tale of her Parisian divorce, brightly enhanced by the sheen of a million dollar settlement. While in that dear Paree of much overrated gaiety, she encountered Henri la Bailly de la Falaise de la Coudraye, a Marquis by courtesy since there is no French nobility. And, moreover, the special and particular Marquis of Gloria Swanson, Queen of the Screen.

The Marquis—Hank in Hollywood—is the personal foreign representative of Joseph P. Kennedy. And Joseph P. Kennedy is head man of Pathé. A very competent representative, Gloria's boy-friend turned out to be. Having seen Constance

[*Continued on page 96*]

THE TALKIE MURDER

Illustrations by Lowe Biedenmeister

By
IRVING STONE

All Hollywood was agog! Why did death lie in wait for anyone attempting to direct* Murder In The Loop? *And who voiced this menace from the celluloid itself?

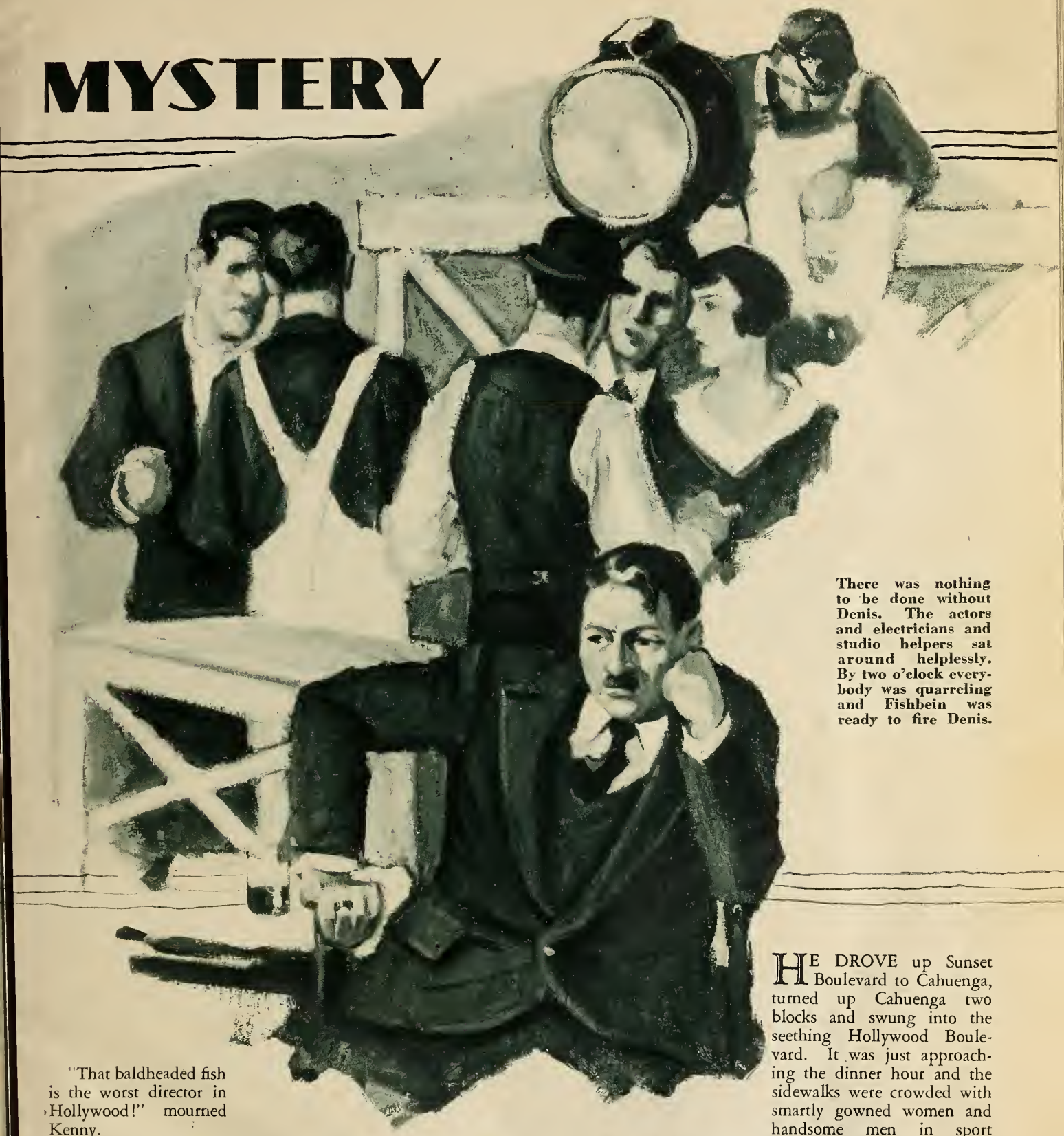
THE Cosmic Studios, which occupied a rambling, barn-like building on Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street in Hollywood, were in a turmoil of feverish excitement. The new electrical talkie equipment had just been installed and the company was about to start its first talking motion picture, a gigantic gangster story of Chicago. Fishbein, president of the company, was confident that his first talkie would create a national sensation.

This picture, which, was to be known as *Murder in the Loop,* had been sold to the Cosmic Studios for $10,000 by a young lawyer who had recently resigned from the District Attorney's Office in Chicago. Now if there is any place in the world to learn the inside of the gangster racket, it is in the District Attorney's Office of Chicago, where American crime is manufactured and distributed to the local agents. And so Fishbein, the director, the actors and the electrical equipment men were all tremendously excited; here was their big chance to create a feature talkie and step into the really big dough.

Joyce Joy, the sweet little dish whom you have seen playing cute juveniles up to a short time ago, was to have her first starring rôle in *Murder in the Loop.* This fact ought to have made Joyce deliriously happy. But, to tell the truth, she was blue and depressed. Her boy friend, Kenny Dow, whom she thought the best little talkie director in all Hollywood, had been refused the job of directing *Murder in the Loop,* and Fishbein had engaged Harlin Denis, the cranky bald-headed man who had never been known to smile while on a set.

KENNY, in order to be near Joyce, had taken a job as an extra in the scene where the crowds mill about the murdered officers, in the shadow of the Loop. While everyone else was jubilantly talking about what a wonderful picture they were going to make, Joyce and Kenny sat in a secluded corner, in the shadow of a huge Klieg light, with never a comforting word to say to each other.

MYSTERY



There was nothing to be done without Denis. The actors and electricians and studio helpers sat around helplessly. By two o'clock everybody was quarreling and Fishbein was ready to fire Denis.

"That baldheaded fish is the worst director in Hollywood!" mourned Kenny.

"Oh, Kenny," breathed Joyce, "if only you had been given the job! I could have done wonderful work! Much better than I can with Denis."

"Well," said Kenny, "they would have old Denis. He'll take that marvelous scenario and turn out the dullest continuity you ever saw. And this was my big chance!"

But Kenny was wrong. Old Denis didn't turn out a dull picture. In fact, he didn't turn out any kind of a picture at all.

Late that afternoon, when the recording equipment had been installed on the interior set, and the opening scene rehearsed and recorded, Harlin Denis got up from his director's campchair without a word of goodbye to anyone, jumped into his Packard sedan and roared through the gates of the studios.

HE DROVE up Sunset Boulevard to Cahuenga, turned up Cahuenga two blocks and swung into the seething Hollywood Boulevard. It was just approaching the dinner hour and the sidewalks were crowded with smartly gowned women and handsome men in sport clothes, making a scene both charming and colorful.

Harlin Denis was heading for Beverly Hills, where he had his home. He was late for dinner and cross; he hated the new talkies and did not like to direct them. But the money was big, and the silents were going out, so what could he do?

As he got in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where the footprints of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin are encased in cement for all the yokels to stare at, he was stopped by the matinée traffic. He cursed his ill luck aloud, and as he did so, three men stepped from a black car that was standing alongside of the curb, and opened the front and rear doors of Denis' machine.

Two of them got into the back, and one slid into the front seat alongside of Denis. The men then closed the doors of

the sedan behind them and settled down in comfort.

"What in hell . . .?" exploded Denis.

"Drive on!" commanded the man in the front seat.

"Damned if I will!" snapped Denis, who was as brave as he was surly. "What do you think this is, a public bus?"

The green light had flashed on, and Denis' car was holding up traffic. The noise of many impatient horns came from behind him.

"Drive on!" commanded the man in the front seat in icy tones.

Denis drove on to the next block and pulled up to the curb right opposite the Roosevelt Hotel. "Now you men get out of here," he said, "or I'll call an officer!"

ONE of the men in the back seat laughed harshly. Denis felt the smooth round edge of a cold instrument pressed into his side by the man next to him.

"Drive us where we tell you," said the man in a low tone, "or I'll pepper you with this automatic!"

Denis looked down and saw a blue-black rod stuck into his side. After a second's gaze into the eyes of the man who held it, Denis decided that they meant business and that he had better humor them.

"All right," he said, "I'll play chauffeur. Where do you want to be taken?"

"Now you're talking sense," the big man in the rear seat said. "Turn back and drive us up to Hollywoodland."

Denis drove one more block to the end of Hollywood Boulevard, made a horseshoe turn and came back past the Roosevelt and Grauman's Egyptian where, as the huge advertisement read, THE STARS SEE THE PLAYS. He continued down to Vine Street, made a left turn to the north and headed for the hills.

At Franklin he sped east, and after a few blocks, took the main winding road to Hollywoodland, where magnificent homes dot the hilltops.

"How far up these hills do you want to go?" demanded Denis.

"Keep going!" said the man in the front seat. "We want to look at the scenery."

IT WAS really too bad they weren't interested in scenery, for as Denis' car took the slowly curving road upward, a magnificent panorama spread out before them. Los Angeles was at their feet, stretching out sixteen miles to the clearly visible Pacific. Hollywood was on their right, ending in the picturesque Hollywood mountains, and on their left was the fertile and heavily populated San Fernando Valley with its numerous airports.

The men in the back seat were not interested in panoramas. Each had taken his rod from the holster strap under his arm, and was toying with the trigger.

At length Denis came to the top of Hollywoodland, and the end of the road. An artificial plateau had been leveled off at enormous expense by one of Hollywood's greatest movie magnates, with the purpose of building an estate that would overlook entire Southern California. But the magnate had gone the way of all movie flesh — broke — and now the mountain top was lonely and abandoned.

Denis stopped his car near the edge of the cliff and asked, "Well, what do you want me to do now?"

The man in the front seat got out and closed the door behind him.

"All right, boys," he said, "get it over with."

THE following morning the actors, actresses and electricians assembled on the Cosmic Studios lot, eager to continue work. But Harlin Denis did not show up. Everyone sat around and waited.

At eleven o'clock Fishbein became impatient and telephoned Denis' house. He was informed by the Japanese servant that Denis had not come home the night before, and that he had probably been on a party.

Fishbein cursed Denis and everyone sat down again to smoke some more cigarettes. By two in the afternoon they were all quarrelling among themselves and Fishbein was ready to fire Denis.

Joyce Joy suddenly had an inspiration. "Kenny, darling," she exclaimed, "why don't you make Fishbein give you the director's job? I just heard him say that he was ready to fire Denis!"

"A grand idea," said Kenny, "if I can catch Fishbein while he's hot, maybe he'll hand me the megaphone. Come on, baby!"

They sought out Fishbein, who was walking up and down muttering something about ". . . waste my money, will he? Eleven hundred a day expenses and he thinks he can stay away! I'll show him!"

"Mr. Fishbein," said Kenny excitedly, "why don't you give me my big chance on this picture? You know I'm one of Hollywood's coming directors. Why don't you take the credit of discovering me?"

"That's right, Mr. Fishbein," chimed in Joyce, "Kenny is the boy who can make a real show out of this job. Why, if you let him direct it we'll have a talkie that'll run six months at the Grand Theatre in New York!"

Fishbein sneered. "You, a director! Why, you're only a kid. I've got grandchildren at home as old as you! What did you ever direct?"

"Well, I made that talkie comedy for the

When Fishbein explained why they had called him, Kenny exclaimed angrily: "I'm going to become Hollywood's best little director on my ability, not just on some cheap trick."

World Films, you remember, the one called *What Price Potatoes*.

"Sure I remember it," said Fishbein. "It was lousy! If I want to throw away my money I can find lots of interesting ways on the Stock Market. I don't need you to help me!"

LATE that afternoon Harlin Denis was found by a party of tourists who had driven up to the top of Hollywoodland to see the view. The tourists drove down faster than they had driven up, to inform the Hollywood police that there was a dead man on the top of the mountain with four bullet holes in his head.

To say that Hollywood was amazed is putting it mildly. The residents of Southern California are quiet and law abiding; except for an occasional fraternal murder among the movie people, there is very little sensational killing to disturb the balmy weather and the sleep of the retired Iowans. It was the first time in the history of Southern California that a man had been "taken for a ride" in the manner long since made famous by Chicago.

Although the warm California sunshine attracts every kind of American, it has so far been fortunate enough not to draw any large number of gangsters. An occasional one drifts in, of course, to rest up after a hard winter in the East, but the golden metropolis of Los Angeles has been, for an American city, singularly free from gang warfare and gang racketeering.

The Los Angeles *Times* raised a frightful howl and demanded that the police apprehend the culprit immediately. Of the four murders that have taken place in movie circles in the past five years, every one of them has had a personal motive. Love, jealousy, passion, thwarted ambition, betrayal, seduction, broken promises. And so the police looked for personal motives. There had been many women in Denis' life of course—for what movie director does not have his pick of women?—but it was impossible to establish any such motivation for the crime.

As he heard the mysterious voice, Kearney jumped to his feet and shouted: "I'm through with this damned outfit! I'm not going to get shot for any contract!"—and stormed out.

THE Cosmic Studios waited for Denis' funeral before recommencing work on *Murder in the Loop*. A new director had to be chosen for the picture, and Fishbein did not know whom to engage. Both Joyce and Kenny pestered the life out of him to give Kenny the big chance, but Fishbein was afraid of so young a man.

At length he hired Jerome Kearney, the director who made such a big hit with *Passion's Chariot*, and Kenny was again thrown into the dumps. Fishbein even told Kenny that if he didn't stop bothering him he would put the boy out of the crowd scene and lock the front gate on him.

A week passed and there was not a single clue as to who had taken Harlin Denis for a ride. All the participants of *Murder in the Loop* were assembled on the set, ready to go to work, when Jerome Kearney said, "Flash the opening scene that Harlin Denis took. Let me have the voice synchronization, too. I want to see how he opened the picture."

"Sure," said one of his assistants. "Come into the projection room and we'll set up the records."

Jerome Kearney, Fishbein, Joyce, Kenny and the electricians trouped into the tiny projection room. After a few minutes delay the opening scene was flashed on the screen with the accompanying dialogue. Just at the end of the scene, where Joyce has a big quarrel with her brother whom she suspects of working in one of the Chicago rackets, and then flings out of the room, the brother has a silent moment in which he lights a cigarette disdainfully.

But the expectant silence of the projection room was broken by a heavy voice coming off the record, a voice that had no relation to the action on the screen. It said, "Stop all work on this picture!"

AMAZEMENT turned to consternation and consternation to an excited babble of tongues. What could it mean? Whose voice was that?

"Flash on that scene from the beginning!" shouted Fishbein.

Everyone quieted down, and when the scene arrived at the point where Joyce flung out of the room, there was a sharp intaking of breath. Once again the rough crude voice boomed out, just as the brother was lighting a cigarette, "Stop all work on this picture!" There was no mistaking the menacing words.

NO ONE knew what to make of this curious incident. The police were called in and they tried to tie up the murder of Harlin Denis with this strange commanding voice, but no one could make any sense of it all. A heavy guard was installed inside the studio and the work continued.

After three days of constant rehearsing on the opening scenes, into which a few new gags and some fresh dialogue were injected, Jerome Kearney had the receiving juice turned on and the scene recorded with the electrical apparatus. The following morning the entire cast assembled to see and hear how the scene had gotten over.

At the place where Joyce flung out of the room angrily and her brother reached for a cigarette, there should have been an instant of silence, for Jerome Kearney—like Harlin Denis—had directed it that way. A little shiver of excitement ran through the assembled group as the action neared that point, for they remembered into what consternation they had been thrown by the happening in Harlin Denis' version.

Just at that moment a rough voice rang out from the screen and said, "Jerome Kearney, stop directing this picture or you'll join Harlin Denis!"

One of the girls in the crowd fainted. Fishbein ran up and down like a wild man. Kearney lit a cigarette and tried to hide the sickly smile that had come to his face. Everybody in the place talked at once. An officer who was on duty outside was called in and the scene repeated. Once again that rough voice, with anything but a movie tone, boomed out, "Jerome Kearney, stop directing this picture or you'll join Harlin Denis!" The words were horribly clear.

[*Continued on page 78*]

Well, well, if it isn't El Brendel, hard at work in the super production, *The Big Trail*. When El heard that he had to work with a mule he said he thought he'd get a big kick out of it.

Sprightly, inside comment about the talkies and talkie folk

By
The Talkie Town Tattler

Tidings from

THE little Torres girl, Racquel, kept her manager waiting half an hour. Thereby exasperating said manager, who is quoted as growling:

"Say, what's the idea of making me stand around here like a monkey?"

"Sorry," sorried Racquel, "but can I help it how you stand?"

This is little Cherie Lawes, of Fox films. She's sitting on the knee of the warden of Sing Sing prison, who also happens to be Lewis Lawes, her own famous father.

DISCOVERED—that Erich von Stroheim is quick on the repartee trigger, too. Apropos of what he may do, now that he has finished his rôle in *Three Faces East,* a very attractive extra girl at the studio asked:

"What are you doing next?"

Von looked at his watch. "I did have an engagement at 3:30, but if you aren't busy now—?"

Whereupon we award him the lace derby for this month!

ESTELLE TAYLOR has her domestic problems like any good housewife. Recently, troubled by mice, she instructed her colored man to place traps through the house. Immediately a strange bad odor permeated the atmosphere, in spite of the houseman's efforts to drench it in incense. Finally Estelle said, "There must be a dead mouse in some trap. Go over the house carefully and see what you can find." The man took a candle and searched diligently in every crevice from cellar to attic, then reported sadly, "No-ma'am, dey's nobody daid anywhere. Dey's no mice in de house, an' de limburger cheese is still in all de traps."

ON THE sidelines of a set at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Buster Keaton sat talking with a studio worker. The conversation drifted around to children. "I think I'll send those two boys of mine to college soon's they get old enough," suddenly exclaimed Buster.

"Why so keen on college?" asked the studio worker.

"Well," drawled Buster, "I want them to start out in life with the same handicap that other boys have!"

JACK Benny tells the following about Joe E. Brown, that funny comic.

Joe, he says, was heard talking to a girl in the lobby of the Roosevelt hotel. What is more, Joe was very plainly and very loudly talking about none other than Joe E. Brown. Finally, however, he smiled and said generously to the young lady, who had been listening with great politeness:

Talkie Town

Eddie Quillan and a crowd of the studio pulchritudes get rolled—but not in the Chicago meaning of the term. Eddie was taking a few minutes off from *Night Work* when this was snapped.

"Let's talk about you for a while, now. Say, tell me, what did you think of my last picture?"

OUT at M-G-M they tell the following story on Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer's husband, besides being one of the very busiest studio executives in Hollywood.

A prominent writer, they say, had sat in Thalberg's outer office for a long time waiting to see the young film head. By and by, he noticed that another man kept him company.

"Are you waiting to see someone, too?" asked the writer conversationally.

"Oh, yes, I'm waiting to see Mr. Thalberg," replied the other.

The writer looked greatly relieved.

"Then there really is a Thalberg!" he exclaimed.

BUSTER KEATON, enjoying a few hours off from his duties at M-G-M, strolled over to the Pathé lot to call on his friend, Bill Boyd.

Approaching the gateman, he made known his mission.

"And who are you?" inquired that worthy.

"My name's Keaton—Buster Keaton," replied the comedian smiling.

"You'll have to prove it to me," came back the custodian of the entrance as he surveyed his smiling questioner. "Got anything in your pockets to identify yourself with?"

With that Buster did one of his famous flip-flops, landing on the concrete driveway square on his shoulders.

"O. K.," said the gateman.

Even in Hollywood few people recognize Buster when he permits a grin to melt the frozen face known to screen fans.

Well, girls, Richard Arlen seems to be hardly suited to making love to Fay Wray. Not at least, in that outfit. What do you bet he's saying. "When I leave you I'll be completely sunk."

LILYAN TASHMAN, blonde vampire of the silversheet, entered a small Hollywood shop recently to make a purchase. The article she desired stood on a shelf with the price tag plainly visible—six dollars. Before the clerk approached her, she overheard a woman whisper to him, "That's Lilyan Tashman."

When the clerk took the article from the shelf he expertly removed the price mark and blandly informed her that the cost was nine dollars.

"I proved then and there that I was a real vamp," said Lilyan later. "I walked behind the counter to where he had dropped the tag, picked it up and showed it to him. Do you know what he had the nerve to say?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," he explained to Lilyan. "I looked at it upside down."

THEY were making scenes for Precious, *Jimmy Hall's new starring vehicle, at the Pasadena Rose Bowl. Two former all-American football teams were battling in the picture.*

Jimmy, playing end on one of the teams, was the only member of the squads who never had won gridiron honors in College.

"Now, don't be nervous," coached his director. "Just grab the ball and run past Russell Saunders."

"How the heck can I do that when half of the football players in America couldn't do that last fall," replied Jimmy.

GRETA GARBO'S refusal to be interviewed by anyone was a great aid to enumerators during

Tidings from Talkie Town

the recent census taking," said Neil Hamilton. "Forty-seven Los Angeles women who slammed the door in their faces are now listed under her name."

I'M having a house-warming," Ned Sparks told a friend over the telephone the other day.

"Grand," responded the party at the other end of the wire, "I'll be right over."

"Never mind," said Ned, "the firemen are attending to it."

This is one of the few true stories to emanate from Hollywood. Ned's house actually was on fire—defective wiring in the kitchen.

RKO officials summoned Arthur Lake, their youthful star, into their office.

"We want you to play in a picture about a dance hall chap." Then they added, "We'll hire a double for the difficult dance sequences."

Arthur was jolted into silence. But the next day he arrived at the studio with his flivver piled high with silver cups. Young Mr. Lake has won no fewer than forty dancing contests!

No double was employed.

ALICE WHITE is paging Diogenes!

Three years ago, the proprietor of a small Turkish bath establishment in Hollywood that Alice patronized in her efforts to keep slim, told her he had invented a reducing device, but that he needed $40 to pay a repair bill on his auto and his expenses to San Francisco, where he hoped to interest a wealthy manufacturer in his project. Alice, believing that every man is entitled to his chance, gave him the $40. At that time, her salary on the screen was $75 a week.

Recently, Alice's secretary, opening the mail, found a check for the sum, plus interest.

The fellow finally was profiting by his patent.

Gary Cooper talks things over with Scotty Allen, famous Alaskan racing driver and well-known dog fancier. His dogs were used in important sequences of *The Spoilers*, Gary's forthcoming talkie.

Owen Moore and Mary Nolan wax playful on the Universal lot. They both have leading rôles in *Outside the Law*, which Tod Browning will direct for Universal.

WHEN thirteen-year-old Jack Neal of Bluefield, W. Va., was arrested in Hollywood on a charge of being a delinquent, it was none other than his screen idol, Hoot Gibson, who went to his rescue.

Jack ran away from home and hitch-hiked his way across the continent to get a peep at Hoot in person.

Hoot interceded with the authorities, had the boy sent back—via train—to his parents, and wrote the latter a letter pleading that their offspring be not punished. Thereby proving that he is no idle idol.

FOR the first time since their marriage, ten years ago, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., are seen two and three times a week in the film colony's supper and dancing clubs.

Except for premières, the famous couple have preferred the seclusion of their own mansion to the places patronized by their fellow stars. There, when not entertaining visiting notables, they would enjoy quiet evenings with a few intimate friends. Intimate really meaning just that—close friends and members of the Pickford-Fairbanks clan.

And now Hollywood wonders why the change!

Tidings from Talkie Town

This is none other than Puzzums, the Sennett trained cat, with Julia Sanborn and Mack Sennett himself. Puzzums is the inspiration for the old saying: "Ain't it a grand and glorious feline!"

HOLLYWOOD jargon is unique! The word "ga-ga" plays a big part in studio conversation.

Richard Dix will tell you that it applies to a "nicey-nice" girl.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., says it covers an actor who maintains an affected manner off the screen as well as on.

The very latest thing in feminine sartorial elegance as demonstrated by Buster Keaton with the help of Sally Eilers, for *Forward March*, M - G - M's coming wow.

Arthur Lake maintains that it fits the baby-type girl who lisps.

Charlie Chase tacks it onto the "yes" men.

And Luther Reed, the director, hands it to a production that doesn't click with the public.

IT PAYS in more ways than one to be a well known actor. Ralf Harolde, now a screen favorite, tells of the time when his face was familiar to theatre-goers of Columbus, Ohio—a mere fact that saved his jewelry and considerable money.

Harolde and his wife were driving home one night, when another car forced them to the side of the road. Three men representing themselves to be prohibition agents began a search of the car, taking valuables from Mrs. Harolde and the cash from Ralf's pockets.

Then the leader of the band recognized the footlight hero. He ordered his aides to return the gems and cash, and drove away leaving Mr. and Mrs. Harolde surprised but delighted.

SUE CAROL got a portable dressing room during the filming of She's My Weakness, *and thereby hangs a tale.*

"Where's my dressing room?" she asked, arriving on the set.

"You won't need one for these scenes," said Melville Brown, the director, "We'll only be here for three days."

"Oke," answered Sue.

Sue changed costumes behind a blanket, held by an electrician.

Came a time when production seemed at a standstill.

"Where's everybody?" shouted Brown. "Where's the painter, the carpenter, the prop boy, the assistant director, the cameraman . . . what th' . . .!"

He found them over on a far end of the stage quarreling over who should hold the blanket.

Sue got a dressing room.

FLORENCE TURNER, Grace Cunard and Barbara Tenant.

Once these names were the brightest on the motion picture horizon. Each of them knew the thrill of seeing their names in electric lights.

Oldsters will remember Florence Turner as the famed Vitagraph star—back in the days when Mary

Pickford was still Gladys Smith, a struggling young player. After those triumphant days in America, Florence Turner went to England and had her own producing company.

Grace Cunard thrilled many a heart with her daring serials and Barbara Tenant was once known as the most beautiful woman in pictures.

What are they doing today?

Florence Turner has been living in a shack up in a

[*Continued on page 74*]

MIND OVER

That's what Warner Baxter believes in and—judging by his success—it's a pretty grand working philosophy

By **HERBERT CRUIKSHANK**

Warner Baxter, rollicking bandit extraordinary of the screen. Mr. Baxter commenced his career of acting at the age of ten and he's been acting for twenty-six years. Now you know his age.

OH, Mr. Baxter! Surprise! Surprise! You never thought I'd be writing a story about you!

Now, now, never mind all that, you know you didn't. Did you, now?

There, that's better. Always speak the truth, Warner. Well, nearly always.

Well, anyway, here it is. And I suggested it all by myself. I hope it'll be good. And I hope you'll like it too, Warner. Come on, be big and say you will!

First let's tell the fans about our private feud, shall we?

Really, Warner, it was your own feud—not mine. But I'm willing to share anything with you. Even a vendetta to the death. But let's cut the gang in on the story, eh?

Well, muggs, it was this way. Y'ars and y'ars ago, when the Warner brothers were swopping stock for coffee and cakes, and a feller named Bill Fox was in the fillum business, there was a book about a bootlegger. It was called *The Great Gatsby,* and some waffle-head thought it would make a picture. Well, it did. A pretty poor one. And none other than Mr. Baxter, the Cisco Kid himself, was miscast as the hero.

In the course of business on *The Morning Telegraph,* I reviewed *The Great Gatsby.* And (honest, Warner) although I don't remember just what venom I loosed upon the picture and its star, it is safe to say that the comment was uncomplimentary. That was that. Now for the second act. And please remember that the curtain is lowered for an instant to indicate a lapse of several years.

SCENE two is in Hollywood, and Frank Joyce, Warner's agent, asks me just what I have against Mr. Baxter. And despite all protestations on my part, Frank, whom I like almost as much as his sister, Alice, walked sadly away, shaking his head in the conviction that hot hatred against old boy Baxter seared my heart.

Now lower the curtain again, and shift the scenes back to that New York set. Warner's being interviewed by Regina Crewe for the New York *American,* and somehow my name is mentioned. Instinctively, Warner, now accustomed to bad-man rôles, reaches for his gat. For a minute it looks like all the lights in Sardi's will be shot out. But Mario, the headwaiter, pacifies the hot-headed Hollywood hellion with a dish of pasta fagiole, or something. And that's how come I'm still alive to heap coals of type on Warner's marcelled head. Saved by a tactful headwaiter, as it were.

MATTER

Believe it or not, Warner really can play the guitar and this is not just a publicity pose. And he didn't learn it by six easy lessons, either.

Like many another actor, Warner's acting career was checked at one time by his mother. But the lure of the stage won out.

Ain't it the truth, Mr. Baxter?

When a feller finally succeeds, there are always a lot of guys who say that it's an accident. Who speak about luck. The breaks. It's been that way with Warner Baxter. And on the face of the facts the envious seem justified. But its never safe to be guided by circumstantial evidence. And when you delve a little in Baxter's past, it seems to me that he has been constantly and consistently preparing himself for the success that would surely come one day.

WARNER is thirty-six or so now. He's been acting for twenty-six of those years. Perhaps, if his Dad had lived, the old man would have larruped it out of him. But Warner's father died when was a bit of a baby. His mother raised him. You know how mothers are. Of course she objected to all the tom-foolery of acting. But there wasn't much she could do about it.

So Warner played in amateur shows and prep school dramatics, and continued to monkey around the theatre even after he became a farm implement salesman. Then along came one of those breaks the boys talk about. The male half of Dorothy Shoemaker's act was taken ill, and Dorothy was supposed to open in Louisville at Monday matinée. This was on a Saturday.

Some pal of Warner's tipped him off. He got the job. Rehearsed the songs and business on Sunday. And on Monday the show went on. But Ma Baxter raised such a hullabaloo that Warner quit the act and returned to that dear Columbus, Ohio—the town built behind the Amicon Fruit Company—just to keep peace in the family.

Maybe Mrs. Baxter was right about Warner being flighty. Anyway, he didn't stick very long at his new job with the Insurance Company, and he did go and get himself married to a girl from Philadelphia. Then, to top everything, he shoots the financial works on a garage in Oklahoma. Imagine trying to sell oil and gas in Tulsa! Like bringing a ham sandwich to a banquet. Or your wife to the *Follies*.

The whole works blew up in a dozen weeks—including the until-death-do-us-part pact. And Warner batted around the country playing stock in Dallas, getting all of $30 a week as a juvenile lead, hooking up with Oliver Morosco, reaching the Coast, trying to crash pictures, and failing. All this took seven years. It seemed longer.

THEN one break led to another. Warner was sent East to play a bit in the Morosco production, *Lombardi, Ltd.* Meantime, back in Hollywood, he had been writing his sonnets to a dark lady who was featured in the cast, and who numbered none other than Edmund (*Sergeant Quirt*) Lowe among her more ardent admirers.

Quite some handicaps for Baxter, you'll agree, not forgetting that the judge had not yet unlocked the Philadelphia handcuffs. But none of these things kept Warner from speaking his piece. And he did so to such good purpose, that somehow or other things arranged themselves so that Winifred Bryson, that was her name, appeared on Broadway in the same company which

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Here is the statuette presented to him by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance in any picture during 1929. His work in *In Old Arizona* won it.

In this, the latest of TALKING SCREEN'S series of self-interviews, the charming star tells all in phrases snappy and to the point

JANET GAYNOR *INTERVIEWS* JANET GAYNOR

"Miss Gaynor," says the interviewer, "if you had your life to live over again would you be an actress?" "An actress, my dear Mrs. Peck?" Miss Gaynor smiled at her other self, "You flatter me."

By JANET GAYNOR

LOOK, Miss Gaynor," I said, squinting my eyes against the blue blaze of the sea, "if you had your life to live over again, would you be an actress?"

It was a swell beginning. Probably not approved by seminary grammar teachers and young ladies' finishing schools. But . . . Oh, well, the day was lazy, the sun bright, the air warm, and surf beating at a white beach.

This, and I'd better explain, was an interview. A self-interview. I, Mrs. Lydell Peck, née Gaynor, am interviewing Miss Janet Gaynor. You do it with mirrors.

"An actress, my dear Mrs. Peck. You flatter me," Janet answered, kicking at the sand with one bare foot. She was wearing a white-topped bathing suit with red shorts, and a white cotton sweat shirt. Her coppery hair, curly and to her shoulders, was wind-tossed.

"Of course, Gaynor. Come out of it. An actress is what I said."

In spite of a positive avalanche of rumors to the contrary, Janet Gaynor still insists that she and Lydell Peck are superbly happy—and intend to remain that way.

I'D BE in the motion picture business," she countered.

"An actress?" I persisted.

"Some people might call it that."

"But, born again, you couldn't resist Hollywood, the cameras, the greasepaint, the terrific odds you have had to battle, the things that you, yourself, went through before you became established."

"Go on," said Gaynor, sifting sand from one browned hand to another. "You sound like a soap-box orator. You're doing fine. This will be a great story. Don't forget to mention 'Heartbreak Town' and to call Hollywood Boulevard the 'Street of Lost Hopes.'"

"Gaynor, you should talk that way! You've walked it plenty of times, discouraged, beaten, trying to get a day's extra work."

"And I'd do it again."

"Because . . . ?"

"Because, probably, I feel I have something to give the screen."

"And yet, contracted to Fox, you haven't made a picture since February. You haven't done a thing since *High Society Blues.* Is that consistent?"

THE answer is that I have something to protect."

"You talk in riddles."

"I'd rather talk of Hawaii and broccoli and prime ministers and things."

"You ran to Hawaii, Gaynor," I persisted, "when you finished *High Society Blues.* Explain that. *Liliom* was awaiting you, a tremendous emotional rôle; as good as *Diane* in *Seventh Heaven.* Why did you run out?"

"I couldn't do *Liliom* after I saw the other picture. I didn't have the heart. I can't sing. I don't dance expertly. I thought I was terrible. It would have been all right to have made that picture in the beginning. I had no *Seventh Heaven* to live up to. But as *Diane* I fitted myself into a particular niche. I could do a certain sort of characterization skillfully, and it didn't embody singing and dancing. I liked *Sunny Side Up.* But to do another musical thing immediately . . . no,

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Janet Gaynor's ambition is to do the sort of thing that Barry writes. *The Little Minister*, for example, is a story she'd like to help act out on the screen.

Lovely Janet lies dreaming of the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, where she and Lydell spent their honeymoon. She describes the places beautifully, thus: "Everything is soft, air and breezes, and the high mountains come abruptly to the sea."

Janet Gaynor feels that she can hold her stardom better by playing in dramatic rôles than in musical ones.

I KNEW THEM WHEN

The author of this fascinating article worked with many of the present day stars when they were mere extras and from that experience brings a wealth of rare and delightful reminiscences

By **MARY SHARON**

Bobby Vernon and a little friend in one of Mack Sennett's early comedies. The little lady has since made quite a name for herself and if you're still guessing, it's Gloria Swanson, the Marquise herself.

I worked in a baker's dozen of comedies with Betty in the old days. Work is right, too. We never knew when we donned our make-up, how many changes we would be called upon to make or diverse rôles to play. We might start out as a college co-ed and wind up as a chiropractor's assistant. This business of making comedies on a shoe-string was no sinecure for the actors. Many times, when the quota for the current picture was used up, the "leads" would disguise themselves and stand in as "atmosphere." It was a common occurrence to find the leading lady sitting with her back to the camera in café scenes to help fill the house.

Some of the things we were called upon to do were difficult, some unheard of, but nobody ever

Remember when this trio used to have them rolling in the aisles? The jungle vamp is Bebe Daniels, while Harold Lloyd and Snub Pollard complete the picture. Mary Sharon, the author of this article, is the nifty poised with a club, behind Bebe.

I AM frequently the guest of talkie stars at the Brown Derby or the Blossom Room and I see them nonchalantly toss a bill to the waiter, telling him to keep the change. I am sent home afterward in a Rolls-Royce and I am properly impressed, for I knew them as extras. I remember when carfare home and a call back tomorrow was the most important item in their lives.

Now that everything is so decidedly jake, and the only flies in their ointment are interviewers, like myself, and income tax collectors, I often wonder if they have forgotten the trials and hazards they had to undergo in order to win their place in the sun.

Does Betty Compson ever think of those early days when she was serving her movie acting apprenticeship?

Back in the days when bathing gels dressed like the Florodora Sextet. Billy Parsons, funny man, about to dive, was a great favorite. The gent on the right is Harry Edwards, Evelyn Brent's husband, and Mary Sharon stands directly behind Billy.

thought of refusing to do what was required in the name of cinema art. They were game troupers.

I WONDER if Betty remembers that foggy day when she was recovering from a severe cold and the script demanded that she leap into the Pacific Ocean. Betty took a chance and after she was through diving and swimming in the icy water, one of the women on the set gave her a brisk rub-down with alcohol and put her to bed.

Betty had a constitution like iron, the will to do and resourcefulness. She was always equal to any occasion.

I remember once she was cast in the rôle of a country dressmaker. As long as she had to be making something, Betty decided to make herself a dress and she selected a blue polka-dotted material. During the making of the picture, one of the sleeves of the dress disappeared. Work was held up while the studio was combed, without result. A search of the department stores proved that there wasn't another scrap of the goods in Hollywood. In order to fulfill the obligations of their contract, which called for a comedy a week, the producers had to finish the picture that very evening. Just as everybody was going down for the third time, Betty discovered a way of cutting a piece from under a flounce with which to make another sleeve.

THOSE were the good old days. I had a flivver and the studio would fill up the tank on condition that I let the girls ride with me when we went on location. If they had only known it, I would almost have paid to do it. Those location trips were the real thing. We often went to the beach for exteriors, for the company made frequent use of the beach concessions. I remember one day we all went on "The Trip Through The Clouds" for the climax in the picture. The cameraman was strapped on the front in order to film the close-ups. We went seventeen times without stopping, and we were all so nauseated we could hardly stand when we finally got out of the car. I've never been on it since. I doubt if any of the others have, either. I think we got enough of that particular brand of thrills to last an ordinary lifetime.

As a grand finale, we wound up at a palmist's booth to have

This is none other than Louise Fazenda and—guess who? Who? Don't be silly. That's not Lon Chaney! It's Mack Sennett himself, in person, in the flesh and also a moving picture. It's from a very very old comedy.

Douglas Fairbanks at the beginning of his picture career trying out his duel personality on a pedestalled gentleman. His motto was "All's Fairbanks in love and war."

Ah-ha, this young lady with the dainty knees is none other than our own Betty Compson. And this little scene was taken from an old Nestor comedy. The two gentlemen seem properly attentive to one destined for movie glory.

Here (right) we have Betty Compson as she is to-day, after staging her amazing come-back. She's one of the contenders for the title, "Played in more talking pictures than any other actress."

our fortunes told. He claimed to see wonderful futures ahead for all of us. He told Betty of two love affairs and two marriages, great fame, stardom, and predicted that when she renounced her career that she would live quietly abroad, probably in England. Richard Barthelmess and Connie Talmadge were at the beach and came in and had their fortunes told, too. Connie was quite happy over hers. She told us that she was going to be famous and wealthy and travel abroad. Dick was reticent about his fate. No doubt, the seer predicted as brilliant a future for Dick as he did for the rest of us.

The old Christie Studio wasn't much to look at, then. The stage had no roof, but the sets were protected from the glare of the sun by a canvas arrangement. There was no gateman on the payroll and the fact that anybody could enter or leave at will lent a "homey" atmosphere to the place. A lot of us felt as though we belonged and accepted a paltry three dollar check and worked ourselves half to death simply because we liked to be with the gang that hung out there. A lot of them have since faded from the picture.

BETTY COMPSON has always been beautiful but she was very young then, with a round face and dimples. Vera Reynolds was quite tubby in those days, not at all like her present svelte self.

The boys haven't changed so much. Harry Edwards was the handsomest fellow on the lot. I think he was listed on the payroll as an efficiency expert, but if he saved any money it was for others. I am afraid his salary was as negligible as the others on the lot. I know more than once he begged a ride home in my humble flivver and I am sure it was in order to save carfare and not because he especially desired my company. Harry had no ambitions for a screen career but like all of the other workers and technical men in the company, when he was not busy being efficient he played in minor rôles or even essayed an occasional leading part. If he had not possessed such genius where finances were concerned, Harry would undoubtedly have become a screen star. Instead, he succeeded as a money expert and is happily wedded to Evelyn Brent.

I REMEMBER one very sultry, uneventful day, Harry suggested that we run down to San Diego and get married as there didn't seem anything else to do to relieve the monotony. Billy Bevans overheard him and told us that he had married his wife on the spur of the moment and that they were still married and happy after fourteen years. I was rather touched by his story but I suspected that Harry's suggestion was merely another

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¶ Maureen O'Sullivan

Film folk who are saying "We will!"—"We do!"—"We're through!"

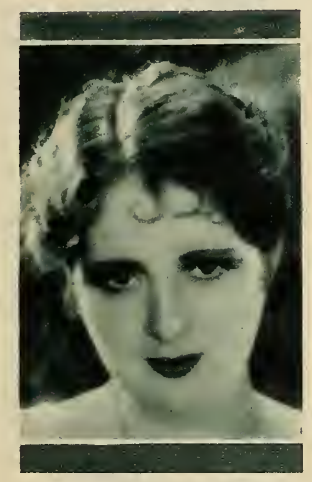
¶ Richard Dix

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, demure seventeen-year-old, Dublin, Ireland, beauty who was introduced to the American screen via John McCormack's first talking-singing picture, has made good in Hollywood in more ways than one. Not only has she superseded Janet Gaynor as Charlie Farrell's leading lady, but she has stolen the heart of young Russell Gleason.

Russell is the son of James and Lucille Gleason and began his film career a year ago. He scored in *All Quiet on the Western Front* and is now under contract to Pathé.

It is said that the famous tenor, who is Maureen's guardian in this country, approves of Russell.



¶ Billie Dove

¶ Lila Lee

Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are going together again. Their engagement a few years ago was one of the most publicized romances in the studios, but they quarrelled before reaching the altar.

Since, both have been reported betrothed to others, but now the old courtship has been renewed.

While Betty Compson insists her interest in Hugh Trevor, en route to stardom via RKO, is purely platonic, a no more affectionate pair graces the dinner tables and dance floors of Hollywood.

Betty's divorce from James Cruze recently was granted, but she cannot remarry for a year.

Jack Stone, a handsome youth getting a foothold in the talkies, is the escort of Colleen Moore since the star's divorce from John McCormick.

Stone is distantly related to Colleen.

In the March issue of TALKING SCREEN, Mr. Herbert Cruikshank, in his article entitled "[illegible] Exposed" predicted that Alice White's engagement to Syd Bartlett would be broken before July 4. Shortly after that date Mr. Bartlett wired Mr. Cruikshank as follows:

HERB CRUIKSHANK,
CARE TALKING SCREEN,
100 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK

DEAR HERB CRUIKSHANK DESPITE YOUR PREDICTION TO THE CONTRARY MADE MONTHS AGO JULY FOURTH HAS PASSED AND ALICE WHITE HAS TAKEN UP HER OPTION ON ME . . . DON'T FEEL BADLY EVEN CALIFORNIA WEATHER DOES THE UNUSUAL ALICE SENDS HER LOVE TO YOU AND MRS. AND I SEND MY REGARDS WHILE I LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOU IN THE NEAR FUTURE

SYD BARTLETT

Hoot Gibson's immense ranch at Saugus, California, was the scene of his wedding to Sally Eilers, his leading woman in his recent pictures. More than 150 screen notables attended the ceremony, which took place in the open patio.

The newlyweds are honeymooning in the Canadian Rockies.

Lila Lee is seen everywhere nowadays in the company of Johnny Weaver, a Paramount writer, who has replaced John Farrow, also an author, in her affections.

But Hollywood doubts if Farrow's heart has been too badly wrecked, for he seems to be taking a great interest in Dolores Del Río, who has been reported engaged to several film colony personages since the death of her husband two years ago.

Lila Lee's suit for divorce from James Kirkwood, director-actor, is set for an early date in the Los Angeles courts.

Billie Dove is looking forward to the elapse of another ten months, when her divorce decree will become final and she will wed her new boss, Howard Hughes, youthful producer.

SOME TALKIE TOWN CELEBRITIES ANSWER A VITAL QUESTION:

"WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE DIRECTOR?"

The man who invented crackers and mustard and sweetless diets and made me what I am today.

Joan Crawford

I never play favorites in horses or directors. But Tay Garnett is a pretty good guy —or maybe I'm getting used to him.

William Boyd

Dorothy Arzner, there's only one answer.

Ivan Lebedeff

My mother, for she watches where the dollars go.

Sally Blane

All of them are my favorite directors. You never can tell which one will direct you next.

Barbara Kent

The guy who discovered the real use for the cutting room floor.

Robert Montgomery

Cast my vote for Russell Mack. He never laughs at his own jokes.

Eddie Quillan

I am my favorite director, if you believe some of the things you hear.

Mary Nolan

The director of my bank, because he often allows me to be caught short.

Polly Moran

An uncle of mine who showed me how to eat grapefruit. He put on glasses. I copied him.

Harry Green

Cecil B. DeMille, because he brings back memories of Saturday nights, and the old wash tub.

Wm. Haines

George M. Cohan, because he started the vogue for flag waving and Broadway melodies.

Bessie Love

An actress who names her favorite director, has more courage than I. But I do like Joseph Santley.

Helen Twelvetrees

Von Stroheim, because the powers that be can't seem to like him either.

Charles Bickford

Lewis Milestone. When you work with him in a war picture, you develop your physique as well as your technique.

Lewis Ayres

Ernst Lubitsch. I've never worked for him. Well?

Ann Harding

Whoever is directing me. You know how 'tis.

Lupe Velez

The ice man, because he keeps me cool.

Arthur Lake

Noah Webster, because he uses the two syllable word "no."

Buster Keaton

John Murray Anderson, while you are working with him, there's always good music.

Jeanette Loff

The box office, because it directs the directors.

Marie Dressler

A bell-boy who as an April-first joke, directed me to the fountain.

Stuart Erwin

AMOS 'N' ANDY

A gaily informative account of how this famous couple became an institution, and of what that institution will do in Hollywood

Here we have the hard-working Amos—the guy who saves his money, or at least, tries to, when Andy is not around.

We don't need to tell you what this vehicle is. It's as famous as the Spirit of St. Louis and the Graf Zeppelin rolled into one.

YOU hear about it everywhere—
You read about it here and there—
But—

Just what is this thing called "Amos 'n' Andy"?

It leaps at you from the news and editorial columns of your newspaper.

It slips eerily through the ether and enters your home, even though doors be barred and windows shuttered.

Yet, seein' is believin'! And who's seen *Amos 'n' Andy?*

The answer, as Bert Williams used to say, is "Nobody."

Mebbe there ain't no sich animal as Amos 'n' Andy. Mebbe it's a myth. Like Lydia Pinkham and Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, and, of course, prohibition.

IS AH Blue . . . Madam Queen . . . Ah's regusted . . . Kingfisher . . . Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpolated . . . Ruby Taylah . . . propolition . . . awah, awah, awah! That's no proof. Neither is the allegation that the business of the telephone companies falls off during an Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. Nor the one that 25,000 letters, 5,000 telegrams and 1,000 long distance telephone protests danced daily attendance when the Amos 'n' Andy hour on the air was shifted. Nor that A 'n' A tied Lindbergh in a collegiate popularity vote.

There's no evidence of a *corpus delicti* just because Mr. and Mrs. John W. Elwood, of the National Broadcasting Company, vehemently deny printed statements that Amos 'n' Andy figured in their divorce. Nor because lesser personages

'N' TALKIES

By Herbert Cruikshank

Meet Andy, folks, the guy who has so many of those big propolitions. When it comes to big business, our old friend Andy seems to know all about it.

(Below) Here they are!—as their announcer says nightly. Caught by the photographer in the office of The Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America Incorpolated, Amos 'n' Andy do their stuff.

have sought to shatter the shackles of matrimony because one objected to "Amos 'n' Andy" devotion or monopoly in the other. Nor because Judge Mulqueen freed Charlie Davis, a Harlem taxi-driver, following a tune-in on what our Al calls the "raddio."

None of these things prove the existence of an Amos 'n' Andy, no more 'n a lot of gab about business being sound makes it so. Personally, though I'm not from Mizzoorah, I want to be shown. And seein' is believin'! Maybe I'm just an old Bourbon conservative at heart. But that's been my attitude.

IN FACT it was my attitude until I learned that an Amos 'n' Andy had been put in charge of the King Canute prohibition gesture along Broadway. Ol' Amos Woodcock, of the Department of Justice, and ol' Andy McCampbell, Federal Prohibition Administrator. Then I decided that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

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THE SEVEN

By GORDON R. SILVER

Harold Lloyd's house and estate is one of the most beautiful man-made creations in all of lavishly-built, grand-scale Hollywood.

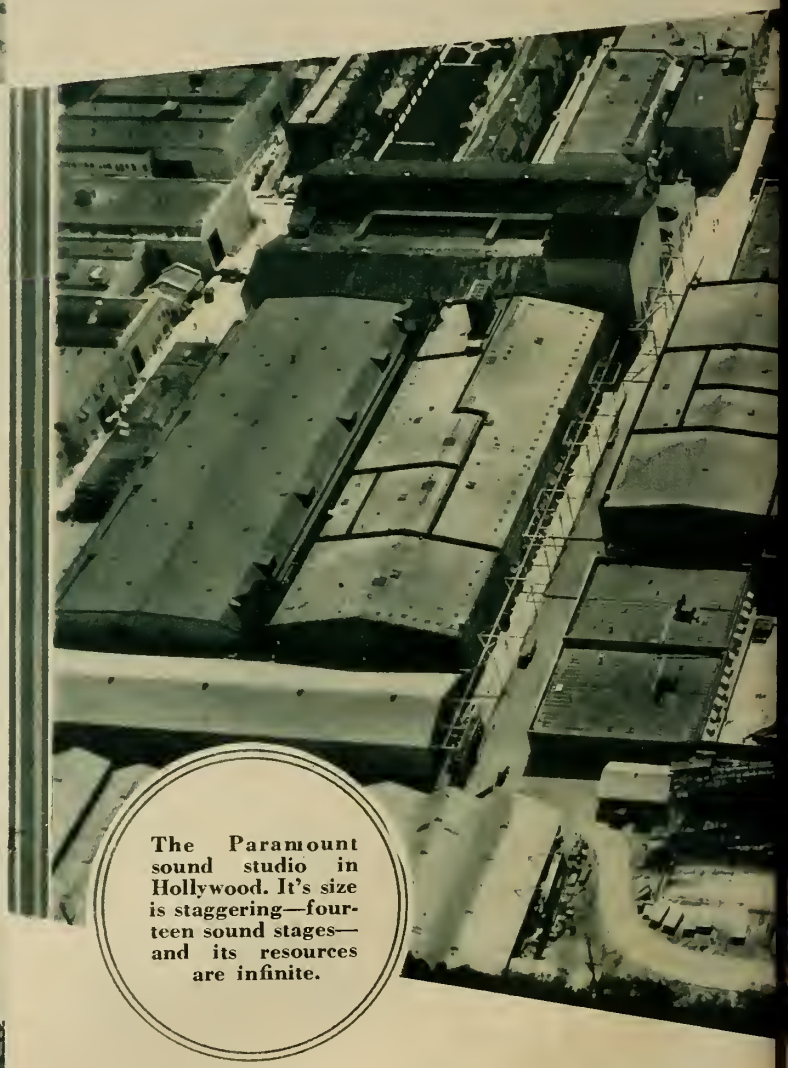
THE SEVEN WONDERS" a magic formula.

Sometime after Alexander the Great had completed, by military means, his large scale consolidations and mergers of the then known world, and had passed on to where there might or might not be other worlds to conquer, a peculiarly fascinating idea sprang into being.

Some one—it would be hard to find the original today—took the number 7, noted for its mystic properties and magical flavor, and cast his eyes about him.

He was looking for the greatest, the most beautiful, the most awe-inspiring things in the world. In those days it wasn't hard at all—the world was a more comfortable place, until you got near the edge. It was a cluster of countries around the Mediterranean, and a man, with the help of the gods and favoring breezes, might take a look at all the leading wonders of the day himself. The whole works, in fact, could be seen in a few well-chosen week-ends.

Here was the list that was announced as "The Seven Wonders of the World": The Pyramids of Egypt; The Hanging Gardens of Semiramis; The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; The Mausoleum of King Mausolus at Halicarnassus; The Pharos of Alexandria; The Statue of Jupiter at Olympia; The Colossus of Rhodes.



The Paramount sound studio in Hollywood. It's size is staggering—fourteen sound stages—and its resources are infinite.

Grauman's Chinese Theatre is a thing of unique and amazing beauty. There's nothing that is exactly like it in all the world.

A TRAVELER who had seen all of these had glimpsed the best the world had to offer. The list attained a great prestige and Philo of Byzantium wrote a special book about the seven wonders. Scholars and philosophers thought a great deal about them.

There have been various Wonders of the Modern World, including Wonders of Modern Cities, proposed. Why not, then, let us discuss the wonders of the film capital of the world.

NOW, *What Are the Seven Wonders of Hollywood?* The really wonderful and unique things—the "ne plus ultra," the "than-which-there-is-none-whicher" structures, features and institutions of the most talked-about city on earth?

WONDERS OF HOLLYWOOD

Of all the wonders of Hollywood, the unique city, the ones described in this fascinating article are the most unusual

The enormous Hollywood Bowl where the marvelous symphony concerts take place. Another of the talkie town's uniquities.

Selecting seven wonders is a singularly interesting, yet at the same time, rather difficult process. In selecting our own list of the Seven Wonders of Hollywood, we have tried hard to stick to one little rule—to choose nothing that is duplicated anywhere else on the globe.

Here we go, then. First and foremost:

Hollywood Boulevard! The street of a million dreams!

PARIS has its Champs Elysées, New York its Broadway, London its Strand, Chicago its Michigan Boulevard, Washington its Pennsylvania Avenue. Our main street is likewise typical of Hollywood and it is without the least little doubt one of its outstanding wonders. Only a few years ago—in fact, as late as 1910—the Boulevard could best be described as a rather glorified cow-path, lined mostly with ranches and apricots and figs. Today, it is the best-known thoroughfare of the whole world. All roads of the universe lead to it. The boulevard that provides never-ending interest for all the earth is itself a boulevard of strange and bizarre fascination.

A steady stream of humanity flows up and down this highway, six miles from the junction where it branches off from Sunset—the main artery exuding traffic from downtown Los Angeles—to its abrupt ending, smack against the green-covered side of Laurel Canyon. Shops occupy some twenty blocks, the miles at either end raveling out into homes and apartments.

The famous Hollywood Boxing Stadium, which has been visited by more movie stars than any sound stage in the film city.

Cars of every size and shape slide by on this motor-mad boulevard. Cream-colored Rolls-Royces, bright red Kissels, pale lavender Lincolns, dark Chev-

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They Are Clay In Her Hands

Sylvia—Hollywood's most famous masseuse—has given stern orders to more stars than have most Hollywood directors

Mary Lewis, the opera star who is under contract to Pathé, is both a friend and client of Sylvia's. "We're getting her weight down fine," says Sylvia of Mary, "but if she puts off another appointment with me—" Sylvia stands no nonsense.

Here you see Eddie Quillan in the act of getting it in the neck from the queen of the massage. We can't blame Eddie for looking scared — Sylvia is no sissy in her methods.

By **ALMA WHITAKER**

FIVE feet tall, with arms of steel, and the chest of a bantam prize-fighter, stands Sylvia, spanker-in-chief to the Hollywood stars. That woman has spanked and pummelled more celebrities than Jean Nathan or H. L. Mencken.

She's forty something, has sons twenty-seven and twenty-two years old respectively and looks as flapperish as Mary Pickford whom she strongly resembles.

And Sylvia gets $400 a week at the Pathé Studio, where she is under contract to keep the stars beautiful, male or female. Oh, but it is ghastly what Sylvia knows about Hollywood's famous ones—the exact state of their tummies, livers, kidneys, eyesight, hearing, chins and dispositions, and it is part of her job to keep them looking properly romantic.

Never a celebrity who can awe Sylvia. She would flop the Prince of Wales himself over on her massaging board, spank him, tickle him, and bully him for drinking cocktails when she had specifically ordered that he never touch another.

WILLIAM SISTROM, general manager of Pathé, was to learn this. For Sylvia practices her magic on executives, too. William, who is rocky on keeping appointments, failed Sylvia . . . and he got the bawling out of his life over the phone, and meekly obeyed her curt summons.

And Sylvia's power all came about because a physician in a Copenhagen hospital discovered she had soothing hands. He made her give up trained nursing to specialize in massage . . . and she learned all about glands, nerves, blood vessels, diet, bones and muscles thereafter.

Her first patient in this country was Julius Rosenwald, Chicago banker. But Hollywood called in 1925, and Marie Dressler was her first screen client. Marie swears by her.

After that, business boomed. Mae Murray came early on the list. By a stern series of pummels, spanks, diet, exercise and facials, Mae was transformed from a matron to a flapper for all to see. (Sylvia's lawsuit with Mae completed her fame, so that studios began to compete for her.)

GLORIA SWANSON, gazing in her mirror, shuddered to see an approaching sag beneath her chin. Sylvia banished it—not alone with massage, but with stern, early-to-bed and dietetic rules. Woe betide the beauty, male or female, who would thwart Sylvia's magic with disobedience. For Sylvia has a swift tongue, and can roll the naughtiest

words out of her mobile lips—in, however, such quaint English, that they don't sound vulgar.

Constance Bennett was too thin. Europe's specialists had failed to give Constance an extra ounce. It took Sylvia five weeks to put the first extra pound on Connie . . . with light massages, relaxation, a nourishing diet, and gentle walking. Ann Harding also feared an oncoming chin-sag and rushed to Sylvia. That's what Pathé hires Sylvia for, to keep their contract stars as lovely as when they booked them, and ward off the passé day. Ina Claire wanted to slenderize and also to prevent a chin. It's awful when they want to slenderize, for they get whacked twice as hard, twice as often, and go on a pretty slim diet for a spell. They usually get annoyed at first, and later live to bless.

Alice White is Sylvia's pet. "She minds me like a nice baby. She was fat and out of proportion. Today, she has one of the most perfect figures in Hollywood. I cannot afford to have them disobey. I am an artist—and they've got to look good," Sylvia asserts. "And I won't have them eating sphagetti and bean dinners and drinking cocktails—starch makes pimples, cocktails ruin complexions. I have a camera eye, and they've got to do me credit."

"There was Ronald Colman, for instance," Sylvia went on, as I shuddered. "Oh, no, not Ronald—"

"Oh, it was only his foot he hurt," she explained hurriedly to relieve my anguish. "I went to his beach house early in the morning before he was up. His Jap said he was still in bed. 'That's fine' I said, and walked right in. Mr. Colman was so shy, it sure was funny."

SALLY O'NEIL sure was fat. I had to knock Sally about frightfully. Irene Rich had to reduce a bit too. Eddie Lowe got worried about his figure, so I spanked him good. But I had to be gentle with Colleen Moore—her nerves were on edge and she was so thin. It was nerves too, with Ernest Torrence and Douglas McLean. I took some off Taylor Holmes and Ralph Forbes. Also Herbert Brenon, and I had to look after his liver, too. Brenon tried breaking rules, but I soon settled him, even if he was the great Herbert Brenon," bubbles Sylvia grinning reminiscently.

"I am dead against alcohol. I can't afford to let them drink—they disgrace me. It puffs them up shockingly. I make 'em go to bed early too, and take cold showers. 'Oh, can't I just have one weeny little cocktail?' they coax. 'Not with your belly, you won't,' say I. And, of course, their looks and figures mean so much to them that they have to obey. Besides, the studio gets after them if they don't obey me. I threaten 'em . . ." she beams, belligerently.

"I only have Marion Davies for facials, but she is all nerves, too, sometimes. Eleanor Boardman and Betty Bron-

[*Continued on page 91*]

Here's Sylvia Ulbeck, the sternest dictator Hollywood stars have ever known. What Sylvia says goes—and she usually says quite a good deal.

Mary Lewis often screams for help at the hands of the none-too-gentle Sylvia. But, oh, how Sylvia can make that superfluous weight vanish.

WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME

as told by

CONSTANCE BENNETT

to

Walter Ramsey

Constance Bennett, who has been married and divorced, gives her ideas about love—ideas rich in experience, yet never touched by the usual ugly cynicism

I *AM a divorcée.*

Don't misunderstand. I am not cynical. Nor am I over-sophisticated—certainly not in regard to love. It is as deep and wonderful to me as it ever was, only, certain characteristics of the gentle passion have assumed importance over certain others. Experience is a marvelous teacher. For instance . . .

I am not looking for romance in love! I want something more wearable, more durable and comfortable. I am no longer looking for sweet phrases and flowers—particularly. In their place I would much prefer a sense of humor and a bit of understanding. For I am not seeking love for the first time—the flush of idealistic sweetheart hours has come and gone for me.

I HAVE known love—real love. And it was kind to me in a great many ways. It taught me that all my dreams of girlhood were—just that, dreams. Not that the sensation isn't as wonderful as I had hoped it would be, but it is different. Very different. I had thought that life with love was just roses and honeysuckle—but it isn't. Love is a hard thing to manage. A hard thing to control. A difficult thing to understand.

Miss Bennett, with a wisdom born of experience, believes that a sense of humor is most necessary in the person whom you love. She is convinced that a man and a woman who can laugh together stand a pretty good chance of weathering the matrimonial storms.

Constance Bennett confesses that love is as deep and wonderful to her now—since her divorce—as it ever was. At the same time her ideas of love have changed greatly.

It is difficult because it is the only real thing about our entire existence—and the biggest. If it *is* the only big thing in life, then it must necessarily be a problem.

This is not an easy thing to grasp—that is, if you are anything like the person I was before marriage. But it is true. Love is not as easy as the word sounds.

COMING from Constance Bennett that is something to be remembered. If she didn't face me with such seriousness in her eyes and such honesty in her voice, it would be impossible to believe that it was she talking. Is this the same Constance Bennett who has always maintained such an air of sophistication in the public mind? Is this the beautiful young woman whose name, the world over, stands for aristocracy of thought and deed? Is this the worldly person whose savoir faire, modernness and complete cosmopolitanism is a byword of both this country and the continent? Love difficult? To this beautiful woman, to whom nothing was presumed difficult? Certainly there is no one quite so poised in bearing and appearance. Surely there is none who can surpass her for

beauty of both the physical and cultural. What, then, does this mean? Are we listening to a totally new, an absolutely different Constance Bennett?

We create an artificial glitter about the one we love, says Miss Bennett, and foolishly submerge the many natural admirable qualities beneath this glitter.

AND I know the reason why it is so difficult: we take it all too seriously. Of course, it is a serious thing—quite—but it will be serious whether we try to make it so or not. Love will always be a serious thing, so why not try to look at it as lightly as possible? Don't add to its weight with tears. Take away from its strength with smiles. Laugh. Laugh a lot. Laughter is the greatest cure-all for the love-sick that was ever invented.

I have come to the conclusion that a man and a woman who can laugh together can weather all the disillusions and trials to which love is subjected. A sense of humor is not only a very gay thing—it is healing. It puts things in their proper light. It helps one over the bumps into which every love leads. For make no mistake, there are bumps—and hard ones—along the path of even the most romantic of passions. As love leads us to the altar, the *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* motif suddenly and unexpectedly becomes intermingled with the commonplace of life. We find ourselves, all at once, on the ground, thinking of altogether too real and ordinary things. We thought we were in a heaven—a little private heaven all our own—and suddenly we find our feet very much on the turf and our loved one very much like every other young man we have known. It's really too disquieting. An astounding revelation.

THIS is all caused by our having taken the whole procedure too seriously. The romantic picture we have painted of our loved one is far too abstract, too impractical. We have succeeded in imbuing him with characteristics not possessed —and previous to matrimony there has been no reason to change or upset them. I suppose it is quite a natural thing for every woman to weave certain favorite virtues into the make-up of the object of her affection. If we particularly admire a certain characteristic or quality, we immediately transplant it into the personality of our sweetheart. Which isn't quite fair. Usually, in doing this, we overlook some equally admirable quality in the person we are endowing. We create such an artificial glitter about the man that his own and natural qualities are submerged beyond recognition.

Why do I say this is unfair? Because experience has taught me. Matrimony undoubtedly does one thing: it presents the truth about husband and wife. Fancies fall by the wayside. Nothing is left but sheer reality—and sometimes even the reality is partially eclipsed. You see, after you realize that the wonderful qualities which you have bestowed upon him are not there, you are unable to see the qualities which are there—which you were too blind or careless to see. That is why "the first year" has been immortalized. It is the stumbling block to marital success. During those first twelve months you will have to discover that he is not all you had supposed —and you must at the same time find that he is many things you had NOT supposed. Nice things, I mean.

AS SHE has been talking, I have formed some very concrete conclusions about Constance Bennett. She is so utterly self-possessed. So positive. One has the feeling that she has lived—lived a great deal. And that she has traveled and seen things and places that have taught her many things. She seems so steeped in knowledge-from-experience that one is really led to the belief that she knows too much about life and its people. Too much about men. Too much about values. One is almost forced to conclude that Constance Bennett knows too much about life to be happy. But that is a rash conclusion. One that should be disregarded, perhaps. Certainly she will marry again and be happy. She must have an ideal that is forever before her. Could it be that she knows whom she wants?

I've had the experience of marriage, yes, but it hasn't made me bitter. I'm still looking for love. Still waiting for it. And it really hasn't changed much for me since I first thought of love —that is, not the sensation we call love—only some of its supposed

[*Continued on page 88*]

Miss Bennett's experience of marriage has not made her in any way bitter. She is still looking for love—but not a silly, over-romantic love.

FROM THEN TILL NOW

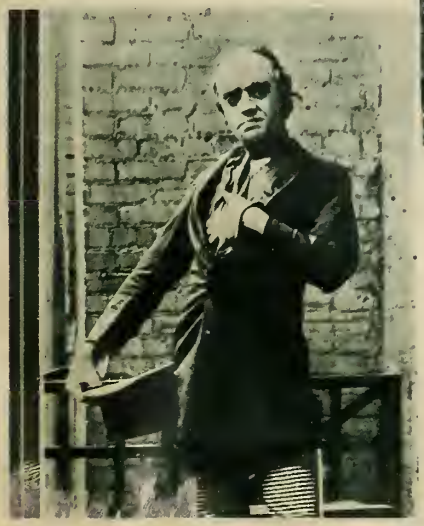
A few inside looks at the life of William Powell, the movie arch-villain who turned over a new leaf to become a pillar of law and order

Five years later we find our hero a struggling sophomore at Central High School in old Kansas City, where thoughts of a stage career never entered his mind. Sweet sixteen and never been hissed!

Little William at the too tender age of eleven, long before the call of the Kleigs. Even then he seems to have had a lot of the poise for which he is so famous now.

At twenty, as *English Eddie Griggs* in the searing stage melodrama, *Within the Law.* Those days were known as the "glib-tongued stranger" period, and no wonder.

Bill Powell early in his theatrical career in Calvin Coolidge's home town, where he appeared nightly at the Academy of Music with the Northampton Players. Little did they realize at the time that one day one of them was to become president of the United States! His fans are glad it wasn't Bill.



Here's Bill as a member of the Harry Davis Stock Company, in a garb that would have puzzled even good old *Philo Vance.* In the picture above he has just ejected an erring daughter into the cruel cold of the left wing.

Today, with his leers and evil deeds packed away in an old trunk, he divides his time between portraying brilliant detectives and attorneys and studying dramatic art in a constant, successful effort to improve his stuff.

HOLLYWOOD'S HELPING HAND

Here is the exterior of the Screen Stars Shop on Cahuenga Avenue. It looks almost as attractive and appealing as the stars that keep it going.

On the opening day, June Collyer sold hosiery. Here she is making a sale to Ruth Roland and Mary Brian, who are two staunch supporters of the shop.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THE man was obviously embarrassed. His clothes, unpressed, worn, hung dispiritedly from him. He reached into the cabinet and pulled forth a pair of shoes, tan shoes. They were not new shoes. They had been worn. But they would still resist rain and the scorch of hot pavements.

"If I had shoes," he said, falteringly, "I could get downtown to the radio station. You see, they've promised to give me a chance to sing."

He paused. He was young. He might have been handsome if the hopelessness of defeat had not been upon him. He did not want charity. He could work. He could work if they would give him the chance. Before the war—but that was a long time ago.

"Fifty cents," Mrs. Wood said. Her manner would have been no different if she had been serving a Rockefeller.

"That's mighty fine of you," the man said, his shoulders squaring. "And, say, I—I want you to know that I appreciate this. I have a little bronze elephant. It's not much, and one tusk is broken, but if you can sell it here, keep the money and apply it to the price of these shoes." And he was gone, his face changed from despair to hope.

HOW much is this little blue suit of Miss Pickford's?" Unaware of the little drama just passed, a motion picture devotee turned to Mrs. Wood. At the souvenir case toward the front of the store another was asking to see Vilma Banky's shoe buckles. A boy of twenty had bought five dollars worth of star's photographs, autographed, and was waiting for them to be wrapped. About the shop there was the air of bustling activity.

Screen Stars' Shop. The words gleamed from the two front windows. Sixteen fourteen, the numbers beamed from the door. Pedestrians on Cahuenga Avenue paused to look at the black velvet and beaded flesh chiffon dress in the window. It bore the tag, "Donated by Miss Vilma Banky." Mary Pickford had contributed the crimson velvet costume with the gold lace in the other window. Inside, housewife elbowed extra girl as they tried on hats, some marked thirty-five cents, others priced at a dollar or more. Blue painted cabinets were hung with chiffons and velvets, silk suits and dimity frocks that had clothed celebrated figures.

This is the newest endeavor to raise money for that worthy charity, the Motion Picture Relief Fund. It is Mary Pickford's idea. It has, and to her enduring credit, her every support. As President of the Fund until June of this year (she has been succeeded by Jack Warner), she saw the need for increasing their resources to care for the ever-growing demands; particularly since the talking picture has thrown thousands of extras and players out of work.

HER thought was, originally, to start a small thrift shop in which small-salaried players might add to their

Mary Pickford furnishes a brilliant idea for the Motion Picture Relief Fund—and the idea clicks with remarkable rapidity and success

screen and personal wardrobes through the purchase of garments worn by greater luminaries. These garments, cleaned, mended and in good condition, were to be sold at a reduced price. The quality of material would be better than could be purchased at the cheaper stores. In this way, an extra girl who must necessarily have a wide selection of clothes, might wear a Paris importation for ten or fifteen dollars. And hats. And shoes. And wraps. And men's clothing.

But the public liked the idea, too. Modest though the location was, with windows whitewashed, soon non-professionals were finding their way to the shop conducted by Florence Turner, of the early films, and Mrs. Helen Wood. They were welcomed, because all money went into the Fund. A woman from Vancouver bought her entire season's wardrobe there. And her husband's. Customers got the habit of calling regularly to ask if any of Miss Pickford's or Miss Banky's or Miss Julia Faye's clothes had come in.

It was formally opened to the public with a tea, two months after its inception—the first co-operative organization of its kind in Hollywood. There were the conventional tea, cakes and press. There were also June Collyer, Dolores Del Río, Ruth Roland, Mae Murray, Mary Brian, Pauline Garon, Hedda Hopper, Colleen Moore, Mrs. Don Alvarado, Larry Gray, Donald Crisp, Geoffrey Wardell, Johnny Mack Brown, William Bakewell and Miss Pickford. Speeches and camera and sound film and all the things that go with openings

[*Continued on page 88*]

Remember Florence Turner of the old Vitagraph days? She and Mrs. Helen Wood run the store. Here Florence is selling a dress to Mary Pickford.

Here's a small galaxy of stars gathered at the shop on the opening day. Left to right, Hedda Hopper, Ruth Roland, Mae Murray, Mary Pickford, Dolores Del Río and June Collyer.

HOW THEY GET THAT WAY

The age of miracles is not yet over—not as long as there are make-up men in Hollywood studios. Here is how they do their amazing stuff

This is Jack Dawn, of Fox. He has the unique idea of modeling his characters, to guide the casting director in his selection of actors. Here you see some of his miniature figures.

By DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

Phillips Holmes holds the mirror up to nature as Walter Herrman, Pathé make-up man, creates it with the help of Helen Twelvetrees. *Her Man* is the title of the film they were working on when this was taken.

IF YOU would grow a beard in an hour, toss long golden locks where a black bob waved before, assume the wrinkles of age, or resemble the twin sister of a Hottentot, place yourself in the hands of the make-up artists of any studio! Miracles are wrought by him that nature herself couldn't duplicate — and often wouldn't.

Make-up, as old as the theatre itself, became of major importance when the revealing camera eye brought the spectators literally face to face with the actors. The evolution of film make-up has gone hand-in-hand with photographic development and improved lighting, together with the education of the fans to a new standard of picture production. How little credit is given by the layman to the man responsible for the wig, the beard, the scar, the bullet hole, and for the remarkable artistry that makes a made-up character seem authentic on the screen.

WHY, it was make-up that put the *gag* in *Ingagi*, that super film hoax in which an actor in a gorilla suit successfully fooled the public and threw noted scientists into a frenzy of admiration. This make-up was the result of years of study and entailed the work and brains of several persons versed in the characteristics and anatomical construction of the animal. There are only a handful of actors in the world who are really successful in making monkeys of themselves. One of these was the terrifying *Ingagi*.

A gorilla costume consists of three suits of finely woven silk jersey. The skin-tight foundation worn nearest the body is woven to order from the finest

Pretty and piquant as Miss Fifi Dorsay's face is actually, still she has to go through with the make-up process for the sake of the well-known Kliegs and cameras. Charles Dudley is the man with the brush.

material procurable, to insure comfort for the wearer. The second suit, of similar material, is of a trifle coarser weave. On it are sewn the cords and muscles of very fine silk floss of the desired size and shape, enclosed in jersey. Both suits are closed with zippers down the back. The third, or outer suit, is likewise of finely woven silk, and must be perfectly constructed so as to withstand all the hard wear given it by an agile "gorilla." Chinese hair, the best that can be imported, is implanted by hand, two strands at a time, in the silk mesh. The darkest is placed in the body, while the lighter shades cover the shoulders, knees, buttocks, elbows, and back of the head —those portions that would naturally come in rough contact with trees and underbrush.

The "gorilla's" belly is of sheet rubber. The head is of crude rubber over a solid copper foundation. The skull frame is lined with small copper tubing, through which piano wires are strung to govern the working of the jaws. The terrifying teeth were once the handle of your family toothbrush, while your rubber bath sponge disappeared to make the beast's tongue. Finger and toe nails made from celluloid film complete the imposingly real gorilla make-up that can fool even a nation's foremost scientists. This complicated three-piece ensemble takes from two to three weeks to construct, with as many as sixteen persons working on it constantly, at a cost that approximates $1,200.

George Westmore, one of make-up land's foremost exponents of amazing transformations, adds fifty years to Gavin Gordon for his part in *Romance*.

HOLLYWOOD boasts of the largest and most distinguished family of wig-makers in the world—the Westmores. George Westmore, a dynamic Englishman, is in complete charge of the make-up department of M-G-M. His son Purc (who was Percy until he was numerologized) is make-up director of First National and Warner Brothers, with an elder brother, Monty, as one of his assistants. Over at RKO Purc's twin, Ern (née Ernest) is the god of grease paint; while at Paramount a kid brother, Wally, is one of Jim Collins' busiest helpers. There are a couple of very young Westmores growing up; and all the senior Westmores are married to make-up women save Ern, who wed Ethelyn Claire a few months ago amid spectacular publicity.

Ern Westmore applies gold body paint — another feature of the make-up tricks — to Miss Nadine Dore for a novelty chorus number on the RKO lot.

Max Factor—who knows more about make-up than perhaps any other person living—personally takes the puff and gives Ruth Roland a dab or two for *Reno*.

EACH of the five Westmores has his own specialty. George won international fame by bobbing the famous Mary Pickford curls and creating a sophisticated bob around which to build a completely new film personality. He and Monty are noted for their "straight" make-ups. Ern has concentrated on characterizations and "disfigures" even the most enchanting physiognomies. Betty Pierce, a pretty young girl, emerged from Ern's sanctum looking, as the script on *Smooth as Satin* specified, "fifty, prison-bent, and full of dope"! Young Wally would rather make beards than wear them any day; while Purc is the ace wig-maker of Hollywood. By the terms of his contract Purc may take orders from any individual or studio in Hollywood in his off-hours. He created the wigs worn by Ruth Chatterton in *Sarah and Son*

[*Continued on page 81*]

TALKING

An authoritative guide to the newest talkie offerings

OLD ENGLISH ***(Warners)***

MR. GEORGE ARLISS is here again. This time in a production called *Old English.*

The story takes place in Liverpool, England, during the early years of the present century. *Old English* is the character played by George Arliss. A part that gives him a chance to do some of the best acting of his long and splendid career.

He's a director in numerous companies and is chairman of a navigation company, but in spite of all this, he is on the verge of bankruptcy. The theme of the story is how *Old English* outwits his creditors and also how he outwits his many relatives who are trying to get what little money he has left.

The only one of his relatives he cares about is the daughter of an illegitimate son. (Oh, yes, *Old English* had been something of a rounder.) And you may be sure he fixes things up for her before the final fade-out—which, by the way, is particularly effective.

Even though you may have a hard time making sense out of the many and varied British accents, it's well worth seeing for George Arliss alone.

BRIGHT LIGHTS ***(First National)***

HERE is another one of those things which has Frank Fay in a serious story. This is a back-stage story, at that. Although we must admit that it's much better than almost any other back stager.

But the trouble is that Frank Fay is a subtle comedian with a flair for kidding life, himself, his bosses and everything in general. And Frank Fay as a person who rescues the heroine from the clutches of the dirty villain—well, it just doesn't go.

Dorothy Mackaill is the heroine whom everyone, it seems, is trying to take advantage of. Frank Fay, though, loves her all through the story and consistently protects her from her wicked pursuers.

Somehow, Dorothy is not altogether convincing. She seems to this reviewer as if she'd be much more able to take care of herself than this part depicts her.

But it's a good show. It's all in the well-known Technicolor and it has almost as many stars as *The Show of Shows.* Noah Beery, Eddie Nugent, Daphne Pollard and James Murray all help make this a great picture.

MANSLAUGHTER ***(Paramount)***

DON'T tell me you've forgotten the lavish affair DeMille made of this little number way back in 1922? Remember Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan? Ah, where are the old familiar faces now? Alas, alas.

This time, pretty Claudette Colbert plays the part of the thoughtless young lady of society who, by a deft manipulation of her car, kills a cop with a heart of gold who is just trying to do his duty by giving her a ticket. Figure that out. There's pen and pencil at your elbow.

And Frederic March, late the not-so-tough gob of *True to the Navy,* plays the honest district attorney who lets his best girl go to jail for the public good rather than save her for himself. Somehow that always seemed kind of dumb to us. But maybe we're just wicked ourselves, or something.

It's a good talkie though. And it will grip you. The scenes of Long Island's social whirl are considerably more true to life than those of DeMille. And the picture is notable for its absence of bathtubs. Colbert and March are both excellent.

SCREEN REVIEWS

RAFFLES *(United Artists)*

THIS is Ronald Colman's third, and perhaps his best, talking picture.

Colman is well suited to the suave *Raffles,* and his restraint in playing the part makes an unusual picture out of this more-or-less ordinary crook story. Somehow the talkies seem to have brought out Mr. Colman's ability to be suave and charming. His voice is one of his very best assets.

Raffles is in love with *The Lady Gwen,* fascinating and beautiful. She has consented to marry him. And this makes *Raffles* decide never, never, never to steal again.

But alas, *Raffles'* best friend has to go and get himself mixed up with a gambling outfit to the tune of several thou and there's nothing for it but stealing to get enough money to help the friend.

Then the plot gets thicker and thicker—in fact, in spots, it's very thick indeed—but, nevertheless, it keeps the interest sustained until the final fade-out.

Colman is superb as *Raffles.* The part is beautifully suited to him. Kay Francis, as *Lady Gwen,* is good but not very English. The rest of the cast is adequate, and the performance as a whole is very satisfying — good talkie entertainment.

MADAME SATAN *(M-G-M)*

IF IT isn't our old friend Cecil DeMille, bathtub hound, at it again. But this time the activities of the swanky DeMille social set take place in a Zeppelin.

It's all about how Kay Johnson, one of *the* people in the Social Register, makes up her mind to save her husband from the clutches of a wicked actress, *Trixie* by name. How any man could fall for a girl named Trixie, we can't understand. But Reginald Denny does in this picture.

Then things get mixed up nicely—or, rather, not so nicely. In fact, these nice people behave in a manner that's known as sophisticated. In fact they have affairs, or pretend to have affairs, or something. It's all rather confusing.

The big climax is the Zeppelin Ball which could only happen on a DeMille set. All is going brilliantly when the old Zeppelin gets mad at the crowd (who could blame it?) and succeeds in breaking away from the mooring mast. This helps nicely in solving the tangles which the plot has reached.

If you like DeMille's sumptuous affairs, see this one. And if you have a Zeppelin you'll strap it fast to its moorings from now on, absolutely.

COMMON CLAY *(Fox)*

IT'S JUST too bad about poor little Constance Bennett in this picture. She's pictured as the gay but innocent girl who just loves to dance and so gets a job in a night club. The place is raided —ah, but the judge is a kindly soul and lets little Connie go with gentle words of advice, brushing the tears from his pan meanwhile.

And then, ah, worse yet, Connie gets a job as a maid in a wealthy home and there she meets what's usually known as the young-man-of-the-house. But, also, Connie is not the same after she meets the young man. Indeed not! For she ups and has a baby, actually demanding that the young man of the house marry her! Can you imagine it!

Of course, every time she tries to show she's just an innocent girl trying to get along on one betrayal no one will believe her, because she once worked in a night club. Honestly, Bill, it's just too bad.

Considering the somewhat stale theme, Constance Bennett and Lew Ayres do brilliant work. It would be great to see them in a s'phisticated show. Even seduction, they say, becomes dull when not properly handled. Perhaps the movies will do better in time.

NIGHT WORK *(Pathé)*

A PLEASANT-ENOUGH little farce comedy which gives one Eddie Quillan the chance to make a lot of funny faces and at the same time be the sympathetic hero.

He gets all mixed up with an Orphan's Home baby and, quite innocently, finds himself forced to pay for the baby's upbringing because the Orphan's Home executive thinks Eddie is a rich man.

Then Eddie goes to work in a night-club in order to make enough money to bring up little Oscar the way a good child should be brought up.

If you like Quillan you will like this show.

FOR THE DEFENSE *(Paramount)*

HERE'S something of a new angle in racketeering and gangster pictures. It's all about the criminal lawyer who protects the gangsters when they get hailed to court, and William Powell plays the lawyer with his customary brilliance.

Kay Francis plays the girl whom Powell loves but whom he will not marry because he doesn't want to be tied up or tied down, whichever it is.

It is, of course, through his love for Kay that Bill gets into the grand mess of his court career. And, also of course, it is through Kay's love for him that she tried to save him.

This is a good one and delightfully different. Don't miss it.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT *(RKO)*

RICHARD DIX is with us again. This time as a wicked gambler who kills a man and then, by a process known as mistaken identity, hides away in a small town and actually becomes interested in the community's church and social affairs. Honestly, the movies—

He falls for a pretty girl and she for him. The girl's brother gets himself signed to an I.O.U. for $6500 to the local gambling chief, although why a young boy would be foolish enough to play in a big game only God and RKO know. But everything comes out all right.

If you're a Dix fan, you can gamble on this.

WAY OUT WEST *(M-G-M)*

WISECRACKING Bill is with us again, this time in a story of the great open spaces where men are meanies. At least, they are in this story.

Bill, officially known as William Haines, plays a wicked gambler who fleeces the dumb cowboys of all they possess. But when they find it out, whoopee!

Along comes the girl, of course. And then a series of misunderstandings and phony situations which make it look as if Bill has stolen the girl's honor when all the time he was protecting her from a rattle-snake. A real one, not a tough hombre. This is not quite up to the Bill Haines standard.

Up-to-the-minute talkie critiques to insure well-spent

THE MATRIMONIAL BED *(Warners)*

AT LAST here's a chance for Frank Fay to do some of his own stuff. And he's ably assisted by the cast of well known players.

Frank plays the part of a man who has been suffering from amnesia for five years. When he comes to his normal senses he finds that he has married again during his period of lost identity and this brings about what are laughingly known as complications.

This picture is good for any number of laughs. We strongly advise you to see it—without the kiddies. Lilyan Tashman and James Gleason do right well.

SONS OF THE SADDLE *(Universal)*

KEN MAYNARD does some swell thrilling work in this, his latest, talkie-Western.

The story is typical of the usual Western stories, but it is grade A entertainment. The scene where he rescues the girl from the chuck wagon just before the wagon plunges over the cliff is well done indeed.

Maynard enjoys the title of *the Singing Cowboy* and he lives up to it very well in this one. There are two songs, *Trail Herd Song* and *Down the Home Trail With You.*

This yarn has everything in it make it good and even if you're not a regular Western fan you'll enjoy it.

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE *(Columbia)*

AH, HERE is a story in which the heroine decides she's going to marry a millionaire. Then she meets two chaps—one's a suave millionaire (all millionaires are suave in the movies), the other's a tough but noble sailor (all sailors are tough but noble in the movies). Now you can guess which one she marries.

Alice White, no less, plays the pert chick who intends to marry the millionaire. Lloyd Hughes does good work as a Marine and Marie Prevost is with us again as Alice's girl-friend who sees to it that Alice is saved from some what's known as delicate situations. Alice White gives a cute performance.

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S *(First National)*

SUSIE runs a hotel for ex-convicts. She puts them on their feet when they come out of jail. The only person she loves in the world is *Dick,* played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. *Dick* is the son of a dead convict whom *Susie* had formerly befriended.

Fairbanks falls for a chorus girl and when he brings her home to Susie's, *Susie* is furious because she thinks the girl will be a bad influence on Fairbanks.

Later, the chorus girl kills the producer of her show because he had the nerve to get fresh with her. Then, of course, the fat is in the fire with a vengeance.

theatre hours—consult this department every month

THE SEA BAT *(M-G-M)*

FOR those of you who have never heard of the sea bat, let us inform you immediately that it's nothing to do with getting drunk on water. As a matter of fact it's a very lively submarine animal (no product of DT's either) which dashes around gobbling up sponge divers in a most upsetting way.

In this yarn, the boy whom Raquel Torres loves is eaten by the sea bat. And then it becomes a mere matter of plot to have the bat gobble up several others—all of them finding themselves in the same bat, so to speak.

However, taking all in all, this is a good thrilling story

CONSPIRACY *(RKO)*

HERE is Bessie Love as a bold bad murderess but, of course, with the celebrated heart of gold and she only did it to save her brother.

It's not a bad yarn. All about how Bessie and her brother are out to get a gang who killed their father. The brother casually becomes district attorney with all the ease in the world while Bessie goes right out and gets herself the job of secretary to the chief gangster.

So there you have the beginnings of a good story. In the end a celebrated author gets mixed up in the festivities and all ends happily. But not until plenty has happened.

SPURS *(Universal)*

HERE is a peach of a Western with Hoot Gibson and Helen Wright doing some excellent work.

Hoot, as *Bob Merrill*, is out to find the murderer of one of his former cronies. Later, he discovers that the murderer is the secret member of a powerful gang.

This doesn't worry Hoot at all, being a Western picture hero, and he sets off to get the gang, be it twenty or fifty. The scene where he comes down the precipice is thrilling in the extreme.

Taking a leaf from the war movies and the gang movies, the Westerns now use machine guns just like all the rest.

LADIES MUST PLAY *(Columbia)*

THIS is a pleasant enough program picture in which a broke millionaire agrees to finance his secretary on a husband-catching visit to Newport for a commission.

Of course, millionaires at Newport are as thick as thieves —no, no, thick as flies around a jam pot. So our heroine has no trouble at all in getting attached to two or three of them.

But would you believe it? In the end she actually falls for —no, we won't tell you after all.

It's all a lot of fun, though. Dorothy Sebastian and Natalie Moorhead are both good to look upon and their acting abilities are as compelling and attractive as their looks.

See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page 6

Here's Mack's house, which he built for himself. It's partly English, partly Norman and partly Charles Mack. The result, however, is pretty darn good.

The BLACK CROW'S NEST

Every star is entitled to a hobby—and Charlie Mack's is building houses of weird and wonderful design. He's founding a new and different colony

By **RACHEL RUBIN**

Mr. Mack shows Rachel Rubin, the author of this article, the view of the Sierra Madre mountains which can be clearly seen from his charming house.

"IT'S English," the handsome lady in blue decided.

"It's Norman," sweetly countered the equally handsome lady in green.

I nodded amiably at both of them and offered up a silent prayer that my opinion might not be solicited. I never could remember the difference between a flying buttress and a Doric column.

Just as the argument was beginning to look promising, Charlie Mack sauntered up the hill. Otherwise known as *Amos*, the perennially lazy half of the *Two Black Crows*. It was his country house at Newhall, California, at which we had been looking. Low and comfortable-looking, with as much an air of belonging on that hillside as the great gnarled oak deep-rooted in the front lawn, half obscuring mellow walls.

"It's English, isn't it?" the lady in blue volunteered as Charlie approached, beaming as usual.

"Norman, of course!" was the quick response of the lady in green.

"Well, I'll tell you," drawled Charlie, pushing back his enormous straw hat and scratching his head, "it's both."

WHILE the fair combatants looked at each other with an air of "I-told-you so," he explained, with amazing candor, that neither the English nor the Norman style of architecture seemed to fit the surrounding landscape, so he took what he wanted from each, and put them all together. The strips from the Norman—or perhaps it was the English—and the bricks at the corners from somewhere else. When he got through assembling architecture, he had a house!

When the first house was finished, he built another. When the second one was done, he started a third.

These near-triplets are the first of a family of perhaps forty-two to be placed here and there over a tract of some hundred-odd acres. No two will be alike. Some will be triangular, some square—who knows, there may even be a roundhouse!

Roads will be laid first. Not straight, matter-of-fact roads, but winding, lazy roads to fit the hills. Later, the houses. One by one, as the need arises, and Charlie decides whom he wants for neighbors!

"Don't get the idea that I'm tryin' to be high-hat," he begged earnestly,

[*Continued on page 90*]

SOME OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST *IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLES*

Few have ever seen George Arliss without a glass—ah-ah, we're referring to the one he keeps in his eye, so don't get excited. Mr. Arliss is a man among monocles.

Remember the delightful old lady in *Seven Day's Leave?* Beryl Mercer is the name and here she is behind a pair of spectacles which, judging from her awfully severe expression, are anything but the famous rose-colored variety.

Who would have believed that a simple pince-nez could turn Buddy Rogers from a devil-may-care youth into a somewhat supercilious professor? But perhaps Buddy's acting abilities have something to do with it, too.

This old bespectacled sea dog is none other than young Frank Albertson, the star juvenile of the Fox lot. Frank played in *So This Is London* and that makes us feel like saying, "I say, Franky boy, remove those jolly old glasses, won't you, because we jolly well know you."

It's certainly amazing what a difference a pair of glasses makes. See if you can penetrate these optic disguises

This pleasant old lady who wears his spectacles so convincingly answers to the name of Chaney. And if you don't know the first name, well, it's just too bad about you, that's all.

Meet the Duchess of Kane, who will look you icily up and down through her lorgnettes as she's introduced. But, if she decides that you belong to her set, she'll probably break into a boop-boop-a-doop, keeping time with the lorgnette handle.

Was Fay Wray afraid you wouldn't like her with spectacles on? It looks that way. Looks as though she'd quickly removed them before the camera man said, "Watch the birdie." But we'd like Fay in the ugliest pair of specs in the whole wide world.

This feller who's looking so intently at something offstage is our old friend Robert Woolsey, comedian extraordinary. Mr. Woolsey whispers that the object which holds his interest so thoroughly is a sight for four eyes. Oh, Mr. Woolsey!

Cecil B. DeMille's fame brought him this bronze bust of Voltaire which is guaranteed to be an exact replica of the one in the Louvre. Left to right, Rev. Gustav Brieglieb, Louis B. Mayer, Cecil DeMille and Henri Didot, Consul for France at Los Angeles.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE

STANDING on a street corner in Hollywood, waiting for a bus to take her to a studio, I saw, not long ago, a very pretty girl dressed in a simple suit of blue. In the traffic there passed an expensive town car with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel. In the rear seat was one of the most widely known motion picture stars, headed for the same studio. The town car did not stop.

We offered the girl in blue a lift.

"Yes," she said in reply to my question, "I knew her—once. But there is a dividing line between the young women who have become famous and those who are just struggling along. We must not intrude."

It's not as entirely rosy a proposition as you probably think it is—as almost every star is ready to testify here and now

THE remark remained in my thoughts the balance of the day. Is aloofness the price of fame or is it the result of fame? Does success bring a feeling of elation or does it bring added responsibilities which weigh heavily upon one's shoulders? In other words, how does it feel to be famous?

The question intrigued my fancy and I started asking the picture stars about it. A score or more I briefly interviewed. And this much I determined:

There is no such thing as placidity and pure happiness among those riding the crest of popularity's wave. Cecil B. DeMille, the "Grand Old Master" of the movies voiced in a nutshell what most of the stars had to say.

"Pontius Pilate in the famous hour of judgment," he said, "queried of the Christ: 'What is Truth?' Equally pertinent might be the question, 'What is fame?'

"Fame is one thing, notoriety another. Notoriety comes in this life. Fame usually is reserved for the verdict of years. Very often its laurel wreath is not allocated until long after death. But there is a present 'spotlight.' The principal feeling I have about being in the public eye is one of sober responsibility. You perhaps can appreciate my feelings when you recall how delighted you are when one person praises you and how depressed if somebody says things of an uncomplimentary nature. Imagine how these reactions are intensified when hundreds of millions are in a position to inspire you with liking or blast you utterly with disapproval!"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS voiced his opinion in almost identical words:

"Being famous—so-called," he said in reply to my query, "gives one a tremendous sense of responsibility. One feels that he is responsible to so many people—people he never has met. There are obligations and duties and standards to maintain. Life becomes more complex; criticism comes easier. But rewards are greater."

To which John Gilbert added: "If one became *suddenly* famous, such as Lindbergh or someone else who leaped into

Lon Chaney finds that fame makes a fellow bashful and keeps him hiding out from the public. To Blanche Sweet, fame brings an added seriousness about life which some people are apt to dub high-hat. As for Richard Barthelmess, he seems to think that this thing called fame merely brings added responsibilities, obligations and duties.

FAMOUS

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

Mary Pickford says that the sense of being famous is one of awe accompanied by deeper accountability.

Marjorie White, pert miss, says that fame is like walking on banana peels.

Alice White says that it's a sense of satisfaction at having done something.

And from El Brendel we hear that it's a ladder that's crowded — and easy to fall off.

Kay Johnson has found, somewhat to her surprise, that fame has made her worry over her work more than ever before.

fame upon recognition of a single achievement, I imagine the thrill is overwhelming. For myself, whatever degree of success I happened to experience was very slow in coming and full of bitter struggles and discouragements that take much of the sweetness from actual realization. Personally, I feel burdened with responsibility."

Mary Pickford declares the sense is one of awe accompanied by a feeling of deeper accountability, while Doug, her celebrated husband insists that a person never really knows when he is famous; the term is confused with current popularity.

"ALL I know about it is just what little I read in the papers," said Will Rogers.

A lot of players refuse to take seriously the weight of fame. Lawrence Tibbett, the latest and greatest addition to the talking screen, among the men, soliloquized in this fashion:

"It's a great feeling: you know you can get a check cashed in a strange town if they know who you are. It also helps get service from Pullman porters."

Said Al Jolson: "I don't notice any difference except that I eat regularly," and Frank Fay added, "Now I don't mind when the first of the month rolls around."

Warner Baxter says: "It's a funny feeling the first time you find out that the reason the papers wanted your photograph and biography is to be prepared for your death."

"Do you remember how great it was going to feel when you got those roller skates you longed for?" Charles Farrell said. "And the day you first started down the sidewalk on them, you saw the boy across the street with a shiny new bicyle? That's how fame feels!"

"Yeah!" added El Brendel, who was present. "It's a million steps to the top and just one step back to the bottom. And this ladder certainly is crowded."

"You feel as though the article you bought was misrepresented," chimed in Janet Gaynor, "but you wouldn't take it to the exchange counter for anything."

Marjorie White reached for her lip-stick as she gravely observed: "It's like walking on a street paved with banana peelings." Not exactly pleasant.

Clara Bow tried to tell it all in fourteen words. Said the red-headed "IT" girl:

"In the beginning, it is thrilling. Later, it's like living in a glass house."

TO WHICH Nancy Carroll, another Paramount star added: "It's a warm sense of discomfort." And Margaret Livingston said: "You have to look better, guard your actions and live as though every eye in the world were focused upon you. There is a censorship on everything you do."

"I don't get the thrill out of it I used to think I would," said Alice White, "but it's rather a sense of satisfaction in accomplishing something. Most girls who read stories about

stars' salaries and marvelous homes think only of the attention the famous are popularly supposed to receive. Now, the days of temperamental czarinas definitely are over and producers apply the boot to the spot where it will do the most good when players act up. Whatever glamor there is attached to the estate of fame is more than counteracted by the hard work it takes to get on top and the even harder work to stay there."

"Fame is an illusion," opines June Collyer. "When I used to see actresses being pointed out on the street, I thought it must be nice to be famous. Now, I am painfully self-conscious and embarrassed if someone notices me when I go shopping or to the theatre. I think fame is something we strive for and find rather meaningless when it finally is achieved."

Colleen Moore, as usual, was philosophical in her summary. "Can you remember, as a little child," she said, "looking out of the window at night and wanting the big round moon which hung like a huge green apple in the sky? How nothing else seemed to matter but that you should clutch that glorious, shining ball of light in your chubby little arms and be bathed in the glow of its rays? To be famous is to have the ball of silver, to be drenched in its light.

"When you've worked for a thing over a period of years —gone hungry for your ideal, slaved for it—that prize becomes a precious and sacred thing. So with fame. It is the thing we hope to achieve at the end of the long and arduous trail, that our labor gains us."

PHILOSOPHERS have said that fame is an empty word," declared Norma Talmadge. "This is true, for it is only the deed, the striving, that counts. Otherwise, fame is short-lived." There's certainly something in that.

[*Continued on page* 91]

Here's what Eddie Quillan has to say about fame: "It's nice to know that I can do things for my folks with the extra money that has accompanied my screen success." Eddie is especially happy that he has been able to help his mother, who's helped him.

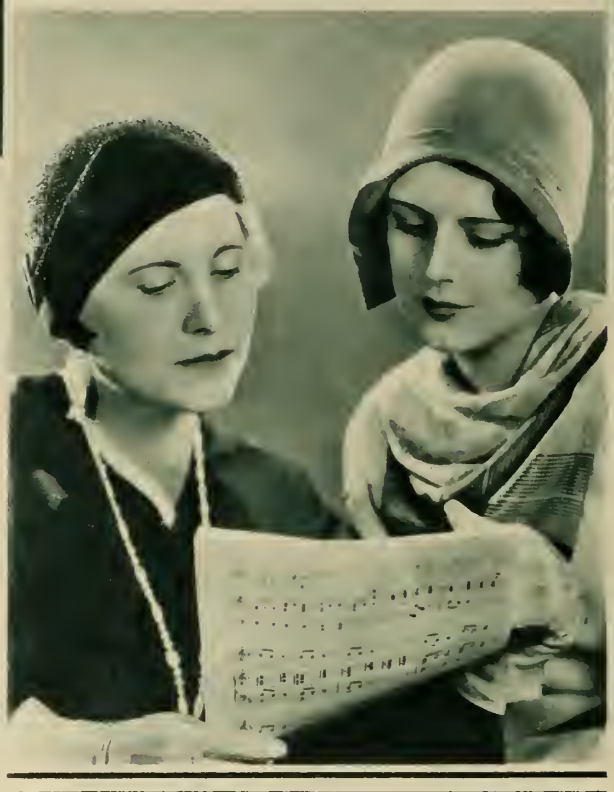
Joan Crawford, she of the dynamic personality, says that now that her name is in electric lights, her daydreams have disappeared and she finds herself in one continuous round of hard, grinding work.

One of the most celebrated beauties of the whole world, Dorothy Knapp, of revue fame, poses in the Indian Chief costume she will wear in *Whoopee*, which is being made into a wow talking picture.

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Training Voices for Talkies

Otto Morando, one of Hollywood's most important trainers of the voice. Olive Borden, Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford and Alexander Gray are among his many pupils who are brilliant successes.



Mrs. Paul Sloane, wife of the well-known director, gives singing lessons to June Collyer. Three times a week June comes to Mrs. Sloane's house and gives the scales a whirl.

Adolfo de la Huerta, ex-president of Mexico, and now voice trainer of Hollywood, gives a lesson to Luis De Ibarguen, Mexican tenor.

In the last issue of TALKING SCREEN was printed a startling exposé of the fake voice trainers of Hollywood. Now we present the bona fide voice teachers of Hollywood who influence the destinies of the stars' voices

IF THERE is any more devastating sensation than losing one's job, when one needs that job rather badly—in fact, has no other line to turn to—we can't imagine it.

And yet life has an odd way of shuffling the cards so that those who may be sitting on top of the world one day may very possibly be down in the bread line the next!

It was exactly this way when talking pictures came into their own and took the center of the stage in Hollywood. Film players who had worked for years in the movie game found themselves ousted because of sweeping changes over which they had no control. Blue and downhearted? You bet they were—but not for long. Wise little movie players, with voices ranging from "not so good" to "terrible," immediately started trekking to voice trainers. And not a few have made really brilliant come-backs.

JOHN GILBERT is a good example of what we have in mind. He is one star who refused to be downed by the talkies. For the past six months he has kept severely to himself. At least, he has insofar as interviews and statements are concerned. Naturally, Gilbert felt the barbed sting of critics in the film city and elsewhere. He heard his staunchest boosters declare, after seeing *One Glorious Night,* that he was headed for the twilight of the stars. Perhaps he considered the wholesale slams unfair. After all, it was his first talkie and a miserable story. He received little help from the supporting cast. Catherine Dale Owen, his leading lady, lacked warmness, her beauty being of a chilled, patrician type. People commented violently on Jack's voice. It did register badly. But, after all, an audience would have shrieked at a basso spouting the passionate phrases that Gilbert was called upon to voice.

Angry at everyone in general and critics in particular, Jack protected himself in silence. But he hasn't been idle. He has been studying voice. Studying with Dr. Marafioti, M-G-M's famous teacher, about whom we'll tell you more shortly.

GILBERT has learned how to throw his voice so as to rid it of the high-pitched quality it had in *One Glorious Night.* In fact, he is now ready for his next talkie, tentatively called *Way for a Sailor.* Jim Tully, Jack's former arch-enemy of newspaper bally-hooing, will play one of the sailors who sees shore excitement with Jack. It's a swashbuckling yarn as far removed from the type of *One Glorious Night* as a snake is from a polar bear. If Gilbert isn't a great success in this—his second "out-loud"—it won't be because of his voice.

In the very beginning, producers realized that correct vocal diction of their players would be their pesky problem—and no little one, at that.

Executives at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, with wise foresight, obtained the services of Dr. Mario P. Marafioti, the world-famous voice instructor who developed the voice of Caruso and who, for many years, has exercised a personal supervision over the voice training of the singers of the Met-

Here we have Enrique Yovar Arvalos, who wags a professional finger at Renée Torres, entreating her to do her best, and then some.

Carl Sibbert is another of the leading teachers in Hollywood's voice crusade. Raymond Griffith is one of his pupils.

Dr. Mario P. Marafioti, M-G-M's voice specialist, gives some extra special advice to Grace Moore about keeping herself in tune.

By Gordon R. Silver

ropolitan Opera Company. Dr. Marafioti began his career as a physician and surgeon specializing in throat disorders. Caruso became acquainted with him through his professional activities, going to him first as a physician. So great were the results of Dr. Marafioti's treatments that Caruso introduced his fellow singers to him and finally the Metropolitan Opera Company engaged his services as supervisor of the training of the throats, vocal chords and voices of the opera stars.

DR. MARAFIOTI is giving instructions to several of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer players in singing as well as in general voice placement for the talkies. Among his pupils are Marion Davies, John Gilbert, John Mack Brown, Leila Hyams, Dorothy Jordan, Bessie Love, Robert Montgomery, Anita Page and Grace Moore, whom he instructed during her Metropolitan career.

If you should ever happen to see Olive Borden racing along the sands at the Pacific oceanside, don't think she's in training for a marathon. It isn't that. She's merely helping her voice along! Such sprints not only strengthen her body but her voice as well, says her teacher, who further insists that a good gasp of salt air keeps the vocal chords and muscles in good working condition.

When Olive was first instructed to take voice culture she did not dream that she was to experience the many things she did. She had always understood that when one went to a teacher of voice all that would be required would be to stand beside a piano and talk and sing to her heart's content. In this, however, she was to have a rude awakening.

No sooner was she ushered into the presence of her instructor, Otto Morando, than she was told, politely but firmly, to go and put her face into the corner of the room and repeat sounds that were made to her. This she did, and continued to do so for a full half hour, before she was allowed to turn around. "I felt like a bad little school girl who was being punished," explained Olive afterward.

THIS was not all. No sooner did Miss Borden regain her composure than the instructor pointed to a large overstuffed chair across the room and told her to climb onto it backward and bury her face deep into the thick cushion and repeat various words after him. "Imagine my embarrassment!" exclaimed Olive. This position she was forced to keep for twenty minutes. When she finally emerged she looked as though she had been playing football!

"You may call it a lesson in voice culture if you like," remarked Olive, "but I would call it an afternoon of calisthenics. Even so, I'm actually beginning to like my voice lessons and there is no denying it—Mr. Morando has a way of making your voice behave in its very best manner!"

MORANDO also teaches Lupe Velez and Bebe Daniels. And Joan Crawford has been studying both singing and voice development with him for many months. Alexander Gray, the singing leading man of *Sally* and *No, No, Nanette,* is another Morando pupil. Gray also studies with Alice Egger, another prominent voice specialist. Alexander, at a recent Hollywood gathering, declared, half-earnestly, that the main thing a player should do in these talkie days is to learn to say "I love you," plainly and easily and look it at the same time. That will get him by more than anything else, laughed Gray, who ought to know.

In our previous article concerning voice schools, we told you that there were many excellent schools and teachers as well as those of known unworthiness. That statement was never truer than at the present time. After a careful investigation we have discovered that Hollywood boasts some of the best-known voice specialists in the world.

Carl Sibbert is one of the more prominent ones and he is now giving lessons to Nora Lane, who was leading lady in *Night of Mystery, Marquis Preferred, One Hysterical Night* and featured in *Sally,* with Marilyn Miller. Miss Lane has developed a beautiful lyric soprano voice under Mr. Sibbert's instruction. Other prominent players now studying at the Sibbert studio are Raymond Griffith, Bobby Vernon, George Duryea, Katherine McGuire, Anita Louise and Grace Stafford.

PERHAPS the most popular of voice teachers is Felix Hughes, who has just moved his studio to Hollywood Boulevard. Among his many pupils who are being featured in the song work of pictures is Jeanette Loff, who is under contract to Universal. Another pupil is Allan Prior, star of

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HOLLYWOOD

RUPERT JULIAN, commenting in print on books: "I read French, German and Spanish books but, frankly, I prefer English. It's so much less effort . . ."

Charles Farrell, commenting on ditto: "I like whimsical things. Donn Byrne, for instance. He writes beautifully. And so does Somerset Maugham and I like him too. Then, I find no end of interesting things in the works of Spinosa. There's a mind, and what a mind—"

This gleaming pan belongs to Victor McLaglen, and this seasoned traveller's vacation preferences are worth considering.

GOOD NEWS

MARY FORD, Alice Glazer, Mary Carewe, Faith MacLean and other film executives' wives are waiting table on alternate days at the Assistance League café, near Fox studio. Proceeds go to the Nursery where working mothers may leave their children for ten cents a day. Jack Warner and Eric von Stroheim swelled the funds with ten and five dollar tips, respectively.

The screen Stars' Shop, where reconditioned clothing is sold, made one hundred eighty-three dollars the day following the opening. Money goes to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. (See story on page 52.)

A department utterly devoted to rich and rare fragments from the talkie capital

After a letter from the author of *The Four Feathers* was mishandled, Dick Arlen had his hands full keeping out of international complications. He's shown here with his wife, Jobyna Ralston, and they're having a yacht of fun.

WHISKERED WHEEZES

THE one about the actor, leading man to a celebrated female star, who was told to prepare for a close-up. He powdered his neck.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS DEPARTMENT

WILLIAM JANNEY'S apartment now harbors five tiny canaries, newly hatched. He is naming them for various picture colleagues: "Richard" for Mr. Dix, "Conrad" for Mr. Nagel, "Dick" for Mr. Barthelmess, "Monte" for Mr. Blue. There is also one named for Mary Pickford.

Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels) presented Mr. James Hall with a small pig. Mr. Hall co-starred in *Hell's Angels* with her husband.

THE SOCIAL SWIRL

MR. EDWARD "HOOT" GIBSON, whose marriage to Miss Sally Eilers was recently celebrated, was the incentive for a lingerie shower given by Mr. Ben Lyon, a recent groom. A good time was had by all.

Mr. Harry Joe Brown, director, was a recent guest at Mr. Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club. He caught eighteen fish, and Susie, Mr. Beery's pet trout. A good time was had by all.

FOOTNOTES . . .

By **DOROTHY SPENSLEY**

Dr. P. Marafioti, Italian voice and throat specialist brought West by M-G-M, is here shown busy with Anita Page. He isn't afraid to comment harshly about Hollywood vocal talents.

Charles Bickford with a couple of furry protégés. He prefers being called by either of two brief nicknames, but the practice is not recommended for strangers.

ODDS AND ENDS

Sally O'Neil: "Guess what I found in an oyster last night."
Molly O'Day: "Don't be usual and say a pearl."
Sally O'Neil: "What do you expect—Rosetta Duncan?"

Konrad Bercovici's idea of a Kibitzer is the unmarried half of a Siamese twin.

SCRAPS

Kay Francis used to write it Katherine, and Charles Bickford prefers to be called "Red" or "Brick" . . . Clara Bow's cherubic pan may mean the world to Harry Richman or Rex Bell, but it's only a lot of hard work to E. Erskine MacLeod. He has completed five hundred ivory-tinted miniatures for Clara to scatter as intimate souvenirs to as many exhibitors. "I got kind of tired of her face after awhile," was Mr. MacLeod's remark when pressed for a

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Fifi Dorsay, attempting to cross the border recently, was delayed because she is a Canadian and had no passport. That's the story, but probably the truth is that they wanted to examine her snappy wardrobe.

ANECDOTAGE

MEMBERS of *The Big Trail* company were trying to teach El Brendel the Indian sign language. "Huh, you don't even know what 'teepee' is."

"Don't I? What did my grandfather wear for forty years?"

POOR RICHARD

THEY'RE mad at Dick Arlen in England. It seems that A. E. W. Mason, author of *Four Feathers,* wrote Dick expressing pleasure in his performance and asking for an autographed picture. But, by mistake, the friendly missive got into the fan mail department. The fan mail department, on one of those gruff penny postal cards, wrote to Mason, requesting either ten, twenty-five or fifty cents for an autographed picture, "because of the expense entailed etc."

Mr. Mason maintained grieved silence until some newspaper fellow unearthed the horrible facts, and now Dick is biting at his pen trying to think of something nice to say.

Up To The Minute MODES and

The exotic gowns on these pages appear, with the ladies, in On Your Back, *and offer valuable fall fashion hints*

White and gold brocade is the material from which is created this lovely evening gown which Irene Rich wears to perfection. Trailing panels tend to take away the severity of the close fitting lines which mould themselves to the line of the figure.

Here is an indispensable item in every woman's wardrobe—a smart afternoon ensemble as worn by Elinor Barton. It is brown Elizabeth crêpe trimmed with beige fox. The turban is of brown moiré braid. The new bell-shape sleeves are featured, and the skirt has an uneven hem-line.

A stunning gown of flaming red panne velvet is admirably displayed by Peggy Stanley. Its cut is daring and the style has a distinct exotic flair. With this model are worn matching velvet slippers and nude chiffon hose. Costume jewelry is chosen for accessories.

MODELS

A subtle shade of pink net over orchid transparent velvet is used with charming effect in this model worn by Janet Chandler. The bodice extends to the hip line where the skirt is attached in an uneven line. Four full ruffles which fall in circular form eventually become a train. The full sleeves carry out the ruffle idea. Pink velvet ribbon streamers tied in a bow on the back of the neckline emphasize its youthfulness.

Georgia Wheeler is the fortunate girl to wear this formal gown of rose-colored metal brocade. The wrap is made of velvet, the bell sleeves of which are trimmed with fox fur. The bodice of the gown is form fitting, the décolleté back extending to the waistline. The rather full skirt is cut in circular fashion with a small train emerging from the folds. Gold slippers and nude stockings strike a lovely contrast with the luscious shade of rose in the charming gown.

This charming street costume of beige crêpe Elizabeth is particularly suitable for Marion Shilling's soft beauty. Silver fox fur trims the wide collar of the coat, which is hip length. The dress of this ensemble has a plain neckline while the two flounces on the skirt add a decorative note. The skirt length of the model is particularly adaptable for daytime use when one promenades on the Avenue or the Boulevard.

Tidings from Talkie Town

Mei Lang-Fang, the greatest star of the Orient, meets John Gilbert while Gilbert is working on *Way for a Sailor*. How do you like Jack without the old moustache? Certainly looks different.

Warner Baxter knows the difference between soup and fish—in consuming and cooking.

Loder and funnier—Lotti is her first name. An importation who's enlivening things at Warner's.

A WELL known writer has devised a means of beating the high cost of motion picture living. For a year he has been living in a house in Beverly Hills that rents for four hundred dollars a month without paying a cent for it. He has an invalid staying with him, and he claims that the owner can't evict him while there's a sick person in the family. So that's that. Other Hollywood film writers are planning to adopt invalids, it's rumored.

THIS merely goes to prove once again that Hollywood is the place where the unexpected not only can but does happen. It seems that two ex-newspaper chaps decided to collaborate on a novel, the basis of which was dear old Hollywood. Since they both lived there for a considerable time they had no difficulty at all in dashing off an entertaining book —the more so since it used for characters genuine Hollywood personalities, poking fun at them in what's known by the intelligentsia as a satirical manner.

After the book was published, name of which, by the way, is *Queer People,* the rumors ran around that the two brothers had been black-listed by the Hollywood movies, just like the hero of their own book.

Now comes the news that not only has Hollywood applauded the book, but that Howard Hughes, millionaire producer, has acquired the talkie rights to this novel.

canyon out of Hollywood, loaned her by a friend of former days who hasn't forgotten. For awhile she played extra at $7.50 a day . . . when she could get it. Now she goes from house to house —calling upon the present-day stars— asking them for old clothes. These she turns over to a fund which she is aiding for the destitute players in the film colony. See story on page 52.

Both Grace Cunard and Barbara Tenant have been playing in the extra rank at the Universal Studio where once they both were stars.

NICE leedle yarn about one of the big Broadway boys who came out to write dialog on the XYZ lot. His script was O.K.—swell, in fact—and the picture was shooting when the big execs took a look at the rushes and decided that one scene was all wrong. Hurry call to the dialog writer to do his stuff that night. All work suspended until he should bring in his script in the morning. The middle of the next afternoon the high priced dialog writer crawled back on the lot, weary and red eyed—but not from burning the midnight oil. He'd been burning up something quite different, and he didn't have a line of dialog to show for it. Execs surrounded him anxiously. "Where iss the new version? Let's see it, queek!" The big writer looked at them sadly. Tears came to his eyes. "Men," he said magnificently, "I haven't got it. It wasn't *good* enough! So I tore it up." Did they believe him? Sure. Wasn't he a genius? Weren't they paying the fellow a number of grand a week? Sure they believed him. Nice leedle yarn, eh? And if you don't believe it, it merely proves that you simply don't know your Hollywood.

Training Voices for Talkies

[*Continued from page 69*]

the stage success, *The Student Prince,* who recently signed a long contract with First National. Other Hughes' students are Madge Bellamy and Jacqueline Saunders (taking voice lessons) and Rénée Torres (taking lessons in singing). Lawrence Tibbett is still another very prominent star who studied singing with Mr. Hughes.

Jeanette MacDonald used to take lessons from Torraini, who originated the Torraini method of singing. After his death, she continued with his associate, Miss Grace Adele Newell, who now has her studios in Hollywood. Because of strenuous work at the Paramount studios on Ernst Lubitsch's *Monte Carlo,* Miss MacDonald has not been able to go to Miss Newell's studio, so the vocal teacher has been giving the lessons for one half hour every day at the studio dressing room of the popular singing star.

SEEMS like everyone is taking voice or singing lessons in Hollywood these days. In fact, vocal abilities are becoming so prominent that they jokingly tell you at one studio that a scenario writer, when recently applying for a position, was asked by force of habit how his voice was and if he could sing!

Ruth Chatterton has been taking singing lessons from Mark Markoff for about three months. Mr. Markoff says Miss Chatterton has outstanding qualifications for an operatic career.

Regis Toomey takes lessons from Harold Hurlbut, who, by the way, is endorsed by Galli-Curci. Before coming to pictures, Toomey studied voice in Europe.

June Collyer takes voice lessons from Mrs. Paul Sloane, wife of the well-known director. She takes them three times a week. One day she went to Mrs. Sloane's house and when she stopped, discovered to her dismay that her car was burning. She flew into the house and called her garage on the telephone. Mrs. Sloane seemed delighted rather than otherwise. "Fine! fine!" she exclaimed, "your car is merely smoking, but we'll have the vocal lesson just the same and see how your voice sounds when you are really excited!" So June had to go through with her lesson, which she did with one eye on her teacher and the other on her smoking car.

GARY COOPER takes singing lessons from Glorie Mayne. She is a personal friend of the family as well as Gary's teacher.

Zelma O'Neal and Jeanne Kent (Mrs. Robert Armstrong) take vocal lessons from Marie Patridge Price, while Kay Johnson studied under the direction of Madame Elizabeth Major for her rôle in *Madame Satan.*

Ramón Novarro, who plans a two months' vacation in the East and Middle-west, during which he will appear in his much-heralded broadcast of songs from New York over the National Broadcast network, studies singing and voice with the famous Louis Graveure and has been doing so for many years. Long before the talkies came.

Even ex-presidents open vocal studios in Hollywood! Adolfo de la Huerta, picturesque Mexican exile and former president of wartime México, has done so. He used to slip music pupils up the back steps of the capitol building at night when he was president of México and give them lessons.

De la Huerta has often said he would much rather develop a great voice than a great country. Since the age of seven he has studied voice and for a number of years he was one of the most famous vocal teachers in México. Now he is fast becoming one of Hollywood's most noted teachers and pupils are flocking to him.

ANDRE DE SEGUROLA, former member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and who for the last few years has been playing featured rôles in pictures, is one of de la Huerta's pupils. De Segurola's friends say his voice today is far superior to the one which he disclosed in his days as leading basso with the Metropolitan. It is higher, smoother, more luscious in quality and steadier in emission. De Segurola is eager to give credit for the restoration and the change to de la Huerta, with whom he has been studying for more than a year.

The usual fee for vocal instruction in Hollywood is anywhere from $1.50 to $10.00 a lesson. The De Luxe Academy of Music and Voice charges $1.50 a lesson. These are given under the direction of Gene Wolff, former principal in the stage productions, *Blossom Time* and *The Vagabond King.* Felix Hughes asks a fee of $5.00 for each vocal lesson he gives. Other teachers charge about the same—although sometimes a little more or less.

Perhaps the most humorous incident with regard to the influx of musical and voice teachers in Hollywood was a recent letter sent to Ned Sparks, soliciting his business.

Sparks answered the letter and asked: "What can you teach me?"

Back came a reply about the importance of the voice to talking pictures. The letter ended with—"and we guarantee to teach you to talk."

Ned's reply had a decidedly humorous vein to it. He wrote:

"Gentlemen: I learned to talk when I was a mere child and I could quite likely do better than many adults of the screen today. If you can teach me to throw my voice so that I can sit down alone and enjoy dialogues with myself, you've won a pupil!"

SPARKS is one of the real veterans of the stage and screen. He was a footlight star for twenty years and the coming of talking pictures has elevated him to an enviable position on the screen. His laugh rôles in *Street Girl, The Fall Guy, The Devil's Holiday* and other recent pictures have brought about a tremendous demand for his presence in pictures.

From what we can gather, he and Arthur Lake are about the only two players who aren't taking vocal lessons or haven't taken any.

Young Lake, who is now under contract to RKO studios, is probably the only person in pictures who was told, at the inception of talkies, that he should under *no* circumstances study voice training.

The studio officials declared that they had found in Arthur a young person whose voice really sounded young and who could take parts such as the one he portrays in *She's My Weakness.* His voice possesses that quality of 'changing' that all young people have, and this demand was written into his contract so that there would be no danger of Arthur stealing off to some voice specialist and turning up one day at the studio with a large and varied assortment of "ah's"!

Voices Wanted

The strong and silent man of yore? Why, he was just a yokel!

The players of a modern day are elegantly vocal.

The hero must enunciate with clarity and vigor;

The ingenue's attractive laugh must supplement her "figger;"

The vamp has keyed her luring words to low and thrilling tunes—

But who can do the voices for the animal cartoons?

Those weird and mystic runes
Of cats and ducks and 'coons,

What voice could do full justice to the animal cartoons?

I'm glad I'm not the President—the life he leads is trying;

I'm much too frail and nervous to go in for ocean flying.

Let flagpole sitters roost for eye; let Babe keep cracking bats.

I do not envy pugilists or Wall Street plutocrats.

But *this* is my ambition (would 'twere one of Fortune's boons):

I'd love to do the voices for the animal cartoons!

My inmost spirit croons
Of lions, mice, and loons;

I'm sure that I could vocalize the animal cartoons.

—*Jerome Barry.*

I Knew Them When

[*Continued from page 38*]

one of his efficiency schemes. I had a house for rent near the studio and Harry had been negotiating for it. I suspected that he figured it would not be a bad plan to marry one's landlady. Those were the good old days.

Mrs. Eugenie Forde was playing sophisticated matron rôles at Christies, at this time, and as Vicky was going to marry Tom Mix, she wanted to rent the house for the young couple. It was an ordinary six room bungalow but was conveniently located. Unfortunately, I had already accepted a deposit from a cameraman at the studio. Several years later, I was sent to interview the Mixes and write up a description of their new home. I could not find my way around the stately mansion without a guide and the number of servants confused and awed me.

I ENJOYED working with the Christie gang but I made a *faux pas* which resulted in my taking my baggage over to the Sennett lot. It all came about over my inability to do a scene as the director wished it to be done. I was supposed to hold a basket of flowers in front of Betty's face and take it slowly away. It was at the end of a ragged day. Everything had gone wrong all day and everyone's nerves were on edge. I took the basket away too quickly and the director exploded. We afterward became good friends but at that instant we hated each other with such venom that our bite would have mean instant death. He said some pretty mean things. I was furious. I threw the basket down.

"You can't talk to me like that for a three-dollar check," I informed him and marched off the set.

I knew that I was committing *lese majeste* for you are not supposed to answer a director back, even if he curses you, but I meant what I said. Who was I, to take the lip of a comedy director, I wanted to know. Hadn't I turned down an offer to be the leading lady of Douglas Fairbanks?

Which was true. When I landed in Hollywood, if anyone wanted to get in touch with a movie star all they needed to do was to call them on the phone. Private numbers were unknown. I had a bad fan crush on Douglas Fairbanks and when he learned that I had just come from Wyoming he invited me up to his home, which was two blocks from the Hotel Hollywood where I was stopping.

I lost no time in calling upon him. Doug insisted that I had personality and offered to write a part into his picture and if I liked the work he promised me a lead in the next one. I had no illusions about my ability as an actress. I told him I couldn't act if my life depended upon it. Doug told me I didn't need to, that he really did all the acting. He insisted on taking me down to the studio for a test. A good-looking young fellow supervised the making of it. I will never forget how silly I felt when he told me to laugh, when there was really nothing to laugh at; to wave to someone when there was really nobody there and a dozen other absurd things. He insisted that I was a peach and I'll always love Victor Fleming for that, but the test was a dud. I never even saw it. I'm kind of glad I didn't.

I began working around the studios as an extra, just for fun. After my mistake at Christie's, I went over to Sennett's, but I had such a distaste for custard pie that I could not endure it long. I stayed through one picture only.

I WENT over to Lasky's and worked in a number of Mary Pickford comedies. The extra girl I remember best on the Pickford set was Zasu Pitts. She had a touching part as a love-lorn girl in *How Could You, Jean?* Zasu had the longest hair I have ever seen and she wore it in one long

Here's Miss Bebe Daniels again in the days when custard pies were the most important thing in her life.

braid. Her hair was very straight and the wardrobe woman's biggest job on location was to follow Zasu around and keep making little corkscrew curls around Zasu's face and at the end of her braid. While she was working on this picture Zasu signed a contract to appear in Charlie Chaplin's pictures. Her contract called for fifty dollars a week and this seemed like a magnificent sum to Zasu. The day that she signed was the day that she was supposed to make a lot of crying sequences and it proved one time that Zasu was too happy to cry. She tried heroically to induce tears and failed. Finally, Director Taylor had the prop boy make some glycerine tears on Zasu's cheeks, probably the only time in her career that she has had to make use of this device. If she could have looked ahead, Zasu would not have been so hilarious over her luck. She received her money all right from the short contract, but she never appeared in a single scene with Charlie. Some insinuated that Charlie cut her out of the picture because she was funnier than he was. When she signed the contract, Zasu bought a lot of furniture and things upon the strength of her future prospects and moved into a larger house. Naturally, when nothing came of it, Zasu had to give up all of the grand things she had purchased.

ABOUT this time, I started to work in a series of comedies that Harold Lloyd was making for The Rolin Film Company, in which Bebe Daniels was playing *The Girl*. The comedies were made in an old mansion on top of Bunker Hill above the Court Flight in Los Angeles. These comedies were written so that only one interior set was needed and usually only three or four extras, in order to keep down the cost of the production. I remember one of those early masterpieces in which Harold played the part of a book-agent. There were two other girls and myself who were playing "atmosphere." It was a beastly hot day and we were wearing the heavy grease paint then in vogue. Sweat stood out on our faces and dribbled down our cheeks but we didn't dare to wipe it off or we would have had to make-up all over again. This would have irritated the director because it would have held up the production. Moreover, the dressing-room was up on the third floor—a tortuous dusty climb. We were dressed in the prevailing mode of heavy tweed suits, billowy underskirts, corsets and high lace shoes. We made the best of it, but my face still itches when I think of the mild tortures we went through that day.

In one of the scenes, Harold was ejected as we were passing the entrance to the building and his books were flung into the street after him. We were bombarded with books so steadily that day that I longed never to see one again. Bebe sympathized with our lot and treated us to Coca-Colas during the waits between scenes.

Upon the completion of the last comedy in the series, Bebe was asked by Cecil DeMille to take a test. She was so excited she could hardly speak when she brought the word down to the studio. None of us doubted the outcome. DeMille had already brought wealth and fame to Gloria Swanson, and all of us felt that Bebe would never come back to romp in Rolin Comedies. She didn't.

Those funny old studios of yesterday are gone now, torn down and replaced by imposing structures. The gates are barred to visitors and the offices are carpeted with priceless Sarouks. Making pictures is a business now and not a game.

The town, itself, is changed. No more speeding on the boulevard, with the sky the limit. No more dancing in the roped-off streets among confetti streamers on holidays. No more wild parties that last until dawn. Hollywood is a nine o'clock town now. You can throw a brick across the boulevard any night and hit nothing but a lamp post or a shop window.

Sometimes I wonder if the stars remember those olden times. Do they ever sigh for those days when they were extras?

Just Your Style—and Hollywood's

[*Continued from page 7*]

buttons down the front added "swank" to this costume that any girl with a flair for the picturesque would love to copy for her own wardrobe.

Pajamas are very easy to make, even if you don't sew a great deal. Some of the newest clever features include godets set into the trousers to add perkiness; deep fitted yokes that hug the hips; blouses with neckerchiefs; and bolero effects—if not actually a separate bolero. Futuristic decorations are used lavishly; and, in the lounging or cotton sleeping pajamas, gay colors are combined recklessly. Buttons, which promise to be very popular on all types of costumes this Fall, are used to trim pajamas. Oh, you can just let your imaginations run riot when you plan your sleeping-and-lounging togs! For night wear, you may choose bright English print, broadcloth, fine handkerchief linen, or some rayon mixture such as milanese. All are inexpensive, yet as pretty as they are practical. If you are ultra-modern you may even wear night-shorts! And have you seen the new Argentine pajamas, with each circular trouser leg measuring three yards around the bottom? They look like bouffant skirts when one is not moving about. Of course, they obviously can only be used for lounging.

IT'S terrible smart right now to have an attractive little bed-jacket to match your nightgown, just to slip on when you want to read in bed. The ensemble idea is often carried into the negligée, too, which may be of satin or heavy crêpe like the gown, and with trimming and general silhouette to correspond. More often, however, we prefer a negligée which "goes with" everything in our wardrobe and doesn't seem to belong especially to any one piece. Satin is by far the most popular material, and is usually combined with lace. The new negligées feature the silhouette styling; so if your last year's model is good for another season, why not fit it very definitely to the figure? If it has the panel sleeves of georgette, which have so long been popular, you might remove them and use this material for one of the newer little capes that are proving as flattering on lingerie as on day-time frocks—and just as smart.

For the first time in years maribou and ostrich feather trimming is almost entirely discarded, having been replaced by lace and French flowers. Real alençon lace leads by a vast margin because of its beauty, durability, and economy. It comes in widths ranging from one and a half to thirty-six inches, and in price from $1.50 to $35. Imitation alençon, which costs approximately a third as much as the hand-run, can seldom be differentiated from the "real," save at close range. Of late, laces have tended toward the dark shades; but now the tendency is toward the light because we're wearing so many sheer white and pastel tuck-in blouses with our suits, and dark lace shows through unpleasingly. Lace with a grayish cast is being exploited by the leading lingerie manufacturers this season. In addition to alençon, there is the Breton lace, which starts at fifteen cents a yard, and is also very popular.

NO longer are "loaded" silks used. The pure-dye, which contains no tin, is no longer more expensive than the other; and the softer silks are far lovelier for lingerie. A good quality "stands up" under many launderings without losing any of its perkiness. You can buy it for an average of $2 a yard—often on sale for less. Ninon, from which some of the most beautiful imported lingerie is made, is around $4 a yard. Triple voile, even more expensive, is less popular than the other materials because it is so very sheer. French flowers range in price from five cents apiece to $3 or so a small spray

Nothing so enhances the fragility of blond beauty as the shade of flesh pink which June Clyde features in this maribou trimmed negligée.

If you can learn to make them (and the millinery courses given in high schools these days always include this instruction) you'll be very fortunate. These flowers are the daintiest touch imaginable for lovely lingerie.

COSTUME slips and teddies are a dream this year. They are decidedly of the princess type and invariably feature the extremely low back—if any! Sometimes the tops resemble overalls, with cute little fitted bibs in front and straps in back. These garments all have to be hooked or buttoned; for the new fashions have completely ruled out the "slip on" type of undies. The foundation garment worn beneath the molded evening gowns is just like another skin! Often they are fashioned of glove silk, which is one of the most popular of all the lingerie fabrics, as well as the most practical. It really hugs the figure more closely than any other material, and launders beautifully. Lace is used lavishly on glove silk garments now, just as on other kinds.

All-in-one garments are ever so popular now that smartly gowned girls want to preserve their slimness with a minimum of undies. Much in demand is the fitted slip with attached panties and a brassier top, which means only one pair of shoulder straps and one thickness around the waist. Incidentally, the new shoulder straps are of inch-wide sun-tan net footing, which is only ten cents a yard, but wears well and is practically invisible.

Little short petticoats are leaping back into the fashion parade after years of absence. Like the popular panties, they have snug fitted hips and circular flares, or godets in the back to give the necessary fullness. The brassier-and-shorts combination is still in demand, especially for sport wear. They are made of gay cotton prints, or—for dressier occasions—of pastel silk and lace.

WHEN you see attractive undies, such as the satin teddies worn by June Clyde in *Tanned Legs*, you are viewing Hollywood's own styles. The B. H. Dyas Company, our largest and best department store, usually supplies the very intimate undies worn in pictures, though many of the negligées and pajamas, and a few of the other lingerie pieces are designed in the studios themselves. The Dyas buyer tells me that the most popular shades in undies, in order of their choice, are: flesh, peach, blue, orchid, and the newer blush tint which promises to be a "first choice." Green also seems well liked. Of course white and ivory are standard.

Don't you sometimes wish you could keep on wearing some pretty party frock indefinitely, but realize it is too short, or hopelessly out of date? Why not make undies of it? Dark shades combine beautifully to make your lounging pajamas or robe, while the pastel colors can be turned into nighties, teddies, or dancettes. Printed chiffons are particularly dainty. A bit of lace, hemstitching, a yoke of cotton net—which is another very popular new trimming—pin-tucking, hand embroidery, and French flowers all help transform a discarded frock into dainty lingerie. Of course you know that hand-made undies are the most expensive of all to buy!

NEXT MONTH

Advance Fall style tips. The answer to: what shades will be worn? What materials will prove most popular? What lines will lead? Will hats have brims? Will blouses tuck in? Will skirts be long? And dozens of other hints that will help you choose the smartest Fall and Winter wardrobe in town, for the least possible money.

The Talkie Murder Mystery

[*Continued from page 27*]

FISHBEIN, Kearney and two detectives from the Los Angeles Headquarters went into conference in Fishbein's private office.

"I don't know what anyone in the world could have against me," said Kearney. "I never gave anyone a raw deal."

"Against you, you fool!" screamed Fishbein. "It's 'against me! They want to break me up in business. They want the Cosmic Studios to go into bankruptcy!"

"It doesn't seem to be against either of you," said one of the detectives, "but only against the directors of the picture. What could anyone have on both Denis and Kearney?"

Fishbein's eyes lit up. "Oh, wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "That damned young nuisance Kenny Dow! I'll bet he knows something about it."

"Don't be foolish," said Jerome Kearney. "Kenny's a good kid. He wouldn't kill anybody."

"No, no, I don't say he killed Denis, but after Denis was shot he saw a chance to pull a good joke. He's crazy to direct this picture, you know. And he thinks that if he can scare you off, I might hire him."

"Call him in," said one of the detectives.

Kenny came in with a bright, happy smile. He thought he was going to get the directing job. Fishbein soon put him to rights.

"Now," he said, "what do you mean by monkeying with my recording equipment?"

Kenny's face fell. "What makes you think I touched your machines?" he asked.

When Fishbein explained, Kenny broke into a good laugh, then grew angry. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to become Hollywood's best little director on my ability, not on some cheap trick. Anyway, I can't even manage to change a fuse when the lights go out, let alone work the talkie apparatus!"

"It's all beyond me," sighed Fishbein. "Anyway, we got to go on working. It's costing me $1100 a day right now, and we're getting nowhere. Such luck I never had before!"

JEROME KEARNEY shot the next scene and the dialogue was recorded. The whole process took only four days, for it was a group of simple shots in which Joyce sprains her ankle and is helped into a cab by a young cop who later turns out to be the hero.

When the finished strip was flashed in the projection room, every one had a presentiment of trouble. And sure enough it came. Right in the middle of the scene, where the cop is carrying Joyce to the cab, the familiar rough voice broke the silence.

"Kearney," it said, "if you direct one more scene of this picture, you're a dead man!"

Kearney jumped to his feet and shouted, "I'm through with this damned outfit! I'm not going to get shot for any contract!" And he stormed out of the studio.

The man who was interjecting his voice into the talking picture very obviously had access to the recording equipment. Then it must have been one of the electricians. They were called in before the detectives and questioned closely. Every one of the four men were old Cosmic Studio hands, with flawless records. They were known as honest and reliable workmen, and it was inconceivable that one of them should be playing this trick.

"Where is your equipment kept?" one of the detectives asked Harrel, chief electrician.

"In the store room, sir," replied Harrel.

"You keep it locked at night?"

"Certainly."

"How many keys are there to the room?"

"Three. I have one, Mr. Fishbein has one and the night watchman has one in case of fire."

"You have yours on you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give it to me." He took the key. "What about the night-watchman?"

"He still has his," replied Harrel. "He let me in the room this morning."

"How about you, Mr. Fishbein?"

"Mine is in the office."

"Please get it for me."

Five minutes later Mr. Fishbein came running back, red in the face.

"It's gone!" he cried.

"I thought so!" said the detective. "Now tell me, Harrel, can any experienced electrician work this recording apparatus?"

"No, sir, not to get the right effect."

"I don't give a damn about the right effect. Could he work it well enough to record that man's voice?"

"Well, yes," said Harrel, "providing he knew where to attach the special connections we have in the storeroom."

"The recording apparatus can be worked in there?"

"Yes, for a short time. That's where we set up the machines and test them when they come in from the factory."

THE detective turned to Fishbein. "The man whose voice you have just heard stole the key to the electrical storeroom from your office. That gives him access to the equipment. All he needs to do is turn on the receiving juice and the record that has been used for taking the screen voices. When he gets through he turns off the juice and his words have been superimposed upon the scene you took on the set."

"One man couldn't have done all that, sir," said Harrel. "The electrician is not the same person whose voice you hear. He would have to stay by the equipment."

"Two men on the inside," said the detective, "and undoubtedly one on the outside to keep watch."

"Yes, yes," cried Fishbein, "this is all very interesting, but what am I going to do? It's costing me $1100 a day and we're . . ."

"Go on with your work," interrupted the detective. "I'll watch this storeroom myself to-night!"

THAT night Fishbein went to Jerome Kearney's home and persuaded him that all of Hollywood would be calling him a coward if he walked out on a picture for such a silly reason, and that he would have trouble in getting work in the future. Kearney was convinced and returned to the lot. Police guarded the studio by day, and detectives by night.

Kearney shot the second scene over again, for the interjecting of the rough voice had spoiled the recording. It took only two days, however, for the cast was well rehearsed in its dialogue. The following morning the sequence was shot in the projection room. The two detectives were present, and so was everyone else on the lot. The place was so crowded the people could hardly move or breath. Feverish excitement ran high. Newspaper reporters stood outside the door, ready to catch the story and run for the nearest telephone.

The scene was flashed on the tiny screen and everything went smoothly. Then they came to the spot where the cop picks up Joyce to carry her to the cab. Somebody in the audience whistled. Someone else shouted "Shut up!" There was a moment of painful, strangling silence, and then came the identical voice from the screen.

"Kearney, this is your final warning! If you return to the lot tomorrow, bring your last will and testament!"

People laughed and shouted. Some one broke out of the rear door and flung the story to the reporters. Fishbein wrung his hands in despair. Kearney fumbled feebly for a cigarette and slumped half-heartedly in his seat. Joyce and Kenny, out of sheer excitement, hugged each other in the dark.

"Fishbein summoned the two detectives into his office. "I thought you were going to guard that storeroom!" he shouted.

"We have!" said the first detective. "The night before last we never left it for one second, not one!"

"And last night, you ninnies?"

"Last night I watched it myself. Jonas, here, had to cover another case."

"And you didn't leave the front door of the storeroom from the time Harrell left until he came in this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Not even once?"

"Well, I did leave once. But that was only for a minute."

"What time was that?" demanded Fishbein coldly.

"About three in the morning. I went across the street to get a cup of coffee and a sinker. You can't expect a man to stand guard all night on an empty stomach!"

"How long were you gone?"

"Not more than five minutes."

Fishbein made a wry face. "Well," he said, "while you were gurgling your coffee our little playmates dropped in and doctored the recording!"

The Los Angeles Herald, the afternoon paper, refused to take the matter seriously. They called it cheap movie publicity, and abused Fishbein for using Harlin Denis's death for advertising purposes.

The Times followed their lead in the morning and asked if the talkies really had to go

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Of Hollywood fan mail, only 16 per cent offer constructive criticism; 48 per cent request autographed pictures, 12 per cent vow love, and 24 per cent demand favors that beggar description. No wonder a tiny fraction of this correspondence is all that reaches the star.

Telling what sort of person writes what to whom—and why the addressee reads so little of the constant inrush of letters

THEIR FAN MAIL

By **RADIE HARRIS**

THE universe is divided into two parts — those who write fan letters and those who have writer's cramp.

If all stamps licked to Hollywood were added up, the result would keep Peggy Joyce in bracelets for a year.

A fan is a clipped form of fanatic.

Now please don't get me wrong. Or misunderstand. I'm not trying to be supercilious or high hat. I was a fan myself once. At the tender age of eight, I wrote to Mary Pickford telling her I had named my doll after her (those were the good old days when children played with dolls). In return, I received a beautifully stamped, autographed photo. Now certainly, after such an experience, you couldn't call me anything but a fan, could you?

RECENT statistics show that of the hundreds and thousands of letters that pour into Hollywood every day, 16 per cent offer constructive criticism; 48 per cent request autographed pictures; 12 per cent avow protestations of love and 24 per cent demand favors that beggar description. If fans would only realize that out of this entire group the only ones that merit any personal attention belong to the first group they would save themselves postage, perfumed stationary, valuable time and keen disappointment when their letters remain unanswered.

To those of you who dip your pens in vitriol and vent your wrath publicly in the "brickbats and bouquets" columns, I will cite a few examples of the type of letter that clutters up the mail and which may serve to shed an all-revealing light on the problem.

Let's start off with Sue Carol and Nick Stuart—two kids whose fan mail is tremendous and who get a big kick out of reading it.

One day, Sue, Nick and myself were sitting in Sue's dressing-room going over some of the mail when suddenly Nick called out, "Whoopee, listen to this!"

My dear Mr. Stuart:

Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen may be considered the shieks of the screen but when it comes to acting, you put them all in the shade. Have followed every one of your pictures and I have never seen you give a bad performance. In closing, allow me to say that I shall never forget your marvelous death scene in *What Price Glory?*

Please send me an autographed picture, signed personally.

Sincerely yours—

Since Nick never appeared in *What Price Glory?* (it must have been two other fellows) imagine his frightful embarrassment!

SUE is constantly getting fan mail asking about her darling sister, Nancy, although the fact has been widely publicized that Nancy Carroll is an Irish colleen from New York City whose real name is Ann La Hiff while Sue Carol hails from Chicago and her real name is Evelyn Lederer. Surely, if the fans don't even take the trouble of knowing to whom they are writing, you can't expect the stars to show their appreciation with a photograph.

Clara Bow, who receives more mail in one week than some people receive in a lifetime, numbers among her fans an admirer who writes to her every day via air mail and special delivery. The letters consist of nothing but declarations of love, very badly written. The trash paper basket is the only one that ever sees these letters and yet with automaton-like regularity, they arrive daily. On the other hand, if Clara receives a letter telling her that she is much more suited to emotional rôles of the *Ladies of the Mob* calibre than the rowdy fripperies of *True to the Navy,* that letter is immediately brought to Clara's personal attention and elicits a prompt response.

RECENTLY, Lois Moran received a letter from an old lady in some foreign port, who insisted that Lois was her dead daughter resurrected. Enclosed in the letter was a substantial sum of money to cover Lois' travelling expenses in returning to her. Lois' own mother, who, incidentally, looks enough like her to be her twin sister, answered the letter, returning the money with the necessary explanation.

Will Rogers received a request for a photo with the accompanying statement that the writer needed the picture to prove to a friend that Rogers was homelier than Lon Chaney.

Barbara Worth loves to tell about the fan who wrote her the following: "You are my favorite motion picture actress because I never have to wait in line to see your pictures."

Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in *City Lights,* who as yet has never appeared on the screen, already has received hundreds of letters telling her how marvelous she was in her last picture.

Patsy Ruth Miller receives daily communications from a man in an insane asylum who hurls all sorts of insults at her for refusing to marry him.

Letters such as these command absolutely no attention. Neither do letters written to one star asking for information

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The Seven Wonders of Hollywood

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rolets, long, yellow Packards. Huge green motor buses rush by, frightening poor, little Ford "coups" half out of their tin skins. An occasional big red Pacific Electric street-car clangs by.

The Boulevard runs directly east and west. Its gayer section begins at Gower street and ends at La Brea. Beginning at Gower and strolling westward along the southern side of the street, one passes the broadcasting station of KNX, "the voice of Hollywood." Next comes the "Hollywood Music Box," the theatre originally sponsored by Carter De Haven several years ago. Close by are automobile showrooms and then one approaches Pantages' new Hollywood theatre on the other side of the street. It looks decidedly inviting with its great electric signs glistening in the sun.

THEN comes Vine street, with the giant Bank of Hollywood building on one corner, Liggett's drug store opposite, a series of small stores owned by Carl Laemmle on the third corner and Dyas' great department store on the fourth. A few doors west, across the street, you spy Henry's, one of the movie city's popular cafés. The next few blocks include banks, gown shops, offices of Hollywood's two newspapers, the public library—and then Cahuenga Avenue. To the north, this sweeps out over the Pass to Universal City and Burbank where the Universal and First National studios are located respectively.

At Whitley Avenue begins a row of 5, 10 and 25c stores—there's Newberry's, Kress' and Grand's. And believe it or not, the film players do their bit of shopping in these stores, too. In Kress' that very blonde young lady dressed in black velvet with the motherly-looking woman beside her is Charlotte Merriam of the films and her mother—there's David Rollins looking at some nick-nacks, and lo and behold, there's Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day parked over there by that candy counter. Sally is debating whether or not to buy some "sweets"—she finally does and goes out eating some. The next block or so are a hodge-podge of all sorts of establishments—cigar shops, drug stores with elaborate fountain lunches, gown, lingerie and hat shops, orange-drink stands, banks with famous cinema names listed in gold letters as directors and officials—one notes that John Barrymore, Cecil De-Mille and Joseph Schenck are all directors. Across the street a little further along is the famous "Musso-Frank's Grill," one of the oldest of the night cafés. The south side of the boulevard in the next block contains the sumptuous "Pig and Whistle" café and the Egyptian theatre, originally built by Sid Grauman but now owned by Fox-West Coast.

THEN comes the Christie Hotel, Strasburg's beautiful jewelry store where plenty of stars buy their diamond necklaces and wrist-watches, and just across the street is the world-famous Montmartre, with the Embassy Club next door. A half block to the west, on the north-western corner of Highland Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard, is the low, palm-shaded Hotel Hollywood, once the most beautiful, best-known and most popular hotel in the film mecca. Hundreds and hundreds of famous stars have lived here during the hotel's existence. But no more—the house scarcely boasts a single movie player these days. They have outgrown the low, "homey" building and established quarters in far more elaborate, more expensive hostelries.

Another block along is the Chinese theatre and just across the street is the Moorish-styled El Capital, Hollywood's largest legitimate show-house. In the next block is the great Roosevelt Hotel, where scores of stars and celebrities reside and across the street is the Garden Court Apartments, one of the most imposing of its kind in all the west. Two more blocks and the street-car tracks swing to the southward and the Boulevard is transformed from a busy Rialto to a palm-shaded street of private dwellings, a character that it keeps up until its end, a half mile further on.

Here's another view of Harold Lloyd's magnificent estate. Seems impossible that this beautifully quiet, old-world peacefulness has actually been created in the city of sham and glitter known as Hollywood.

THE Second Wonder on our list is the Chinese theatre.

Sid Grauman is the colorful theatrical magnate on whom Hollywood and Los Angeles long ago bestowed the title "the world's greatest showman." Sid really deserves that title. He gave to Hollywood the famous Chinese theatre, one of the finest theatres in the world. A year or two ago he sold out to Fox-West Coast theatres, but recently was persuaded to come back and stage the prologue and manage the showing of that great air epic *Hell's Angels,* booked at the theatre for a long run of many months.

The Chinese theatre, situated on Hollywood Boulevard just above Highland, is without a doubt the world's most bizarre and beautiful show-house. The massive pagoda-like entrance supported on a series of gigantic columns is awe-inspiring indeed, and helps somewhat to prepare one for the wonders beyond. Walls many stories high surround the open court. Down them trickles water, whose flow is controlled so as to synchronize with the tempo and volume of mysterious music that plays all the time. On the cement floor of the court are the hand and foot prints of some of the world's greatest stars. They were impressed there in the soft cement just after the theatre was completed and include the prints of Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Pola Negri, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. Beneath each is a little greeting to Sid Grauman.

Like a great Chinese temple, the interior of the show-house is developed with all due respect to the best Oriental traditions. The roof is carried on twenty-two great pillars, eight stories high. These are gorgeously ornamented with bronze, brass and other metals. Rich Chinese fabrics are used for drapes and hangings, and a huge special carpet, made in China is used to cover the floor. There are foyers and lounging rooms that are veritable Chinese museums. The stage is sectional, affording the management an opportunity for staging better and bigger prologues than ever. Pages might be devoted to an exhaustive description of the many unique features of the Chinese theatre, which, by the way, accommodates well over 2500 people.

AND now we come to the third wonder. Hollywood boasts some of the finest residences in the world, but not a single one of them can begin to compare with the magnificent estate that belongs to Harold Lloyd. Strictly speaking, it is just outside of Hollywood, in Beverly Hills, but nevertheless it comes under the heading of Greater Hollywood and so we do not hesitate to

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How They Get That Way

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and *The Better Wife*. Mary Pickford wears a Westmore wig in *Secrets*, and has just ordered a lavender wig to match a new off-screen evening gown. Betty Compson, who almost never displays her own attractive blonde locks on the screen, wore twenty-seven made-to-measure Westmore wigs last year. Pure has completely revolutionized the wig industry with his hair lace foundation, whose practically invisible hairline is entirely concealed before the camera by regular grease paint make-up. The hair, appearing to grow on a human scalp, eliminates the despised "wiggy" look that has marred many an otherwise perfect make-up.

AN amusing story is told of George Westmore. When his brood set out to conquer the film colony, he cautioned them, "You've got to make yourselves indispensable!" He demonstrated his maxim when working on Valentino's *Cobra*. During the busiest scenes Westmore would suddenly halt the shooting, step importantly up to Nita Naldi, snip off a lock of her hair, then majestically wave permission for the cameras to continue! Nita started the picture with hair to her waist, but finished with a windblown bob.

Much of an actor's success depends on the proper application of make-up. There are few, if any, perfect photographic types in Hollywood. Garbo is outstanding, and although she is sometimes accused of wearing false eyelashes so popular (at $1 a pair) with comedy cuties and super-vamps, her own are extraordinarily long and curly. Joan Crawford has freckles which must be covered, but too much make-up is unbecoming to her. She wears only a little lipstick off-screen, and no rouge or powder. Anita Page usually gets her face wiped off before she faces a camera, for she puts on make-up with a shovel—a fault that results in a hard, gold-digger appearance. Mary Brian, Kay Francis, and June Collyer are all good photographic types from a face artist's standpoint. The chief defects of the stars are mouths that are too large (such as Lillian Roth's) and eyes too small (like Norma Shearer's.) Margaret Livingston, who has probably the smallest eyes in pictures, was unable to get a "break" until she had spent six months developing an eye make-up that camouflaged ths tragic deficiency.

BEFORE facing the camera, the player cleanses his face thoroughly. Grease paint of his particular shade is dabbed over the face in tiny smudges, and is then patted into the skin with cold water to insure an even foundation. This patting sometimes takes twenty or thirty minutes before it is sufficiently smooth. Eye shadow is applied from the upper eyelash to the eyebrow. Next, the upper lip is shaped with rouge and is closed over the lower lip to determine its proper size and shape; then both are filled in with color. Powder is liberally applied with a soft puff, starting under the chin and working up to the forehead. To powder the nose first would make it appear enormous—and that's a beauty hint for the off-screen make-up of any girl. If your nose is of the button variety, by all means powder it first, liberally, and often! Superfluous powder is taken off with a soft brush, never with the puff. A dermatograph pencil is used to line the eyelids, after which measure is applied to the upper lash, the lower, and finally to the eyebrows.

THIS, of course, is a "straight" make-up such as your favorite star generally wears. But there are 2500 make-ups that are almost everyday affairs to the make-up artists in Hollywood. Three hundred can be effected with fishskin alone. It is used on dozens of the most popular stars to pull up sagging flesh, eliminate double chins, and smooth out telltale wrinkles around the eyes and mouth. "Blocking," an intricate blending of dark grease paint with the light, further camouflages bad features by causing shadows that are not picked up by the camera in the glare of the studio Kliegs. Nancy Carroll's dollar-round Irish face, cute enough off-screen, would seem much fuller were it not "blocked out" at the sides. Singers' throats, a new problem since Hollywood went talkie, must likewise be eradicated.

MAKING young men old is but the work of an hour or so to a clever make-up artist; but he has to know his business or a stagey appearance results. A paler shade of grease paint must be used to give that faded look of age. The natural lines on the actor's face are accentuated with a dermatograph pencil on the forehead, corners of the eyes, cheeks, temples, neck, and nose. Fish skin is wrinkled and applied beneath the eyes with bandoline to give bagginess, while dark grease paint is used to make hollows that suggest the sunken features of the aged. A coating of powder tones down the harsh unreality of the shading and drawn lines. As the final step, the make-up artist adds a myriad of very fine lines with water colors around the eyes and lips. Cords on the neck and hands are made with cotton and grease paint. Putty, the favorite standbye of the old medicine show actor, is almost as obsolete as milady's pompadour and "rata" even for building up noses, chins, cauliflower ears, and moles. When a character is required to be bald, a wig is made with a cloth forehead on which grease paint and powder are applied, and which successfully conceals the young actor's own luxuriant locks. Side burns, "mutton-chop" whiskers, moustaches, and beards may be added if further ageing is necessary. Cyril Maude in *Grumpy*, Tyrone Power in *The Big Trail*, and Gavin Gordon in *Romance* are outstanding examples of the make-up artists' recent attempts to out-age Father Time himself. Louise Fazenda, naturally young and attractive, considers herself an unhappy victim of the make-up men of Hollywood.

A SINGER with a golden voice was chosen for a small but distinctive rôle in *Monte Carlo*. Unfortunately, he was quite short and had the romantic expression of a pugilist who had not won many fights. Jim Collins, Paramount's make-up man, built him a nose á la Barrymore, gave him an attractive wig and a naughty pair of eyebrows, and changed the shape of his mouth with fishskin, grease paint, and lipstick. Specially made shoes added to the singer's height, while his costume completed the illusion of romance.

The artist who creates faces for the highest priced stars is frequently called upon to

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On page 55 we showed you Gavin Gordon in the act of being made-up. Here we have him, like the old patent medicine advertisements, "before and after." Those make-up men certainly know their lines.

THE TALKIE TECHNIQUE as demonstrated by Buddy Rogers

who is surely one of the most charming lovers on the screen today. His delightfully boyish tenderness in love scenes has endeared him to the hearts of thousands of feminine fans

Josephine Dunn is the lucky young lady sharing this cute scene with "America's Boy-friend." You probably remember it—it's from *Safety In Numbers.*

In *The River of Romance* Buddy went Southern on us —and at once caught the spirit of Southern chivalry, inspired by Mary Brian.

In *Follow Thru,* which soon will be released, the Rogers lad teams up with his old partner, Nancy Carroll. Don't need to tell you how good they are together.

OF LOVE-MAKING

There's a naval touch to the forthcoming *Heads Up*—Buddy will play a dashing officer. And how those navy men can make love! The young lady is a newcomer, Margaret Breen.

In *Halfway to Heaven,* the tender moments of Mr. Charles Rogers were devoted to the charming Miss Jean Arthur. No wonder Buddy looks so completely dreamy-eyed.

Here's a shot from Buddy's first talking picture. Remember it? Sure you do. *Close Harmony* was the name, and Buddy played in the band and made love to Nancy Carroll with such very charming guilelessness.

This dashing young aviator, Buddy Rogers by name, fell for Jean Arthur again in the story titled *Young Eagles.* There are those who think that this picture positively contained some of Buddy's tenderest love scenes.

Famous Movie Friendships

[*Continued from page 20*]

"I'm engaged to Polly Moran," Billy answered without the vestige of a smile.

The interviewer went away and printed the story!

SUE CAROL AND DIXIE LEE ARE CHUMS

IT IS really a foursome,—that friendship. For Nick Stuart, Sue Carol's husband, and David Rollins, who goes about with Dixie Lee all the time, are involved in it, too, since all four go about together a lot.

But it began with Sue and Dixie.

"I was in the show, *Good News,* on the stage," said Dixie, that cute ingénue who is coming along so fast. "And then I was signed up by the Fox studio. I had always admired Sue tremendously, and one night Frances Deaner, of the Fox publicity staff, said that Sue would like to have me come to dinner at her house. Mrs. Deaner and I went together, and I was so thrilled that I forgot to eat. Sue is the most fascinating girl I have ever known. Somehow she always sparkles—never loses that fascination, as so many people do on closer acquaintance.

"On the way up to Sue's house, I asked Mrs. Deaner if she thought Sue would really notice me. She said yes, she was sure she would—that she had seen me in *Good News* and admired me very much. I felt very swell-headed and hopeful. But you see, hero-worship is different from anything else, and when I arrived at Sue's, I was speechless.

"But Sue is a society girl, and knew exactly what to do and say to put me at my ease. But I couldn't eat for excitement.

"Nick Stuart, I remember, was there, and when we went into the big living room, Nick turned on the radio. Finally I began to come out of my shell a little, and we all got a notion to go down to Coffee Dan's.

"Somebody down there recognized me, and wanted me to dance. You know they get anybody they recognize in the audience to do something—sing, dance, talk, anything. But I was afraid I wouldn't do well there, away from the theater. Finally I did get up, though, and got an awfully big hand. Then Sue was called on to perform, and she danced too.

"The friendship began that night and Sue and I have been friends ever since. She is the most generous person—never seems to get a bit jealous over my success, nor do I over hers. And she has helped me so much—given me little pointers about pictures and all that.

"I met David Rollins soon after that, and we four go out a lot together."

LOIS WILSON AND RUTH CHATTERTON ARE CHUMS

RUTH CHATTERTON dropped her cigarette case and I picked it up and handed it back to her! That's how we became acquainted."

Lois Wilson was telling me about her friendship with Ruth Chatterton, and she was smiling at her recollection of their first meeting which she was about to describe.

"That happened," Lois went on, "at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Of course, I had seen Ruth in almost every play she had ever appeared in, including *Mary Rose,* in which I saw her six times! She had been my ideal of an actress for several years, and I had so hoped to meet her. When she came into pictures, I had that chance.

"The night that I met her, William Powell and she were sitting on a lounge chatting. I stood near by. Ruth dropped her cigarette case, and before Mr. Powell could pick it up, I had snatched it.

"Of course we had met conventionally when I arrived at the party, but now we had a little laugh together, and we three began talking. I remember being a little afraid of Ruth and—to tell you the truth—thinking her a little bit ritzy. Everybody feels that way about her, I think, until they come to know her. She has a little staccato way of talking that is perfectly fascinating, and as she has travelled and seen the world, and so have I, we soon began talking about our travel experiences.

"Ruth Chatterton is everything one could want in a friend. She has exquisite taste in everything, she is most kind to the people with whom she works or who work for her. She is very generous—too much so.

News Reel

One, two,
"Invents a trick canoe"
Three, four,
"Trained seal can open door"
Five, six,
"Builds Bicycle from sticks"
Seven, eight,
"Eats oysters by the crate"
Nine, ten,
"Red ant lifts twenty men"

—*Parke Cummings.*

WILLIAM POWELL, RONALD COLMAN AND DICK BARTHELMESS ARE FRIENDS — BUT BARTHELMESS AND POWELL QUARRELLED WHEN THEY FIRST MET!

RONALD COLMAN, Dick Barthelmess and I are the greatest friends now-a-days," said William Powell, the other day. "But Dick and I didn't like each other at all when we first met. In fact, we staged a quarrel right off the bat."

It seems that Barthelmess and Powell met during scenes in *The Bright Shawl,* which was being filmed in Cuba. They developed one of those dislikes for each other.

"We started an awful argument about something —I forgot what," explained Powell. "We went into my dressing room, had a drink, and told each other just what we thought of the other. You see, the argument quickly developed into hostile personalities. We used the terms 'high hat,' 'ham actor,' 'no good,' and some other expressions that cannot be printed.

"We kept that up for three days, off and on. But we must have got all our animosity out of our systems during those three days, for we became the greatest of friends afterward. No, I don't know what it was that finally made us lay off each other, but I think it was because we found that both of us were crazy about boats. I went down to look at Dick's boat, and forgot I didn't like him. He saw my admiration, and forgot he didn't like me."

Powell met Colman in Florence, Italy, when both were working in *Romola.*

They went through some dangerous flood scenes together, and that helped bind them together. In fact, Powell declares that Colman saved his life while they were both in the flood waters, but Colman strenuously denies it.

"I held onto him to keep from drowning myself," Colman says.

Week-end trips are the chance for Colman and Powell to spend time together. A favorite resort of theirs is Arrowhead Hot Springs, where they take the mud and hot baths sometimes, and rest up from their picture work. Up there they don't stay at the hotel, but invariably take a cottage, and hardly ever show up to be gazed at by the hotel tourists.

CHARLIE FARRELL AND BIG BOY WILLIAMS ARE DAMON AND PYTHIAS

I DON'T know of a finer friendship in Hollywood than that between Charlie Farrell and Big Boy Williams—Gwynn Williams, really, but they call him Big Boy for short or something.

They are very different types, and therefore their professional lives never clash. But if they did, I am convinced that either would willingly step aside for the other.

Charlie was brought up at Cape Cod, and everything around the house he has built up in the Toluca Lake District of Hollywood is nautical.

"He built a room especially for me in the house," said Williams. "It is fitted up like a cabin of a ship, and is most completely outfitted in every way, bath and everything.

"You see I live way outside Los Angeles, about forty-five miles up Ventura Boulevard, and very often I am working late at some studio and don't want the long ride home. So I can just let myself in at Charlie's house, and neither he nor his mother hears me.

"That's just like Charlie. He never told me a thing about it until it was finished. Then he took me over there and showed me the nice room and bath. 'It's yours,' he told me. Naturally I was delighted."

On the other hand, Big Boy gave Charlie a beautiful horse which Charlie rides, but

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The Seven Wonders of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 80*]

include it as one of our seven wonders.

Nearly four years of construction were necessary to complete the Lloyd home and the result is one of the most fanciful private playgrounds in the world. Sixteen acres were turned into the similitude of a sophisticated Eden. Beginning with a hill and a few trees, artisans constructed a rare beauty spot. Hundreds of trees were planted to make a miniature woodland and an artificial brook now winds its way through the beautiful grounds.

From the road, one of the interesting features, watched by hundreds of passing tourists, is a one hundred and five foot waterfall over which the brook thins into a filmy ribbon in the long leap. The stream also sets in motion and old mill wheel. The "old mill" is in reality locker rooms for the miniature golf course. This course has five tees and six greens, upon which it is possible to play 29 holes without repeating the combination. Other games are played by Lloyd and his guests on the bowling green and the croquet grounds.

Frequently crossing the brook over picturesque stone bridges and cooled by overhanging boughs is a meandering bridle path.

Two other parts of the estate are the swimming pool and little Gloria Lloyd's playground. The pool is lined entirely with blue tile. A spacious bath house and parlo break the prevailing winds, affording comfortable swimming. The portion of the place devoted to the six-year-old-daughter of the house contains a completely equipped playhouse. On the Lloyd grounds are also a large boating pond and a wide swimming stream.

Architecturally, the estate is similarly elaborate. One of the most striking things is an Italian cascade, the long flight of stairs of which leads from a huge fountain to the house. The style of the place is Italian Renaissance. The many-roomed house follows the lines of an Italian noble's villa. Copies of famous villa fountains are scattered here and there about the grounds. A great barbecue pit is built in the rear. In every way it is one of the finest estates of its kind in the world.

AS TO the fourth wonder—

Wedged in the hills in a large cup-shaped canyon near Cahuenga Pass is the famed Hollywood Bowl, which in the seven years of its existence has become not only a far-famed temple of music but also the world's largest natural out-door theatre. It is a mecca for music lovers from all parts of the world. Its summer symphony concerts draw nightly crowds of from twenty to thirty thousand people who sit enthralled by the mighty music of the masters, played by a great orchestra of about one hundred pieces and directed by some of the most celebrated conductors of America and Europe.

This great amphitheatre comprises an area of sixty-five acres. The Bowl proper is completely secluded from the noise of the heavy traffic on the near-by highway. Its narrow entrance widens rapidly into a level floor of about five acres, from which the hills rise approximately five hundred feet on all sides. The Hollywood Bowl, with its annual open-air Easter sunrise service, its out-door theatricals and grand opera and its Philharmonic orchestra concerts, is absolutely unique in the history of music and certainly is entitled to be known as one of the seven wonders of Hollywood.

THE fifth on our list will now be described.

No list of Hollywood wonders would be complete without at least one sound studio. Inasmuch as the Paramount studio on Marathon street happens to be the largest film plant within the actual limits of Hollywood, it is only fitting that this studio should serve as the example to be included in our list. This great sound studio is actually a small city. Under a system of mapping just adopted, all north and south thoroughfares through the grounds have become avenues—east and west roadways are streets.

Cold statistics will give some idea of Paramount's really remarkable size. It covers twenty-six acres besides owning an additional outside acreage of 2750 for locations; employs a total of over 2,000 people, and fills fifty separate buildings to capacity. Its mammoth dressing-room building, three stories high and covering a city block, is claimed to be the largest in the world.

AND the sixth wonder—

Friday night is "Fight Night" in Hollywood and most of Filmland turns out and heads for the American Legion Stadium. On El Centro, just east of Vine street, this huge, barn-like structure, with a seating capacity of only 5,000, is decidely unique among the boxing arenas of the world.

A boxing stadium is usually pictured as a very masculine affair. Not so here! There's about one woman for every four men in the audience. It is the one fight arena to which a man doesn't hesitate to take his Cousin Amy from Omaha or his visiting Grandmother Prudence from Pittsburgh! Not that its fighters haven't "class"—not that its fights are "social teas"! No, indeed, the Friday night contests are made up of thirty rounds of as fast, clever boxing as can be seen anywhere in the country.

Actors and actresses, directors and writers, cameramen and electricians, folks from many walks of life, all have their regular seats where they can be found week after week, and these boxing fans would as soon think of missing "Fight Night" as they would their "three squares" a day!

AND now, last but not least—

The various eating places and refreshment stands in Hollywood can safely be said to have no parallel in this or any other country. They are all so odd and different that it would be extremely hard to pick out any particular one as one of the seven wonders of Hollywood, for strictly speaking they are all wonders. Let us, then, tell you about each individually and class them altogether as the seven wonders.

First, there's the Jail café on Sunset Boulevard. The outside is an exact replica of a first class stone jail. Colored waiters dressed as convicts conduct you down a long flight of stairs into a cellar-like room where they lock you up in tiny cells and then serve you chicken or steak and, of course, all the fixing. After you eat, the cells are unlocked and you can do a bit of dancing if you wish.

The Zulu Hut, made mostly of palms, is owned by Raymond McKee, the comedian. Here is where you are served chicken that is chicken! And you don't have to bother with any knives or forks either, because they don't have any to give you. This is, perhaps, the only place in Hollywood where it is perfectly good etiquette to eat with your fingers. And as you eat in the light of candles stuck in ancient whiskey bottles, a Zulu savage dances and jabbers French.

Opposite the Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard is located the Brown Derby restaurant, No. 1, inspired architecturally by Al Smith's famous head-gear. And not far away is a giant ice-cream freezer with revolving handles—inside is an ice cream parlor. Another ice-cream stand is in the shape of a huge ice-cream cone. Great oranges slitted with apertures like Halloween pumpkins house stands where you can buy pure orange juice. A giant bull-dog with a very sad face is merely the covering for a chili-hot dog stand. A sandwich shop is made exactly like a big Zeppelin. A tamale stand is made in the shape of a great tamale. These are the most spectacular and novel stands but there are many others scattered throughout the city, all of which have some bizarre and novel feature.

In a land filled with many wonders, these which we have related are, in our humble opinion, the really outstanding ones—the seven great wonders of Hollywood.

The Casting Director Replies

You say you speak Spanish, Italian and Greek,
Hungarian, German and French like a streak?
Your broad English diction is flawless and free?
You swim in the ocean, the pond or the sea?
You ride on a surf-board or horse till it hurts?
You know how a duchess or courtesan flirts?
Your form's worth a fortune? (You spent it on diet)
You wear negligée and you cause a near-riot?
You know how to yodel and bellow and sing?
You do the fandango, the split, highland fling?
You play the piano, the uke and the flute?
You're hard and you're wild or you're sweet and you're cute?
In short you're an actress — and clever — well, baby,
Perhaps you might do in a crowd sometime . . . *maybe*.

—*Dena Reed.*

Amos 'n' Andy 'n' Talkies

[*Continued from page 43*]

So I set out to trail this Amos 'n' Andy bird to its lair. And just about that time a pal from Hollywood 'phoned. Chap named Mel Brown, who directs unsilent pictures for RKO.

"Let's step out," I suggested.

"Check and double check," says Mel.

Then I hung up on him. But later, having a hankering to hear about Rich Dix, and all the boys (boys, I said)—I crashed into Mel's boodywah. He wasn't alone. There were a coupla mugs stalling around. One looked like he might be the house dick. Stocky and broad-shouldered. The other, taller and slender, might have been an undercover man for the too-late Jake Lingle, Chicago reporter.

"Mit the boys," pipes up Mel, following the ceremonial irrigations, "this tall handsome lad is Freeman F. Gosden, Esk., of the old Richmond, Virginia, Gosdens; and this is Charles J. Correll, who used to live in Peoria, Ill.—you remember, the town behind the distillery."

"Pleezta mitcha," I respond, social-like, and lapsed into my well-known dignified silence. The conversation continued.

"Now, I'll tell you my idea about the story," said Mel. "I think that Amos, here, should tell Andy that Madam Queen—"

Amos—? Andy—? What the—? I high-signed Mel to meet me in the other room.

WHAT'S the idee of this here, now, Amos 'n' Andy stuff"?

"I'se regusted," Mel gives back, "haven't you heard the propolition? *Check and Double Check*—that's the title of the picture. I'm directing it with Amos 'n' Andy as stars. Gosden is Amos. Correll is Andy. There they are—the kids themselves. Awfully nice fellows. They've a great story too.

"Why, only six years ago they were broke in Chi—looking for coffee and cakes. They had an act called *Sam 'n' Henry*. A newspaper offered them a yard a week—$100—to go on the air. They jumped at the chance. But the publisher later let 'em get away. After some time they got a coast-to-coast try-out. Called themselves *Amos 'n' Andy* because someone else had prior right to the *Sam 'n' Henry* name. In six weeks they increased the tooth-paste business seventy-eight percent for their employers. They had to broadcast twice nightly—once for the East—once for the West, because of the difference in time. Time was when they tried their best to crash the mooin' pictures — and couldn't get by the office-boys. Now Radio's signed 'em for fillums at $100,000 a year; they've got vaudeville engagements for $150,000 more—they're earning well over $6,000 a week apiece. And just think of it, all because of a chance meeting in a tank show down in Durham, N. C., where the bull comes from!"

I THOUGHT of it. I got some of Brown's enthusiasm. From fifty bucks a week to six grand—and more. Rags to riches. Punk to President. Bus-boy to bootlegger. All the Alger fiction was dimmed by the fact of Amos 'n' Andy.

I thought of the big dent they'd made in America itself. I thought of what O. O. McIntyre had written to his million readers:

"Every night the nation tunes in to listen to the humdrum trivialities of their make-believe world. They never crack a joke, sing a song, pull a wise-crack or work up to a dramatic climax."

I thought of one out of many editorials . . . "because they do not resort to the Broadway formula they have a hold on the rest of us. The situations from which they seek to extricate themselves are authentic. Behind the humor of their difficulties is the shadow of tragedy—so clearly akin to humor. Their make-believe world is a world of reality. Andy gets the sympathy of millions in a like predicament—"

I thought of traffic actually blocked by Amos 'n' Andy loud-speakers before radio stores. I thought of the little Fresh Air Taxicab gadgets, selling everywhere for a dollar—part of which went to them. I thought of the rumors regarding a gigantic battle of movie behemoths, armed with billions of dollars, which had its beginning when Radio Pictures secured their services over the bids of a powerful rival.

"Let's get an eyefull of these guys," I said to Mel Brown.

QUIET, retiring, almost bashful fellows, self-conscious and averse to meeting people, they are totally unspoiled by the sensation of their success. It hasn't come too quickly for them. They went on the air in 1926, although the Amos 'n' Andy title wasn't used until March, 1928. Their first stage appearance was with the red-headed maestro, Paul Ash, and his bandsmen, in a sketch they had written: *Red Hot*. Their very first broadcast didn't bring them a nickle. And they didn't do so well financially as *Sam 'n' Henry*—although that name went over the air in 526 consecutive nightly skits of ten minutes duration, and established some sort of record.

They got together at first because they both sang, and liked it. Their voices blended nicely. Gosden, alias Amos, still retains the trace of a Southern drawl. Correll learned it from him. Both of them are married. Happily so. Gosden is the kid of the team. He's just over thirty. Andy is ten years older. Naturally enough they call one another Amos 'n' Andy.

These "Mystic Knights of the Sea" are insured for $2,000,000. RKO holds a policy on each of them for $500,000. A lot of money is being spent on the picture. No risks may be taken. Or maybe—well, maybe—*Check and Double Check* had better be good! Or else—!

THEY are frank in being hazy on Hollywood. And they're wise enough to be worried. This first picture must be right. They love their public. Why not? But they know, too, that its affections are not as constant as the Northern star. Nor true to any star. Less wise, less conscientious fellows might—indeed, would—figure that box-office millions will be paid by their adherents for a glimpse of them on the screen, and that any old vehicle—even one as frail as their *Fresh Air Taxicab* would suffice as material. But these chaps want to continue. They're not in the high-pressure, one-call class. They want to keep on doing show-business with the people. They promise the public to deliver the goods. They promise it here and now. Through the medium of TALKING SCREEN.

"If you're going to write about Amos and me," booms Andy, "tell the folks for us that we're not going to disappoint them. We've all worked together on a story that is sure to please. We know it will because it follows along the lines of the stuff that has proven popular."

"Yes," chimes in Amos, "and tell 'em, please, that director Mel, here, and Mr. Le Baron and us, are going to see that everything connected with *Check and Double Check* is just aces. We don't know much about pictures. But we want to learn. The thought of Hollywood both frightens and fascinates us. We know we've got to deliver to the people if we want to stay there. And we're going to stay, eh, Andy?"

"Sho', sho'," drawls the big feller, "dat's de propolition."

I laughed. Mel laughed. Amos n' Andy laughed.

"I'll tell 'em for you, boys," I said.

"Check and double check," mimicked Mel, "what d'ya say, me lads, if we all go to Harlem?"

WE DID. And as things fell out, the taxi-driver was dark as the eight-ball. Where to? Connie's Inn? The Cotton Club?

"As Presiden' o' de Fresh Air Taxicab Company o' 'Merica, Incorpolated," said Andy, "Ah thinks, Amos, dat we should . . ."

I noticed the cab-man incline an ear toward us.

"Wat cha all mean, Andy," interrupted Amos, "Ah thinks dis—Ah thinks dat—"

Mel Brown cut in.

"Driver, we're in a hurry. Can you get us up to "The Cotton Club" right quick?"

The driver guided his chariot to the curb.

"Jus' one minute, Mistah," he said with eyes agleam, "Ah couldn' help hearing you all . . . is you really *Amos 'n' Andy?*"

"Awah, awah, awah," chortled Amos," boy us ain't nothin' else but, 'n' us wants to git along to dis yere Cotton Club to see *Madam Queen* 'n' *Ruby* 'n' *Susie* 'n' all de rest o' de high yaller gals."

The only reason the driver's mouth opened larger than his eyes was that the oral orifice was larger. Spellbound for a minute, he slapped his thigh:

"Hot dam, boy, when Ah got Amos 'n' Andy in mah Fresh Air Taxicab, dey ain't nothin' gwine stop me gettin' dem where dey's goin'!"

Wham! Zip! Cotton Club! Just like that.

THE big licorice-stick must have spread the word. The doorman passed us on the stairs. He whispered to the major-domo. Ringside table. None empty. So they set up a special one. A hurried trip back-stage. And—check and double check—did those

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IN THE DEAR, DEAD DAYS

— GONE FOREVER, THANK HEAVEN!

Presenting a personality-plus interview as they used to be written in the days of the silent movie

By **LEO TOWNSEND**

HE GAZED dreamily at me across the dimly-lit drawing room. It was a beautiful room, yet when I looked into his eyes I knew that nothing was too beautiful for DeLacey Lefkowitz, the Screen's Greatest Lover. As he spoke, he puffed languidly on a slender Russian cigarette, named Louie.

"So you are Beatrice Barefax from the Mirror? And you want me to tell you how I became the Idol of Filmdom?"

"You must have had a romantic past," I exclaimed. "Something like *Foibles of the Flesh!*"

"I was not always a prince of passion," he stated simply. His voice was soft, almost vagabond-loverish.

"Oh, Mr. Lefkowitz!" I sighed.

"Perhaps I should tell you a little about my father. He was somewhat of a—as you Americans say—*Don Juan,* in his time."

He indicated an oil painting above the fireplace.

"I don't often speak of my father," he said.

"I don't blame you," I replied, shyly.

WITH half-closed eyes, the toast of millions unfolded the story of old "kunnel" Lefkowitz, a southern gentleman, who wooed far below his station. Early in his life he had spurned the attentions of aristocratic members of the "social set" for the simple charms of Nellie Gwenn, a social worker. Though of humble birth, she was rich in those qualities which go to make up noble womanhood and a Harold Bell Wright novel. She was good to look upon, or at. Her eyes were pools of alabaster, and her golden tresses fell in waves over her shell-like ears and down a long descriptive paragraph.

It was into this happy union, on a rose-scented day in June, that DeLacey came. But that was the South for you, especially in those days.

MY EARLY childhood," continued the great lover, "was marked by my extreme youth." A reminiscent smile flickered across his features, and he lit another slender Russian cigarette. I wished he would offer me one.

One when DeLacey was very young he ran panting into the house from the Lefkowitz stables, where he spent many a morning listening to the homely philosophy of Eradicate, the old Ethiopian caretaker.

"Mother," he shouted, "there's a new horsie-worsie out there! Missy Bluebell has had a colt!"

"That's nothing, dear," admonished his mother, "lots of horses have coltie-wolties."

"Eradicate said a stork brought him. Did a stork bring me, mamma?"

"No darling. God brought you."

"Does God bring everybody babies?"

"Yes, dear. Why don't you go out and play?"

"Then why doesn't He bring Eradicate one? I'm going out and see if Eradicate wants a baby."

"No, DeLacey. I'm afraid you don't understand."

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"I was not always a prince of passion," said DeLacey Lefkowitz, the Idol of Filmdom, in a soft, almost vagabond-loverish voice. "Oh, Mr. Lefkowitz!" I sighed, gustily.

What Love Means To Me

[*Continued from page 50*]

attributes and glamor have been removed. What is left is a fine love, a real love. One without fallacy or added color. Its worth and weight are catalogued now in their true values. Never again will love lead me on with promises and highly-colored visions. I have learned to know the whole truth about this thing called love.

LOVE, to me, means a combination of things. A straining desire to be helpful. A deep passion for one man. Honesty and a complete understanding. Lack of jealousy and conceit. Real friendship.

Those things aren't dreamed for—they are discovered. As I have said, marriage taught me a great deal. Among other things, it has shown me that I was wrong in many of my conceptions of the accepted way in which a husband should be looked upon. I had always thought that the thing to do was to find out his faults and cater to them until you had succeeded in curing them. That is wrong. Rather the very opposite. Cater to his virtues until he has no time for faults. That is my reason for leaving jealousy out of my category of love. It has no place there.

I want a handsome husband just as all other women do. But most women want to marry the handsomest man in the world and then have every other woman promptly forget him. Don't do that. Instead of praying that no other women fall in love with him—or even like him—hope for the exact opposite. I shall *want* other women to like my next husband—like him a great deal. Why shouldn't I? Wouldn't I be confessing a terrible lack of holding powers if I should give up the moment I had married him? In other words: he has paid me the greatest compliment it is within his power to bestow . . . by asking me to be his wife. He is saying "I can marry almost any woman (if he is handsome and fine) and I have chosen you. You are the most wonderful woman in the world to me. Yes, that is what a man says to a woman when he asks her to marry him. It is a great compliment—one that she shouldn't easily forget. So, if other women fall in love with him, isn't it just a little more of the same kind of a compliment? You have the man whom other women want. He is yours. Why shouldn't you *want* others to love him?

AND don't forget, that if another woman does fall in love with him and he with her—that it is your fault. It is the woman's fault if she can't hold her husband. Of course, I mean everything else being equal. He has chosen you from the rest of the world as the most complete woman he has found. You have more beauty, culture, appeal and character in his eyes than any other woman. It is your task, then, to remain that way. To keep that fine part of yourself ever forward. To continue as the same woman he married.

The reason I want a man who will be attractive to all women is because my husband will be constantly on parade. We shall travel. Live in different countries every year or so. Meet the finest people both here and abroad. So it will be much more important that my man be loved immediately than it would be for the girl who is going to marry and settle down in a "Main Street Town." We shall go to new cities in new countries and on a moment's notice we must be sought after and liked. This is true because we shall only stay in these locales for a limited time. Thus it is much more of an asset for me to have a handsome and likable husband than it would be for many others.

LOVE, to me, naturally means marriage. And marriage to me just as naturally implies *MONEY*. The man I marry must be terribly successful—I mean in every way. You see, I have the handicap of having been married to a tremendously wealthy man and, just as big an obstacle, I have been quite successful myself. Marriage would mean giving up my career, so financial status would come in for its share of scrutiny.

I want love to give me rest and peace the next time I encounter it. And the only way I can succeed in this desire is to make absolutely sure that both the man and myself have a sense of humor. Not different kinds of humor, the same kind. And that he wants to travel and live. That he desires a home in Paris, one in Rome, one in London and two or three in the United States. I want deep friendship and understanding. Want it more than passion and flowers.

I once left the screen for love—*and I would do it again.* I would be happy to do it because I believe that love and the marital relation is the *raison d'être* of our existence. But love no longer means tears, condoling and heartaches. It now means something real and livable to me. It means friendship, understanding and a sense of humor.

Laugh, and love laughs with you—weep, and the judge says, "Granted."

Hollywood's Helping Hand

[*Continued from page 53*]

PAULINE GARON immediately bought one of Mary Pickford's evening dresses for five dollars, planning to wear it that night.

The public, avid for souvenirs, swarmed in the next day and depleted the stock of fans, earrings and necklaces, and made a wholesale attack on the books, pillaged from personal libraries, that bore Doug Fairbanks' signature and that of William S. Hart.

IN 1929, the latter part of that year, the Motion Picture Relief Fund had well on to $50,000 toward a building that will be well tenanted as soon as it is built. Mary, herself, has offered to build one wing when sufficient funds are reached. What they want is about two dozen acres near Hollywood, accessible to doctors and visitors.

Six years ago, December 31, 1924, to be exact, this powerful and charitable organization came into existence. It grew out of the Actors' Fund of America, founded during the war by Daniel Frohman, for those soldier-actors' families who needed aid. Until it received its charter it was known as the Motion Picture Branch of the Actors' Fund. In its earlier state it soon became aware that the film industry had sufficient problems to warrant the forming of a separate relief organization. Joseph M. Schenck was the first president. Mary Pickford, Frank E. Woods, William S. Hart and Harold Lloyd were first, second, third and fourth vice-presidents, respectively.

Its first official action was to join the Community Chest, a community welfare system which apportioned funds to a number of Los Angeles charities. They remained with it until October 31, 1929, electing new officers each year and increasing the scope of their good work. Twenty-seven cases were handled the first January of their existence. In 1926, January brought them sixty-two cases. The following year, same month, ninety-six. Then one hundred and thirty-eight. They were reduced to caring for only one hundred and two cases in January, 1929 because of a reduction in appropriation by the Chest. There were, as always, cases that cried for attention. Burials, starvation, illness among the troupers. Mary Pickford made a $5,000 loan. The Bank of Italy made a loan. Only the most needy cases were handled. They continued to carry on their work of salvation. At the end of 1929 there were three hundred and twenty-eight life memberships representing stars, directors, writers, producers. The list, much longer, today bears the names of the foremost people in the business. Chaney, Chaplin, Colman, Christie, Daniels, Davies, De Mille, Dove, Fairbanks, and down the alphabet to Zukor.

THE requirement is three years' screen work before application for help may be made, but exceptions are often the rule in cases of necessity. A legless man, for instance, made application to A. W. Stockman, who with his staff of five, performs the duties of Secretary and general factotum. The man was an itinerant newspaperman who had, in a remote day, worked in pictures. A new suit was secured for him and several days later he reported that he had a twenty-two dollar a week job scrubbing vegetables and washing dishes in a café. He is held as an example to many unfortunate players who would rather perish than leave their beloved profession and seek work in other fields. This number of unfortunates is increasing, as can readily be understood by the Central Casting Bureau's record of twenty thousand extras and their daily placement of less than eight hundred.

The Talkie Murder Mystery

[*Continued from page 78*]

to such lengths to gain publicity. They advised Fishbein to get down to business.

Jerome Kearney was reassured by the newspapers and went on the lot that morning. He worked all day, although half-heartedly, for his mind was on something else. If it was not for the fact that he was afraid of being called a coward and made fun of, he would have thrown up the job.

That night he and his wife went to a party in Beverly Hills. The fun lasted until about one in the morning. Kearney drove home, let his wife out in front of the house and drove the car into the garage, which was quite a good distance behind the house.

Mrs. Kearney undressed and went to bed. She wondered what was taking Jerome so long. but assumed that he was down in the living room, reading.

The following morning she got up at the usual hour and went into the adjoining room to awaken her husband. He was not there. His bed had not been slept in. Mrs. Kearney became alarmed, called the servants and ran all through the house shouting her husband's name. He was not to be found.

Suddenly an idea came to her. Perhaps he had driven off again last night after they had come home. She ran out to the garage to see if the machine was there. It was. And slumped over the wheel was Jerome Kearney. He was dead. In his head were four bullets.

[*To be continued*]

Dear Dead Days

[*Continued from page 87*]

"Understand what, mamma?"

"Sex, darling."

"I don't think," announced DeLacey, "that I shall care for Sex."

YET, twenty years later the world was to applaud him in *Passion's Plaything*. Life was like that, thought DeLacey Lefkowitz. We are but so many words, and Fate is the Edgar Guest who puts us in such queer places.

When DeLacey was twelve he met a girl. He would have thought she was a neat number had he known about that sort of thing.

"My mother," he told her, "thinks God brings babies."

The girl laughed. DeLacey did not laugh. He ran home. Fifteen years later she was to sob at *Ashes of Ardor*, starring DeLacey Lefkowitz. Life, he thought, was also like that.

Ten years later DeLacey met another girl. She talked of Love. He wondered what Love was. He wondered about Sex.

"My mother," he told the girl, "thinks—"

"Never mind," said the girl.

NEXT day they were married. DeLacey wondered about God. The girl introduced him to her father, who owned a moving picture company or something.

He gazed dreamily at me across the dimly-lit drawing room. As he spoke he puffed languidly on a slender Russian cigarette.

"That is all, Miss Barefax," he said.

Had I been awake I could have told DeLacey Lefkowitz that his slender Russian cigarette was about to burn his finger.

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Amos 'n' Andy 'n' Talkies

[*Continued from page 86*]

sepians put on a show! Did Duke Ellington's band get hot! Uh, huh! Boy, if Madam Queen could have seen those roto-gravure brown-skins shake that thing!

Before we left, director Brown signed up the band to go to Hollywood for his picture. Some other talent, too, found itself suddenly set for the cinema. Then we left.

I've walked with Dempsey in several different cities when pursuing mobs of admirers drove the idolized Jack o' Clubs from the streets by blocking traffic for a chance to shake the hand that shook so many chins. I rode with Valentino that rainy morning when he declined to slip through a side door into the Strand theatre because hundreds had waited hours in the wet for a glimpse of him. I've seen Gloria Swanson almost faint after forcing her way through a myriad of too ardent admirers. I've helped Buddy Rogers get from Sardi's to the Paramount theatre—half-an-hour to progress half a block. But I never saw such adulation as Amos 'n' Andy received before The Cotton Club that night. It was nothing short of amazing.

The streets were black—and that goes both ways. The awninged carpet from the club to the curb was lined with protecting minions who struggled with the crowd. The word had spread, all right!

WE MADE the grade to a cab. But before we could get in, an individual crashed the line and stood before us. He was Andy to the life. The battered iron hat, cigar, the whole make-up. Whether he had donned the disguise for the occasion, we never knew. But there he was. Andy, the kid himself. He had us cornered. And he began.

Whether it was a patter he had invented for entertainment at Harlem rent parties—or whether the line was extemporaneous will go down as an unsolved mystery. But in dialect, intonation, phrase and form, he gave us Andy's line.

The Messrs. Gosden and Correll, million dollar movie stars, grinned in appreciation. And then with that hilariously happy crowd of Harlemites getting every word, the Unknown and Amos 'n' Andy gave a ten minute exchange of repartee that will go down in Darktown history. Finally they let us go places and do things. And so the night ended. When I said good-bye Gosden and Correll were Amos 'n' Andy to me, too. And always will be.

You know, in the skies there are stars we never see. It takes millions of light-years for their radiance to reach us. But they're shining all the time, just the same. And some day they'll suddenly penetrate the infinity of space with their rays to illumine our world with their brilliance.

That's the way with Amos 'n' Andy. They're the unseen stars. We've never yet laid eyes on them. But, boy, we know they're there. Yes, there forty ways! And it won't be long now before the dazzling light of their scintillating fun shines from Hollywood upon the talking picture screens of all the world, to give our lives more laughter.

What's that you say?

"Check and Double Check?"

Yassuh, dat's de propolition!

The Black Crow's Nest

[*Continued from page 61*]

"but we do want regular folks, who love the country and feel at home in it."

"You know, so many think this sort of thing is a novelty for me. It isn't. I was born in White Cloud, Kansas, and though I've spent many years on the stage, I feel as though I'd come home, out here . . ."

WHEN asked if the colony would be restricted to motion picture people, he answered, significantly, "I'm going to restrict it to human beings."

Prominent film folk without number have been clamoring for a place in the colony. The quaint charm of Newhall, one of the historic spots of California, and the glory of its sunsets (Charlie vows no place in Europe can equal them), draws them irresistibly. But Charlie is in no particular hurry.

IT TAKES more than precedent to put the fear of tourists and interior decorators into Charlie's soul. If he thinks a window here or a door there would add to the comfort of the house, in it goes.

Comfort. That's the word which intrigues the lazy-voiced comedian.

"Did you notice those stone benches behind the house?" he asked one of the guests, leading us around the left wing, "They've got pillows!"

Sure enough, the long bench was divided into sections long enough for a full-grown adult to stretch out in the sun, and at one end of each division was a small sloping bank of cement, still wet from the workmen's trowel.

But, of course, there will be upholstering, and canopies. Not for Charlie the austerity of cold, bare stone.

He showed us with delight the unique triangular swimming pool, flanked by an L-shaped building containing Turkish baths, dressing rooms and den, all with novel little gadgets that nobody else ever thought of stuck here and there.

AT THE top of the hill is the Weekend House, small and cozy and strong.

"Just about earthquake-proof," declared Charlie proudly, looking up at the rustic low ceiling. Encouraged by the respectful silence of his listeners, he went on.

"Yes, sir, I'll bet this house will be standing here a thousand years from now."

There was no sound but the whirring of the wind in the grass. Then Robert Burkhalter, Mack's attorney, returned solemnly, "And I'll bet *you*, Charlie, that there won't be one of us here a thousand years from now to dispute your word."

DID you ever see a window in a fireplace before?" He pointed at a small, stained glass contraption casting baleful colored shadows into the room. We hung our heads in shame, and admitted we hadn't.

Then he touched one of the lovely dark panels on the wall, and a huge double bed sprang out—not lengthwise, in the manner of well-behaved wallbeds—but squatting on the floor. At the other end of the room was its equally vanishing counterpart.

"Lots of space for weekend guests," grinned Charlie.

Those rational individuals who are constantly seeking causes for all effects trace Charlie's orgy of building to the time, several decades ago, when he became apprenticed to a house painter and was put to work sandpapering a house. After several hours of this monotonous pastime, the boy became impatient and asked his boss how soon he would be allowed to start painting.

"In about two years," was the answer. Charlie quit his job.

"Now," conclude the logical ones, "he can afford to do anything he wants with plaster and paint, and his suppressed desires sprout up all over the place."

HE'S had his ups and downs, we grant you. Beginning as a newsboy at the age of five, he followed successively the callings of messenger boy, minstrel, baseball player and electrician, with odd jobs between.

Fifteen years ago he teamed up with John Swor, one of the five Swor brothers already famous as minstrels throughout the country at that time. Bert, Charlie's present partner, is one of them.

Watching Charlie in action one day, John made a prediction. "That kid," he mused, "is either going to amount to something or go crazy."

Musical comedy, phonograph records, a comic strip, a syndicated newspaper column and a trunk factory all did their share toward swelling the Mack coffers. *The Two Black Crows* were already almost a national institution when Mack was signed by Paramount for the blackface talkie riots, *Why Bring That Up,* and *Anybody's War.*

All in all, things have turned out rather well for Charlie. He might be basking in Lido sunshine or disporting himself at the Riviera.

But he prefers to play with bricks and stones, with winding roads and sturdy small houses; to work toward a realization of his dream: a great friendly family of neighbors, who will love each other, love life, love the land and be happy together.

So—whether it's English or Norman or early Amazonian — architecture be hanged, say we, and more power to Charlie's Utopia.

They Are Clay In Her Hands

[*Continued from page 47*]

son both suffer from nervous strain. That's where my soothing touch comes in. Norma Shearer is another of my pets—I'd work myself to the bone to keep Norma beautiful. I'd take it as a personal disgrace if she ever began to sag. Young Doug Fairbanks comes to me, too—just to keep fit. I keep Jack Holt fit too. Keeping them fit is my best work, which also means keeping their looks. Sick people are never beautiful people."

DEAR Anna Q. Nillson. I go to the hospital for her. It's just tragic the way she lies there so patient. But she'll walk again, and be more beautiful than ever. You see. Her blood's good, why wouldn't she? Gee, I can hardly stand her heart-breaking brave smile," says Sylvia, even if she does bully Anna every so often.

Mary Lewis is another of Sylvia's clients. "We're getting her weight down fine," she brags. "But if she puts off another appointment with me, I'll—" and one realizes awful things await a delinquent Mary.

"Say, you should see what a wad I took off Carol Lombard," brags Sylvia. Then she points joyously at a signed picture of Allan Hale "To Sylvia, who lives off the fat of the hams." Her cutey laboratory on the studio lot is lined with such autographed pictures from grateful clients who shamelessly admit on many of them just what Sylvia has achieved for them. Laura La Plante, for instance, credits Sylvia with a banished ten pounds off the right places.

It is most disconcerting to have this remarkable woman's gaze travel o'er one. She will be talking about something else, the while her hand pats a saggy chin or a finger pokes in a neck-saucer. She does any amount of good deeds. For instance, there is a youngster with film yearnings who is too thin, so she is massaging and fattening him up and coaxing his cheeks to new charms, just for love of her work.

SHE was born in Norway, where her mother was Emilie Wilhelmsen, an opera singer. Her father was a Danish painter—so Sylvia was brought up by her grandparents. "And I guess it was because they always told me I was an ugly duckling that I became so violently interested in beauty. No matter how tired I am, I always give myself a facial every night—even if it's 2 a. m.," she confides. Her husband is an ex-lumber man, and one of her sons is "artistic." The other boy is "Assistant film editor." She grins—which means that he is in the cutting room. Sylvia's married name is Mrs. Ulbeck, but no one ever calls her anything but Sylvia.

And she gets more fan mail than many a star—all asking for advice about defects. She keeps two secretaries to help answer all this. "Look at this pitiful letter . . . girl of fifteen who only weighs eighty-seven pounds . . . sounds tubercular to me," but she sends a kindly reply full of all sorts of sensible health advice, and precious hope.

Hollywood is chock full of beauty specialists, but there's only one Sylvia.

How It Feels To Be Famous

[*Continued from page 66*]

Kay Johnson had this to say:

"Very humble. I used to take my acting more or less as a matter of course, but not any longer. The tremendous penetration of the screen into all the nooks and crannies of the world is very scaring to me. I worry over my work much more than ever before. This 'fame,' as you call it, has become a ring of eyes, all of them quite ready to change from approval to disapproval the minute you slacken in your work."

SAYS Blanche Sweet: "When one has acquired that status which is commonly referred to as famous and is serious about the future, one will take a complete inventory. Then he or she will become an even more serious person. It may cause one to withdraw from various contacts which will cause some persons to remark 'high-hat!' But, in truth, it will be merely taking complete stock of one's self and then acting accordingly."

Eddie Quillan, still bubbling with the enthusiasm of a small-town boy, waxed eloquent. "It's nice to know," he said, "that I can do things for my folks with the larger salary which has accompanied a certain amount of screen success. All her life, mother has been putting the things her nine children wanted, ahead of her own requirements. Now I can help her."

BESSIE LOVE describes public notice as fleeting and fickle. Joan Crawford says that now her name is listed in electric lights, her day-dreams have disappeared and she finds herself in one continuous round of hard work.

"I was so happy I thought I would die from so much joy." Lupe Velez replied in answer to my query.

"Interesting but disillusioning!" remarked Ruth Chatterton.

Kay Francis frankly admitted, "You have to be famous before you get the feeling."

In all my interviewing, two stars, in particular, claimed my greatest attention. First of these was Lon Chaney, the "man of mystery." And I wonder if he did not reveal a hidden secret of his temperament during our little talk. Lon is one of the hardest working, most conscientious stars in Hollywood, as seldom seen in public places as Greta Garbo. Here is what he confided:

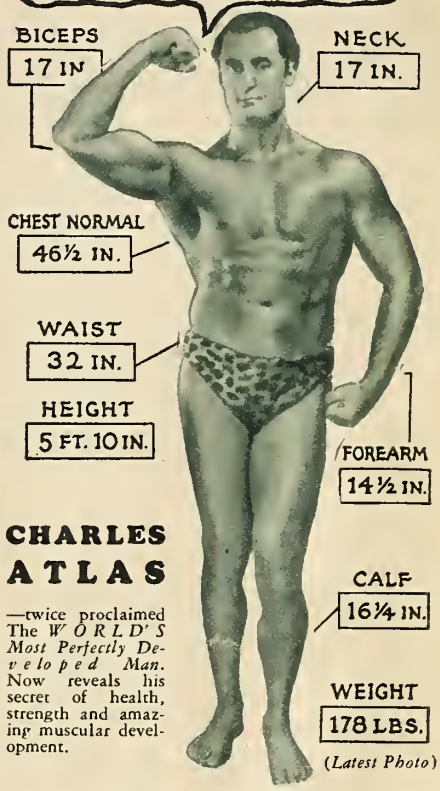
"It makes a fellow bashful and keeps him hiding out from the public. And also, it creates in one an air of diffidence because he's always afraid he might not live up to his reputation."

A little later Jack Oakie, delivered an oration, as follows:

"It's all a fake. It's all been misrepresented. There isn't any famous feeling!"

Now who is right?

"Give me your measure and I'll PROVE that you can have a body like mine"



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How They Get That Way

[*Continued from page 81*]

do an animal act. The high-salaried stars of M-G-M's popular canine comedies often swagger into the make-up department for individual attention. When a police dog could not be found to do a certain bit of business, the make-up man, with crêpe hair, spirit gum, and mascara turned an astonished dog of uncertain parentage but good intentions into a thoroughly convincing German shepherd. Then there was the bloodhound that had to cry copiously. Ordinarily, glycerine would have been dropped directly into the pooch's eyes; but the director wanted the tears to fall and cease at will. Rubber tubing from an ordinary snapshot camera was concealed in the very pliable skin of the bloodhound's back and carried out of the scene, where a make-up man squeezed a rubber bulb and caused the tears to flow only when needed! In a recent production, a $38,000 Arabian stallion was used. When retakes were necessary, the gorgeous animal was not available. The casting office found a 100 per cent American horse that was a perfect duplicate save for the luxuriant mane and tail. These the wig-maker supplied with such ingenuity that even the cast did not recognize the second animal as a double!

A UNIQUE position is held by Jack Dawn of Fox Films. A sculptor as well as a make-up artist, he models characters as he visualizes them from reading the "working script." From these tiny models are created the odd characterizations later developed on the screen; from them also, the casting officials choose types to duplicate from the ranks of extras and featured players. Dawn has just finished the figurines for *The Big Trail,* and is on location with the company in Wyoming, personally making up Tyrone Power, Tully Marshall, and others as he originally created them in clay.

The only make-up truck in existence is owned by Fox Films, and was designed and patented by Joseph Riley—formerly a lieutenant-detective of the New York police! Riley chanced to observe the discouraging attempts of a make-up artist to prepare a girl for a screen test on location, using a studio car for a make-up room. He bought a large auto truck that could be attached to an ordinary car in a few moments, and outfitted it with three well lighted make-up tables, a manicure desk, a wash basin with hot and cold water, a frigidaire, full length mirror, and a chest for supplies. Its cost, approximately $6,000, will soon be paid for in time and labor saved and in final results. Fox expects to have a fleet of these make-up trucks, to be ready at a moment's notice to go on distant locations, or even to sections of the studio grounds that are inconvenient far from the regular make-up department. Riley's idea is intrinsically so simple, yet so practical, that every other studio in Hollywood is wondering why it never thought of a make-up truck during the last ten years!

A MAKE-UP artist does with grease paints, powders, and brushes what a plastic surgeon does with a knife—and no blood is shed, even when your favorite actor emerges from a ferocious battle with gaping wounds. In *Way for a Sailor,* John Gilbert copiously sheds "blood" of glycerine and carmine lipstick. Black eyes are only lumps of putty or cotton covered with blue and brown eye-shadow, while scars are made quite painlessly with liquid collodion, which puckers the skin into a perfect temporary wound. So strong is its astringency, however, that it cannot be used on leading men or players who must appear daily in such make-up. In time the collodion would form a real scar. On these individuals raised scars of cotton are usually created harmlessly yet with equal effectiveness. Glass eyes set in a putty foundation that round out the cheeks are often used for drunks or hideously deformed characters, while open-eyed blindness has been effected once or twice with almond-shaped pieces of egg skin fitted over the eyeball itself. Chinese eyes are formed by drawing the forehead tightly upward with fishskin at the sides, while Oriental teeth are made of rubber.

THESE various make-up tricks, apparently so simple, are the result of many years of experimenting, usually with several of Hollywood's best make-up minds collaborating on each individual problem. The supreme importance of make-up on the screen has caused this department to become one of the most highly specialized sections of the entire motion picture industry.

Janet Gaynor Interviews Janet Gaynor

[*Continued from page 35*]

I couldn't. That's why I say I have something to protect."

"You mean your dramatic ability; your flair for playing persecuted, down-trodden girls, and tragic figures?"

"Yes. I want to do dramatic things." It was beginning to sound like a professional interview. It's easy, really, to do these things."

I'D LIKE to do Barry things," said Gaynor, giving critical attention to a patch of sunburned leg. *"Little Minister,* and then, too, Tully's *Bird of Paradise."*

"In the meantime, you're sitting here waiting, and Hollywood is talking about your future—"

Gaynor's coppery head nodded.

"Let's," she said, "talk about something else. Let's, for instance, talk about the Islands. I want to go there, sometime, and stay forever. Everything is soft, air and breezes, and the high mountains come abruptly to the sea."

"We have to talk about your dramatic life. This is an interview."

"My life has no drama."

"Every life has drama. You can't live without it. To you it is nothing—uneventful. Now you were born—"

"In Philadelphia. Find drama in that."

"Well," thinking fast, "it has historical significance. Look at Ben Franklin and Independence Hall and . . ."

"I can't. I've sand in my eye. But, no, I'm funning you, Mrs. Peck. It's a lovely city, with broad, impressive streets. Helen, that's my sister, older than me, and I lived there until I was eight. Then mother and the two of us went to Chicago. I was little and thin and awkward. I went to school and hated the stuffy studies: I'd rather read fairy tales—"

"And eat strawberry sodas. You were a normal child."

THANKS," laconically. "I wintered in Florida, occasionally, with relatives, because the northern climate was too cold. Later, mother remarried. That was when Jonesy, a great and tender-hearted man, entered the scene. He told me I would be a dramatic actress."

"He never thought otherwise, did he?"

"Even when I was a kid. In San Francisco, where we eventually moved—he had plans for mining near there, gold, copper, silver, everything—and I worked in shops and offices, during summer vacations, he insisted I would be an actress. But that's not dramatic."

"You think not? And then, after that, to Hollywood, Gaynor?"

"About six years ago." . .

"A stenographic course—"

"For a couple of weeks. Typewriting whipped me."

"And then the casting offices. Helen discovered them first, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And then endless tramping from studio to studio with the eternal 'nothing today.' Footsore, heartsick, weary . . ."

CUT it, Mrs. Peck! You're getting me down. Cut the sentiment. You're going to be romping on about Heartbreak Boulevard in a minute, and I'll be romping into the house. Struggles, sure. But don't we all have them, in one form or another? I'm glad for every experience I've had. There isn't one that I would have avoided. I love this life. I want to work and do some good pictures. That's all I ask. But drama . . . not in my life."

"Isn't there drama in being selected from all Hollywood to play *Diane* in *Seventh Heaven?* From obscurity to the dizzy heights of prominence?"

"Drama to me, at the moment, my dear, would be a hamburger sandwich with India relish, mustard and—yes, even onions," said Gaynor, scrambling to her feet.

And that was the end of the interview.

Their Fan Mail

[*Continued from page 79*]

about another. The odds are ten to one that said stars aren't even acquainted with each other. Believe it or not, as Ripley would say, there are many players at M-G-M who have never seen Greta Garbo, a co-artist on their own lot! Sue Carol and Betty Bronson were next door neighbors for a whole year without ever meeting.

It's an old Hollywood custom.

Never expect answers to letters begging for money, clothes, souvenirs or donations of any kind . . . you will only be doomed to disappointment. Stars have so many personal obligations that if they were to subscribe to every outside request, they would have to hock their Rolls Royces and ride in Pierce-Arrows again.

Don't—unless you are an optimist—anticipate any response to letters like this:

My dear Miss Winton:

Our club is offering a prize to see who can collect the most pictures of any one star. I already have twelve of you and since I am most anxious to win, I would appreciate your sending me as many more as you can spare.

Sincerely—

Now, Jane Winton happens to be a free lance player. Which means that she has to foot the expenses of all her own fan mail. This entails salary for a private secretary, postage, photo mailers and the pictures themselves—a small fortune when added up.

IF THE tenor of this article sounds as if I am trying to discourage fan writing, please believe that such a thought is far from my mind. It is you fans who have given the stars their positions of eminence and no one is more appreciative of this fact than they themselves. Your letters (if the right kind) are the applause they are deprived of—it is their barometer of popularity. Mary Brian, for example, owes her present position to her fans. Paramount was all set to waive Mary's option when they noticed the increase in her fan mail. P. S. She kept the job.

Louise Fazenda has saved every fan letter she has received since she started in pictures and there are any number of fans with whom she has maintained a regular correspondence. Billie Dove and Colleen Moore are two other well known stars who often write personal letters to their fans. Janet Gaynor has a rabid enthusiast in Portland, Oregon, who dedicates a sonnet to her on the occasion of every new picture. Janet prizes this collection among her choicest treasures and her fan has in turn enjoyed the privilege of meeting lovely Janet and being personally thanked by her. Constance Bennett hugs every letter she receives from old fans welcoming her back to the screen again. Kay Johnson was so thrilled at her first fan letter that in her excitement she autographed her picture, "With love and kisses."

To sum it all up, letters of intelligence, constructive criticism, appreciation and charm are ALWAYS welcomed, enjoyed and ANSWERED by the recipients. Use this as your guide post when writing, and you won't ever bemoan unanswered letters or quarters thrown to the four winds.

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Who's Doing What and Where

AMOS 'N' ANDY—*Amos 'n' Andy*, RKO Studio, Hollywood. Title changed from *Check and Double Check.*

RICHARD ARLEN—*Spanish Acres*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

GEORGE ARLISS—*Ruling Passion*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG—*Taking the Rap*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

LEW AYRES—*Saint Johnson*, Universal Studio, Universal City.

GEORGE BANCROFT—*Down to Rio*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

JOHN BARRYMORE—*Hamlet*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS—*Adiós*, First National Studio, Burbank.

WARNER BAXTER—*This Modern World*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

CONSTANCE BENNETT—*Lipstick*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

JOHN BOLES—*The Love Cavalier*, Universal Studio, Universal City.

CLARA BOW—*Miss Blue Beard*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

WILLIAM BOYD—*Rawhide*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

JOE E. BROWN—*Sit Tight*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

NANCY CARROLL—*Laughter*, Paramount Studio, Long Island City,

CHARLES CHAPLIN—*City Lights*, Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.

RUTH CHATTERTON—*Better Wife*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

VIRGINIA CHERRILL—*City Lights*, Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.

MAURICE CHEVALIER—*The Little Café*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

BERNICE CLAIRE—*Call of the East*, First National Studio, Burbank.

INA CLAIRE—*The Royal Family*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

GARY COOPER—*Fighting Caravans*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

JOAN CRAWFORD—*The Great Day*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

BEBE DANIELS—*Babes in Toyland*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

MARION DAVIES—*Rosalie*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

RICHARD DIX—*Cimmaron*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

FIFI DORSAY—*The Painted Woman*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

MARIE DRESSLER—*Razzle-Dazzle*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.—*Forever After*, First National Studio, Burbank.

CHARLES FARRELL—*A Devil With Women*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

WILLIAM FARNUM—*Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, Tec-Art Studio, Hollywood.

W. C. FIELDS—Untitled picture, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

GRETA GARBO—*Red Dust*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

JOHN GILBERT—*Way for a Sailor*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

MITZI GREEN—*Tom Sawyer*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

BUCK JONES—*The Man From Hell River*, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.

JAMES HALL—*A Husband's Privilege*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

ANN HARDING—*Jane Eyre*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

BUSTER KEATON—*Forward March*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

BARBARA KENT—*Feet First*, Metropolitan Studio, Hollywood.

ARTHUR LAKE—*Bunker Bean*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

LOLA LANE—*Rainbow*, James Cruze Studio, Hollywood.

DOROTHY LEE—*Half Shot at Sunrise*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

MARY LEWIS—Untitled operetta, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

WINNIE LIGHTNER—*Gold Diggers of Paris*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

HAROLD LLOYD—*Feet First*, Metropolitan Studio, Hollywood.

LOTTI LODER—*Come Easy*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

EDMUND LOWE—*Scotland Yard*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

BERT LYTELL—*The Lone Wolf*, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.

VICTOR McLAGLEN—*The Painted Woman*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

ADOLPHE MENJOU—Untitled picture, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

MARILYN MILLER—*Sunny*, First National Studio, Burbank.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY—*Like Kelley Can*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

GRACE MOORE—*Jenny Lind*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

LOIS MORAN—*Blondes*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

POLLY MORAN—*Razzle-Dazzle*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

CHESTER MORRIS—*Whispers*, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

CHARLES MURRAY—*The Cohens and the Kellys in Ireland*, Universal Studio, Universal City.

J. HAROLD MURRAY—*Red Sky*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

CONRAD NAGEL—*Today*, Tec-Art Studio, Hollywood.

MARIAN NIXON—*Adiós*, First National Studio, Burbank.

MARY NOLAN—*Outside the Law*, Universal Studio, Universal City.

RAMON NOVARRO—*Daybreak*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

GEORGE O'BRIEN—*Fair Warning*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

WILLIAM POWELL—*Ladies' Man*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

EDDIE QUILLAN—*Trouble*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

DOLORES DEL RIO—*The Bird of Paradise*, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

BUDDY ROGERS—*Molinoff*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

WILL ROGERS—*The Connecticut Yankee*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

OTIS SKINNER—*Kismet*, First National Studio, Burbank.

BARBARA STANWYCK—*The Good Bad Girl*, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.

MILTON SILLS—*The Sea Wolf*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT—*New Moon*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

RENEE TORRES—*The International Revue*, Pan-America Studio, Hollywood.

HELEN TWELVETREES—*Her Man*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

VICTOR VARCONI—*The Gay Caballero*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

LUPE VELEZ—*East is West*, Universal Studio, Universal City.

BERT WHEELER—*Half Shot at Sunrise*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

GRANT WITHERS—*The Hour of Love*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.

LOUIS WOLHEIM—*Front Page*, Metropolitan Studio, Hollywood.

ROBERT WOOLSEY—*Half Shot at Sunrise*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

LORETTA YOUNG—*Broken Dishes*, First National Studio, Burbank.

Mind Over Matter

[*Continued from page 33*]

Baxter graced with his romantic presence.

And the very morning that the mailman brought his final decree, Warner and Winifred dashed up to the Bronx singing the Battle Cry of Freedom, and inveigled the cab-driver to witness their mutual love-honor-and-obeyings. And this time it took. They're still in love.

Apparently Winifred brought him luck. He got a tumble from Paramount, and appeared in his first picture. It was *Her Own Money*. Ethel Clayton starred. Remember? After that the path became less tortuous. Warner made a lot of picures. Including *The Great Gatsby*.

But he never really wowed 'em. The contract was renewed each time the option expired. He was satisfactory. But he wasn't getting far. No and then there'd be a flash of real encouragement—like *Ramona*. But then nothing would happen. It was pretty discouraging.

THEN Al Jolson and the Warner boys took chances with one another—and overnight everyone but Garbo talked. The final accident occurred. Fox planned to make *In Old Arizona*, and director Raoul Walsh, who fancied himself as an actor as well, declared that he, himself, would play the *Cisco Kid*. Perhaps you know the rest. Of all things, a jack-rabbit dashed itself through the windshield of Walsh's car. He still wears a patch over one eye. Raoul's tough luck gave Warner his chance. He stepped into the rôle. And the morning after the première he took his place among the top-notch stars. Since then he's held it. He has the personality, the appearance, the ability to continue to do so. Of course, he'll need the breaks on stories and directors. But somehow it seems he's sure to get 'em. His number is up—and it's a winning one.

Warner's a romantic looking chap, and naturally enough, he prefers to play romantic parts. Like most Hollywood players he fears "typing," and welcomes a variety of rôles. Who, for instance, would recognize the *Cisco Kid* in *Such Men Are Dangerous*. or *Behind That Curtain?* The boy is versatile.

HE ascribes most of his success to "the little woman." And while it may be a sap line, he means it. And surely the former Miss Bryson would be a help to any feller. Just as an example of what she does for Warner, consider that his hair is what the girls call "naturally straight," and that in order to avoid the annoyance and precariousness of having him wear a wig, she herself put each of those ringlets in the hair of the *Cisco Kid*.

Women, he says, have been a predominant influence in his life. He maintains there have been but the three mentioned. His mother, the Philadelphia girl (who didn't make much of a dent) and Winifred. But whether or not he has a roving eye, his is certainly a discerning one, for he selects such charmers as Alice Joyce, Norma Talmadge and Ruth Elder as his ideals.

He enjoys acting, although he never loses himself in a rôle. His theory is that to really feel emotions would militate against their portrayal. You don't have to be nuts to play a lunatic, he says, nor drunk to enact the part of an inebriate. He's a rather fine technician, and on or off, he knows how to gain desired effects. After the *Cisco Kid* rôle, he had his friends cuckoo by breaking out in Spanish dialect every now and then. But those were the days of voice doubles, and Warner wanted to show the bunch that he really did it.

THE turn of the wheel that has put him on top hasn't greatly affected him. He's about the same. He and Winifred live comfortably. They have done so for years. He is able to furnish a few more luxuries for his mother, and take a little better care of his niece. He still helps his wife select her hats, and encourages her to play in an occasional picture just to keep in touch with things. His somewhat exclusive circle of friends has not been materially expanded. He entertains with a few parlor tricks and is most thoroughly happy when he and Mrs. Baxter are loafing about their modest place at Malibu.

He likes a little tennis, and some hunting occasionally, and has a shack in the San Jacinto mountains where there are deer and foxes and quail available in season. He's a bit of a crank about his clothes, and all his personal belongings, and is more than usually methodical about their care. He goes for the stuff about "a place for everything and everything in its place." He prefers doing things for himself, and with the exception of a chauffeur who has an easy job, all the household help is feminine. His smile off-screen is even more infectious than it is on, and his teeth are the envy of other stars.

SINCE the enormous increase in his popularity he receives mash notes and telephone calls. But pays no attention to either—so he says. As a kid he wanted to be a street-car conductor—and he still likes to ride.

Kid him all you like about it, he still claims that thought is power, and that the right thought will bring success and happiness. He says he has thought success for years. Never has he adopted a defeatist philosophy. He's the Couê kid. He declares that each morning he opens his window and actually radiates success thoughts to the four corners of Hollywood. Maybe, who knows.

Baxter believes that sound waves and thought waves both go on and on forever. Strangely enough, there is scientific theory to support his contention. Upon occasion he has tried his particular brand of telepathy upon individuals. And upon meeting them later would learn that they had been thinking of him at the time of his personal mental broadcast. He tried it on Winnie Sheehan—and the *Cisco Kid* resulted. That's what Warner says. If so—more power to him.

So between this and that, I wouldn't say that the success of Warner Baxter in the talkies is due to a lucky break. Would you? And to show you that I mean it, I now retract in print all the mean things I said about *The Great Gatsby*. Okey, Warner?

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An amazing account of the amazing proposals of marriage received by Hollywood film celebrities.

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The exciting story of Dick Grace, stunt daredevil of the films, and the famous band of which he is the sole survivor.

And a wealth of stories, interviews, and sprightly departments direct from the glittering film capital.

Famous Movie Friendships

[*Continued from page 84*]

which he keeps at Big Boy's place, going up there for week ends and holidays between pictures.

"And Charlie has a yacht, to which he often invites me," related Big Boy. "I help him run the craft, and we have many a delightful sail and fishing party."

An odd incident occurred not long ago, when they played the rôles of bitter enemies in *Lucky Star*.

"We had a terrible fight," related Big Boy. "We were up on a telegraph pole—supposed to be linemen,—and were fighting over Janet Gaynor. Boy! I was scared every minute for fear I was going to knock him off that little platform, and he was frightened for me, too, he told me afterward. I never did anything so hard in my life as hitting my pal!"

Charlie tells us that Gwynn is just crazy about Mary Philbin these days, so he is necessarily away from Charlie more than formerly. However, friends they will ever be.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN AND GEORGE FAWCETT ARE CRONIES

IT WAS really George Fawcett, you know, who was responsible for my going into pictures," said Johnny Mack Brown in that funny Southern drawl of his. "And I never cease being grateful."

Youth and age—and one of the most interesting and the deepest friendships in Hollywood!

"I was playing football down in Alabama, one day, and Mr. Fawcett, who was working on location down there, sat on the bench. We began talking. I found him a wonderful talker—just seemed to know about everything. He asked me if I wanted to work in pictures. I hardly knew, but thought I would.

"Finally he persuaded my wife and me to come to Hollywood. He was awfully kind. He even had us at his house for several weeks, until I could find out what it was all about and begin really to make money.

"We have been the greatest friends ever since."

Next month TALKING SCREEN will present another article of this absorbing series which reveals and explains the sometimes surprising and always interesting friendships of the film colony's great. Don't miss the next installment of this most out-of-the-ordinary feature telling who likes whom and why.

Headline Lady

[*Continued from page 23*]

vie with Edmund Lowe for first honors in *This Thing Called Love*—her first talkie, by the way—and steal *Son of the Gods* from Richard Barthelmess, Mr. Kennedy had given Hank the wire to sign her for Pathé.

And that's exactly what Henri la Bailly, etc., etc., went and gone and did. He had to talk fast, too. For Constance was Berlin bound to make two Ufa photoplays. Just how fast he talked seems at present to be a much-mooted question. For Mrs. Constance Bennett Moorehead Plant's fifth big headline reads: GLORIA SWANSON AND MARQUIS BREAK OVER CONNIE BENNETT.

The story has caused tinkling laughter from Gloria, from Hank, from Constance. The "how absurds" have echoed from Havre to Hollywood like yodels from Alp to Alp. Yet—Constance has a way of making things happen. If she wants them to.

AND that's her story—"up to now," as Al Smith says. It's surely not the final chapter, because Constance's career will always be a serial to be "continued in our next."

Proud, impetuous, self-willed, utterly self-confident, self-sufficient, Constance possesses all the sudden fire of her father. Like her sister, Joan, she has the reputation of being ritzy and snobbish. The appellations are not deserved. From the kid days when she made servants whom she didn't like walk three paces to the rear, Constance has resented a too great familiarity from persons who failed to find a place in her not-easily-bestowed affections. And she has always reserved to herself the right to select those with whom she cares to associate.

Yet, she can be the most gracious hostess. And, when she chooses, it is no trouble at all for her to make herself thoroughly and completely adored by any with whom she may come in contact.

SHE is most solicitous of casuals, but sees little of her family, though Joan and Barbara and their mother have remained rather close despite the trials of separation necessitated by careers, and the severing of old bonds for the making of new ties. Generosity is an integral part of her make-up. Yet, she can be ruthless, too. She permits nothing to stand in her way. Whatever else may happen, she, as an individual—an ego, must go on. Sometimes it seems as though she is driven by the lash of destiny. Maybe she is.

She is the sort of girl women grow mad at—and men mad about. Which is more or less as she would have it. For she prefers masculine companionship. At least, she says so to masculinity.

Despite her perfect poise there is something tempestuous about her. Something remindful of the deep waters of a calm lake, which may at any moment surrender to the mad, wild, devastating freedom of the storm. Her blue eyes seem to darken as though they reflect her emotions, the soft mouth can become cynically thin. She never seems a fixed quantity. She's changeable as—as an opal. Which, you recall, is her birth stone.

Hollywood Footnotes

[*Continued from page 71*]

statement . . . Zelma O'Neil is a knit girl. Don't get us wrong, Oscar. Sweater-making is her passion . . . Hollywood's three best rackets today are voice culture, foreign language teaching and massage reducing. Adolfo de la Huerta, former president of Mexico, is teaching do-re-mi's, and Nance O'Neil, famous actress, is breaking down Middle West nasal tones. Dr. P. Marafioti, Italian, once with Metropolitan Opera as throat specialist, says one young actress has the voice of a mosquito. M-G-M hauled him West to correct like buzzings in their Thespians . . . Arthur Rankin, just divorced from Wife Ruth, has opened a shop on Boulevard Sunset and is selling wild strawberry jam and objects d'art. Sniff that off . . .

Mary Brian, so they murmur, is related to Geore Washington. Wouldn't that stamp her? . . . Frank Fay and boss, Darryl Francis Zanuck, are going in for star sapphire rings set in platinum with moon-shaped diamonds . . . Don't give Mary Nolan a nightgown. She doesn't wear one . . . Lucien Littlefield, Chaney's characterization rival, has a baseball nine that calls itself the Littlefielders. Dont' tell Connie Mack . . . The population of the Bronx in 1790 was 1,761, but what has that to do with the price of broccoli? . . . A producer once said thumbsdown on the name Greta. That was before Garbo, and Mrs. Alan Hale, then Germanica Hartman and in pictures, wanted to change her handle. He's still wringing his hands agonisingly . . .

Clara Bow, says Secretary Daisy De Voe (poetry), takes three baths a day. Nice, clean girl . . . Comment on recent film joining: "It was a swell wedding and the best week-end I ever spent" . . . Estelle Taylor tells of the actress who made a vocal test singing *The Star Spangled Banner.* All the producers had to stand up when they heard it . . . Al Cohn's license plate reads 7-11. He doesn't have to be a scenario editor to know it's a natural . . . Eddie Lowe has one hundred fifty ties and seventy two shirts. Put them end to end and imagine the cleaning bill . . . That slim golden bracelet Maureen O'Sullivan wears doesn't spell hot romance. Uh uh. "Daddy gave it to me," murmured Miss Maureen modestly . . . Lew Brown of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, melody-makers, dubbed Dave Butler's new Malibu beach house "The Butler's Pantry." Buddy DeSylva's he called "De Sylva Lining." Still allowed to live, he gave Allan Dwans place the name of "Dwan Away." His own palatial shack, flanked by taller beach dwellings, he called "Hemmed Inn." It is said he will recover . . . Victor McLaglen's idea of a swell vacation would be a trip to Tahiti. He's been reading those travel books again . . .

Claude Allister, comedian, is also a conjurer. Laugh that away . . . For the first time since he has been an independent producer, Douglas Fairbanks will be without a production staff. He's making *Reaching for the Moon* for Feature Productions and Joe Schenck will have all the worries . . . Ben (Jazz Maestro) Bernie's Lincoln crashed into Jeanette MacDonald's Ford. The former insisted he was not trying to strike up an acquaintance . . . The Gentleman from Verona who is panicking Hollywood's *femmes* is none other than Nino Martino, golden-voiced, brunette and young . . . The egoist's theme song, according to Phillips Holmes, is "Mi-mi-mi," the third tone of the diatonic scale . . . Paulette Duval, black-haired, svelte, French, of *The Dressmaker from Paris,* now has her own modiste shop in that city. No. 140 Boulevard Hausmann is the address. Drop in and say 'allo . . . M-G-M's commissary offers "creamed chicken and creamed chipped beef Novarro on toast." We expect "John Gilbert in aspic" any day . . . Sign on furrier's shop fringing Fox studio—"Clearance of Foxes." News gets around.

Thoughts on Theme Songs

If I wrote talking picture lyrics
I would give some mighty queer ex-
Amples of peculiar rhyming,
I could have a jolly time. Eng-
Lish is such a lovely language,
Lots of words and lots of slang. Wage
Earning would be apple pie for
Me because I am a guy for
Writing rhymes to Massachusetts.
Songs like that would have some use. It's
Time the songs of Carolina
Had a rest. They give us nine a
Month. A lyric of Rhode Island
Would be welcome for a while, and
Lilting strains about Dakota
Ought to get a rising vote. A-
Way with rhyme schemes trite and lazy.
Let's have stuff that drives us crazy!

—*Parke Cummings.*

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Brief Guide

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THE MATRIMONIAL BED *(Warner Brothers)* Reviewed in this issue.

MOBY DICK *(Warner Brothers)*—The talkie version of the famous silent picture, *The Sea Beast,* with John Barrymore in the leading rôle. Don't miss this wow.

MONTANA MOON *(M-G-M)*—Joan Crawford in a very unconvincing story which, however, is quite entertaining and worth your time. Joan sings in this picture and her voice is fascinating.

NIGHT WORK *(Pathé)*—Reviewed in this issue.

NUMBERED MEN *(First National)*—Another story of prison life which is rather overdrawn and far from convincing.

OLD ENGLISH *(Warner Brothers)*—Reviewed in this issue.

ON THE LEVEL *(Fox)*—Victor McLaglen and Fifi Dorsay in an entertaining picture.

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S *(First National)*—Reviewed in this issue.

ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT *(United Artists)*—Lillian Gish's first talkie taken from the famous play, *The Swan.* Miss Gish is, as usual, charming.

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES *(M-G-M)*—Joan Crawford in a rather silly story about three girls who work in a department store. Joan spends most of her time mothering the other two.

RAFFLES *(United Artists)*—Reviewed in this issue.

RAIN OR SHINE *(Columbia)*—Joe Cook's talkie début.

ROMANCE *(M-G-M)*—A beautiful picture with Greta Garbo playing the lead. She is perfectly lovely and no Garbo fan must miss the sight of her in the exquisite costumes of long ago.

THE ROAD TO PARADISE *(First National)*—Loretta Young in one of those dual rôle talkies. Good entertainment.

ROUGH ROMANCE *(Fox)*—George O'Brien in a corking melodrama of lumber jacks and what is known as stark emotion.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS *(Paramount)*—Buddy Rogers and three charming young ladies of the chorus who are entrusted with "educating" him are not very convincing, but they are amusing.

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE *(Paramount)*—Jack Oakie in a riot of a story in which he gets mixed up in all kinds of trouble and whatnot on a transatlantic liner.

THE SEA BAT *(M-G-M)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW *(Paramount)*—William Powell in the one about the chap who is innocently convicted of a murder. It's not as bad as it sounds and Powell's performance is, as usual, superb.

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS *(RKO)*—Sue Carol and Arthur Lake in a rather silly story, but entertaining.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT *(RKO)*—Reviewed in this issue.

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD *(First National)*—Alice White and J. P. McEvoy get together on a film that's supposed to satirize Hollywood, but it goes serious. Blanche Sweet does as well as she can in a very overdrawn rôle.

THE SILENT ENEMY *(Paramount)*—All about the Indians and the caribou, if you know what a caribou is. The Indians find that it isn't the cost of the caribou, it's the upkeep.

THE SINGER OF SEVILLE *(M-G-M)*—Another talkie-singie of Spanish life with Señor Ramón Novarro enacting the leading rôle. Charming.

SO THIS IS LONDON *(Fox)*—The delightful Mr. Will Rogers in a story that doesn't really matter as long as he's on the set pulling his own gags. All Fox needs to do is to let Mr. Rogers walk on the set and talk for four reels. It would be far cheaper for them and far more entertaining for the audience than putting him in a story where he's wasted.

THE SOCIAL LION *(Paramount)*—In keeping with the title of this picture, Jack Oakie takes another bound in popularity. The story is nothing much but as long as Mr. Oakie's face is on the screen, who cares?

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN *(Columbia)*—A drama of love and intrigue in the United States Army. Two married women are in love with a handsome young officer, Entertaining.

SONG O' MY HEART *(Fox)*—John McCormack's first talkie, which you'll do well not to miss.

SONG OF THE SADDLE *(Universal)*—Reviewed in this issue.

SPURS *(Universal)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE STORM *(Universal)*—The old play and the old silent movie in talkie form with Lupe Velez as the harum-scarum leading lady. Entertaining.

STRICTLY MODERN *(First National)*—Dorothy Mackaill in one of those rôles in which she hates men until——. There's some darn clever dialogue which will have you a-giggling and a-laughing.

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS *(Fox)*—Warner Baxter in Elinor Glyn's picture based on the story of the great financier's, Lowenstein's disappearance. Entertaining.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES *(First National)*—A sort of mystery story with Clive Brook and Billie Dove in the leading rôles. Good entertainment.

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE *(Columbia)*—Reviewed in this issue.

SWEET MAMA *(First National)*—Here's Alice White again in a story of cabarets, no less. Well, well. David Manners does very well as the young feller who gets mixed up with a gang. Does well, that is, considering he's an Englishman with an Englishman's accent.

SWING HIGH *(Pathé)*—A story of the old time folks of the circus. Being a circus story, it naturally has a familiar ring to it, but, nevertheless, is entertaining.

THIS MAD WORLD *(M-G-M)*—A confusing story about the war and spies and Basil Rathbone. Not so hot.

UNDER MONTANA SKIES *(Tiffany)*—Kenneth Harlan in a first rate Western.

THE UNHOLY THREE *(M-G-M)*—Lon Chaney returns to the talkies—beg pardon, enters the talkies—with an amazing number of voices. Lon is not as convincing as he might be, but the picture is entertaining.

THE VAGABOND KING *(Paramount)*—The famous story of François Villon as depicted by Dennis King in the leading rôle. Except for an occasional touch of over-acting, we've got to hand it to King.

THE WAY OF ALL MEN *(First National)*—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in his first starring picture. The talkie version of the old *Sin Flood.* Very gripping.

'WAY OUT WEST *(M-G-M)*—Reviewed in this issue.

WHAT A WIDOW *(United Artists)*—Gloria Swanson in a comedy, and a delightful one at that. Another triumph for her.

WHAT MEN WANT *(Universal)*—Modern youth is here again, with Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon depicting the modern youth.

WILD COMPANY *(Fox)*—Modern youth is here still again, this time as the Fox company sees them.

"SHE CAN'T PLAY A NOTE"

"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play ___ *but a minute later...*

"I GUESS we're stuck right here for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents. The usual crowd always gathered at the club on afternoons such as this.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. Can't we find something different—something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer some solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons, with a laugh.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. It seemed she was just destined to be heavy and plump. But the boys all *liked* Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting, "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally. We were trying to find some excitement and we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano? I'm not awfully good as yet, but I'll try."

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. Sally was goodnatured though. She didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

The laughter became more boisterous as Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. At this, everyone suddenly stopped laughing and turned to watch Sally. "Well, anyone could play a few chords," they thought. Then without the slightest hesitation and just as if she had been playing for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another. Some danced while others gathered around the piano and sang.

Finally she finished and rose from the piano John Thompson was at her side immediately brimming over with curiosity. He never knew she could play a note.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked, "Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

"It's a secret—and I won't tell you a thing about it . . . except that I had no teacher!" retorted Sally.

Sally's success that afternoon opened up a world of new pleasures. John, particularly, took a new and decided interest in Sally. More and more they were seen in each other's company. But it was only after considerable teasing on John's part that Sally told him the secret of her new found musical ability.

Sally's Secret

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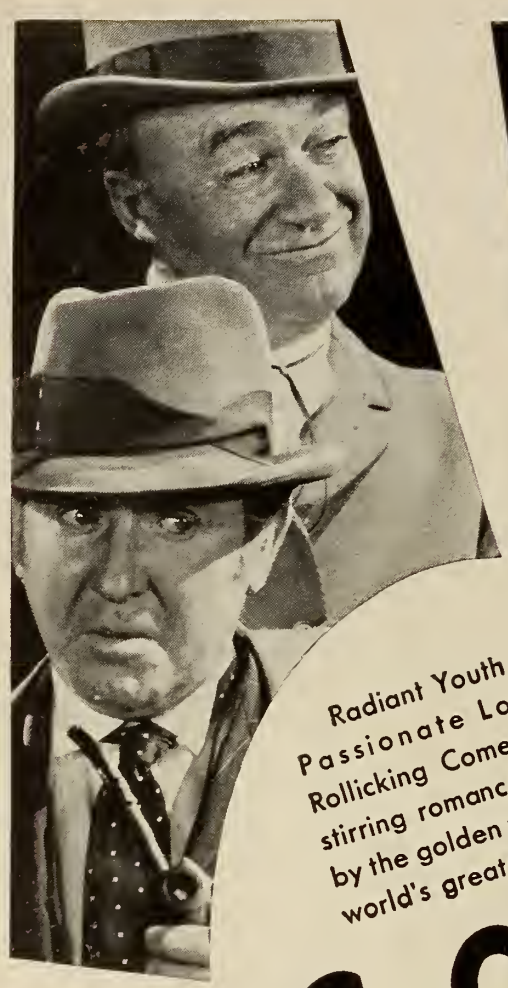

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PRESS TIME TOPICS

LITTLE wonder that Will Hays' hair is graying rapidly. He hurried home from a diplomatic mission abroad to find three of his Hollywood children engaged in "the battle of the century."

Caddo sued First National, charging that parts of *Hell's Angels* had been included in *The Dawn Patrol.* Then Tiffany filed a similar court action, alleging that First National lifted part of *Journey's End* in making the Richard Barthelmess air picture.

That was that until First National had four persons arrested for an attempt to steal the original script of *The Dawn Patrol* from the studio files. Those taken into custody were Joseph Marsh, a Caddo scenario writer, Forrest Easley, a private detective employed by Caddo, Edith Higgins, a former First National typist, and Carmelita Sweeney, employed by First National as a stenographer. They were arrested in Miss Sweeney's home.

Meanwhile, Federal court judges have under consideration the application of Caddo and Tiffany for an order restraining First National from showing *The Dawn Patrol.*

When burglars crashed the beach home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Doug threw up his hands and handed over $100 in cash when the bad men promised not to awaken Mary, who was asleep upstairs. Doug thought he drove a worthwhile bargain, so he didn't bother reporting the incident to the police.

The gentleman is the beret is none other than William Powell, a recent arrival in New York aboard the S.S. Conte Grande. Most of his time abroad was spent in the vicinity of Naples, where the recent disaster occurred.

Bebe Daniels will play opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in *Reaching for the Moon* after all. Bebe had signed a contract to take the rôle for $60,000, when United Artists studio officials decided to settle with her and use Joan Bennett, one of their contract stars, in the part. Doug wouldn't stand for the switch, so Bebe now is at work.

Mary Nolan, hard luck girl of the stage and screen, has been exonerated on charges of using narcotics, preferred against her by two nurses formerly in her employ. An investigation made by the United States district attorney for Southern California resulted in a clean bill of health for Mary.

Now Warners have borrowed her from Universal for the starring rôle in *Ex-Mistress.*

M-G-M has just signed Lewis Stone for another five years.

Dorothy Sebastian will have the feminine lead opposite Bert Lytell when that actor transfers his stage success *Brothers,* to the celluloid for Columbia.

Claudia Dell will have the ingénue lead in *Fifty Million Frenchmen* when that successful stage play is put into production for the screen by Warner Brothers. Others already cast include Olsen and Johnson, Helen Broderick, Lester Crawford and William Gaxton.

When Paramount produces *Skippy,* a picture built around the newspaper comic strip by Percy Crosby, Robert Coogan, three - year - old brother of the famous Jackie, may make his movie début as a star. Victor Schertzinger, who will direct, is insisting on Bobbie for the principal rôle.

Jackie, too, is staging a come-back, playing one of the leads in Paramount's production of *Tom Sawyer.*

Buster Keaton and his wife, the former Natalie Talmadge, have departed for a vacation in Europe. They will purchase an auto in Paris and spend two months touring the out of the way places of the continent.

Because of his exceptional work in *Dough Boys,* M-G-M has renewed Buster's contract and raised his salary.

Fatty Arbuckle now is a full fledged director, having been signed by Educational to make a series of comedies starring Tom Patricola. Because his own name is tabooed by the Hays' organization, Fatty works under the cognomen of "William Goodrich."

M-G-M has purchased Zane Grey's best seller, *The Shepherd of Guadaloupe* as a starring vehicle for Johnny Mack Brown.

Three New York stage producers have made overtures to Charles Rogers, but the popular young star is remaining with Paramount.

Incidentally, Alice White rejected Flo Ziegfeld's offer of stage stardom. However, Olive Borden is deserting the films to align herself with the glorifier of American girlhood.

Eric von Stroheim, who began his directorial career on the old Universal lot, is going back home. When he returns from a European tour, he will go to work for the Laemmle family as a director, his first picture to be a talkie version of *Blind Husbands,* which he wrote and directed as a silent.

TALKING SCREEN

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SEP 12 1930

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BRIEF GUIDE

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE *(RKO)* — A crook story which has as its main interest the fact that the newlyweds, Bebe Danies and Ben Lyon, are playing in the same film.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—*(Universal)*—An amazing picturization of the well known unpleasantness of some years ago. It will give you a shock, but don't fail to see it.

ANIMAL CRACKERS *(Paramount)* — The famous quartette of Marx Brothers again do a swell job. Don't miss it.

ANNA CHRISTIE *(M-G-M)*—If you have not seen this famous film by this time, hie yourself to the nearest movie where it's playing.

ANYBODY'S WAR *(Paramount)* — The Two Black Crows are squawking again—this time in the garb of the A. E. F. A good comedy.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN *(Paramount)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BAD MAN *(First National)* — Reviewed in this issue.

THE BAD ONE *(United Artists)*—Dolores Del Rio does a good job of vamping Edmund Lowe in this thrilling tale of the Marseilles water front.

BIG BOY *(Warner)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BIG HOUSE *(M-G-M)*—A thrilling story of jail life, with, of course, the inevitable jail break. But it is done very well and holds the interest. Wallace Beery as *Butch* is particularly good.

THE BIG POND *(Paramount)*—Here is zat French garçon, Chevalier, again. No need to tell you girls to go to see it.

BILLY THE KID *(M-G-M)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT *(First National)*—There's everything in this but a really good story. Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda, and Lupino Lane inject some excellent comedy, and the Technicolor is marvelous.

BRIGHTS LIGHTS *(First National)*—Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay in another one of those back-stage stories. It's better than most, however.

CAUGHT SHORT *(M-G-M)*—Those two delightful people, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, put this over in a perfectly wow manner. Don't fail to see it if you enjoy laughing.

COMMON CLAY *(Fox)*—The old, old story of the girl, the boy, and the cheeild—but it's done in such a way as to be really touching. Don't fail to see it.

CONSPIRACY *(RKO)*—A tale of gangs and gangsters with Bessie Love doing her best to avenge the murder of her poor father. She does good work.

COURAGE *(Warner Brothers)*—The mother rôle is here again with Belle Bennett treading its well worn paths with her accustomed confidence. You had better see it.

DANCING SWEETIES *(Warner Brothers)*—Another dance hall story with Grant Withers and Sue Carol playing the leading characters who hop to it naturally.

DANGER LIGHTS *(RKO)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE DAWN PATROL *(First National)* — A thrilling air story of the Royal Air Forces during the Great War, with everything in it but the British accents one would naturally expect. However, Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., do such good work that one can overlook the other little inconsistencies.

THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY *(Paramount)*—Nancy Carroll bursts forth in a really thrilling rôle, knocking us for a counle of loops and then some. This little lady really can act and so, also, can Phillips Holmes, in spite of his being so handsome.

DISRAELI *(Warner Brothers)* — Although this picture is quite old, we put it on our list to be sure that you see it. George Arliss will thrill you.

The Ten Best and Why

ANNA CHRISTIE, for Greta Garbo—her voice and her dramatic power.

DISRAELI, for George Arliss and its authentic atmosphere.

THE DIVORCEE, for Norma Shearer.

SO THIS IS LONDON, for the wit which is Will Rogers'.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, for its amazing horror.

THE CUCKOOS, for Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

JOURNEY'S END, for its quiet drama.

THE DAWN PATROL, for Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the air scenes.

GRUMPY, for Cyril Maude.

HELL'S ANGELS, for the Zeppeline sequence.

THE DIVORCEE *(M-G-M)*—Norma Shearer, in this story unofficially taken from *Ex-Wife* positively does the best work of her long and varied career. This is one picture you simply must see.

DIXIANA *(RKO)*—Reviewed in this issue.

DOUGHBOYS *(M-G-M)* — Reviewed in this issue.

DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE *(Warner Brothers)*—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong in a good comedy with plenty of slang.

EYES OF THE WORLD *(United Artists)*—Harold Bell Wright is once more represented on the screen in this story which is typical of him. We needn't say any more.

THE FLORODORA GIRL *(M-G-M)*—Get ready for a good laugh when you see this one of Marion Davies in those quaint bustles and what-nots of the period known as the Mauve Decade.

FOLLOW THRU *(Paramount)*—Reviewed in this issue.

FOR THE DEFENSE *(Paramount)* — William Powell and Kay Francis in a charming story of a lawyer, the woman he loved, and the sacrifices they made for each other.

FREE AND EASY *(M-G-M)*—Buster Keaton's first talkie which concerns the movie lots of Hollywood. It's funny—it could be a little more so.

GOLDEN DAWN *(Warner Brothers)*—A lavish spectacle based on an operetta of the same name which is quite famous in stage circles. Vivienne Segal does an excellent job.

GOOD INTENTIONS *(Fox)*—Edmund Lowe is in the underworld again, this time as a gangster who falls in love with the girl in hi' s'ciety and so decides to give it all up. This one is fair entertainment.

GOOD NEWS *(M-G-M)*—The famous musical comedy, like many another, returns to us via the talking screen. Excellent chorus work makes this an unsually attractive talkie-singie.

GRUMPY *(Paramount)*—Reviewed in this issue.

HELL'S ANGELS *(Caddo)*—The famous multi-million dollar production arrives at last with a bang—in fact several bangs. If you like thrilling air stories, do see this one. The zeppelin sequences are breath-taking.

HELL'S ISLAND *(Columbia)* — One of them there Foreign Legion yarns with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves pulling some excellent rough stuff.

HER MAN *(Pathé)*—Reviewed in this issue.

HOLD EVERYTHING *(Warner Brothers)*—A swell musical comedy with Joe E. Brown playing the part of a two-fisted prize fighter who gets roped in plenty. Winnie Lightner also pulls some good gags and, believe us, that lady knows how a gag should be pulled. Better not miss it.

HOLIDAY *(Pathé)* — Here's the well known stage play in talkie form with Ann Harding, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton doing excellent work. The story is a trifle slow, but the dialogue is clever.

JOURNEY'S END *(Tiffany)* — An interesting psychological story of what happens when an assorted collection of men get in the firing line. You'll like it once you get used to the British lingo.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK *(Harold Auten)*—Here's an Irish play made in England with an English-Irish cast. Strangely enough they all work together very well, turning out an excellent reproduction of Sean O'Casey's play.

LADIES MUST PLAY *(Columbia)*—A story of a Wall Street broker who goes broke and his stenographer who goes to Newport to catch a rich man. It's all in fun and plenty amusing.

LET US BE GAY *(M-G-M)*—A charming version of the famous play, with Marie Dressler a wow as the old dowager. Norma Shearer is excellent in the leading rôle and her make-up will astonish you. The rest of the cast—which is one of big names—all do wonderfully well.

LIEBE IN RING *(All Art)*—A German talkie in German with Max Schmeling playing the leading rôle. Strange as it seems, he plays the character of a prize fighter—now would you have believed it? Fine, if you understand German.

LITTLE ACCIDENT *(Universal)*—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Anita Page, and Zasu Pitts make this entertainment something well worth seeing. The sequence in the maternity hospital will hand you more than one laugh.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES *(Paramount)*—Clara Bow sings a couple of songs and looks cute in this decidedly silly story. Mitzi Green, Skeets Gallagher, and Stuart Erwin all do good comedy work.

LOVE IN THE ROUGH *(M-G-M)*—Reviewed in this issue.

MADAME SATAN *(M-G-M)*—Cecil B. DeMille gives us one of his famous lavish productions of the kind of society which gives masked balls on zeppelins—high society. Reginald Denny, Roland Young, and Kay Johnson scintillate.

MAMBA *(Tiffany)*—Eleanor Boardman in a story of the jungles of South Africa and what it does to the beast in men. Very entertaining and will hold your interest.

A MAN FROM WYOMING *(Paramount)*—This again brings to the screen a gentleman by the name of Gary Cooper, maybe you know him. Unfortunately, the story is, well—just too much. However, his personality saves the picture.

[*Continued on page 98*]

JUST YOUR STYLE
AND HOLLYWOOD'S

The fall fashion parade has already begun, and the gowns and suits Hollywood chooses can be made at home at very little cost if you follow this article carefully

By **DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT**

THERE is real excitement in planning a new Fall wardrobe when colors, fabrics, and silhouette have undergone such rapid and radical changes as they have during the last few months. Unless we plan quite carefully, we're apt to find ourselves exceeding our clothes budget long before we've made all our necessary purchases — and others not precisely necessary, but oh how satisfying!

The first rule in clothes economy is to select a definite color scheme — (I *will* persist in bringing that up on every possible occasion, won't I!)— and buying or making every individual garment to match or harmonize. What lovely new shades we have this year. Black leads, as always, but by a much smaller margin than usual. It is very smart, and is the least apt to be "dated" of any color. Next in importance this season is brown, in rich reddish tones. Green follows, in several fascinating new shades, with wine reds almost equally in evidence. Those of you who like blue will find a wonderful range of hues from which to make your selections. For evening, white, black, and pastel shades with a dusty overtone are still as popular as they have been during the Summer months, with a new emphasis on reds.

SUCH interesting fabrics are emerging from exclusive fashion centers for Fall and Winter wear. Velvet which underwent a partial eclipse for a period, is coming back as a strong favorite for suits of the dressmaker type, as well as for afternoon gowns. An original manner of handling this fabric is the combining of plain velvet with panne—a treatment suggestive of the once popular crêpe-back satin used with both surfaces. Lace, which is taking a very definite place in the fashion parade, is used rather lavishly on velvet afternoon gowns.

For street and office wear thin woolens almost exclude all other fabrics. Quite the most delightful material I've seen is the new "twin tweed" — two weights of matching cloth, the lighter for the dress or suit, the heavier for a topcoat. Smart? Well, rather! This material costs about $8 a yard, and is 54 inches wide. I cannot imagine a more stunning Fall outfit than one made from this twin tweed, which fortunately comes in all the most exciting new shades. Such an ensemble would be infinitely practical, yet economical. Other new fabrics sponsored for Fall and Winter are Kashmirana, which is an Angora tweed suitable for topcoats; Cassia, also quite heavy; the famous Brameena tweeds, which are closely woven, and obtainable in a very large variety of shades and weaves; and Krepetweed, which has a crepy finish. Of course there are many other similar fabrics, too; but these are representative and are among the newest and best obtainable. Fortunately, their price is not prohibitive for the girl who can make her own wardrobe. To purchase such an outfit would be rather costly for the average girl. Now that the dressmaker type of garment is particularly smart, the girl who can sew is doubly lucky. Among other Fall materials in obvious demand are duvetyn, velveteen, suéde and chiffon cashmeres, and broadcloth.

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Wool crêpe is an especially favored material for fall suits this year. June Collyer, Paramount player, selects this model which features the bow tied in the front. The crêpe blouse has the always flattering draped neckline.

PORTRAITS

Preston Duncan

For a time Sue Carol seemed to be headed for almost certain oblivion, but she's back again and more delightful than ever. You'll like her with Amos 'n' Andy in Check and Double Check.

Hurrell

Gavin Gordon was just another southern boy until Greta Garbo selected him for the lead opposite her in Romance. *His splendid character work in the picture awarded him a long-term contract with M-G-M.*

Otto Dyar

Jack Buchanan's winning smile is quite the rage in London, where he is a musical comedy favorite. His first Hollywood venture was Paris, *and his present picture is* Monte Carlo, *opposite Jeanette MacDonald.*

Elmer Fryer

When it comes to buffoonery there are very few young ladies who can approach Winnie Lightner, the queen of them all. Her next talkie is to be a gay and sprightly one, aptly called Life of the Party.

Wm. E. Thomas

Mary Lewis, who graduated from opera to the talking screen, is at present having contract trouble with her producers. When things are fixed and everybody's happy she'll be seen in The Siren Song.

Elmer Fryer

The talkies, it seems, have certainly done right by Dick Barthelmess, for he has been enjoying a tremendously increased popularity. His current picture is Adios, *in which he appears with Mary Astor.*

Hurrell

Robert Montgomery's portrayal of Kelly *in* Love In the Rough *has won him a sudden flurry of fan mail, which will no doubt become heavier after his present rôle as the dashing young aviator in* War Nurse.

Otto Dyar

Frances Dee is the luckiest girl in Hollywood—just ask her. Someone saw her on the set in Follow Thru, *gave her a test, and the next day she was Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in* The Playboy of Paris.

Gene Robert Richee

When the talkies descended on Brooklyn's favorite daughter there were those who shook their heads sadly. Now they are nodding vigorously and her new picture, Her Wedding Night, *is good reason for it.*

GEORGE T. DELACORTE, Jr.,
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TALKING SCREEN

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The Spokesman of Talking Pictures

WHAT this country needs is a National Hero. They're as scarce as plus signs in a market report. And as Hollywood is the Great Provider of chills, thrills, tears, laughter, romance and scandal to the multitude, we were looking to the West for an ideal for the young idea. But since Douglas Fairbanks parleyed with those bandits we've ceased searching. The bandits, you know, who recently invaded Pickfair and whom Doug quieted with $100.

What a patriotic boon Doug might have bestowed had he risen to the occasion instead of exchanging courtesies with the robbers and compromising for a small cash settlement!

It would have created a new high in hero-worship had the Fourth Musketeer run true to form. He should have shinned up the bell-rope to Mary's plush portieres, swung from the drapes to the chandelier, swept the desperadoes to the parquet floor in his flight, leapt upon their prostrate forms, disarmed them and trussed them up with some red-tape from the studio.

Thus providing the thrill sequence—the big physical wow—he might have introduced a comedy element by autographing a photograph for each and delivering the lot to Joe Schenck. It was just about the hour when Joe can usually use three Jacks to fill a full-house.

It has been a serious disillusionment to us. We shan't be surprised to learn that Bill Haines has been fired without a single wise-crack at the boss, that Greta doesn't pet or that it's really Gary's double who is Lupe's boy-friend. Incidentally, the Fairbanks stick-up isn't on the police blotter. There are those who say the tale is subtle stuff put out to throttle rumors of ructions at Pickfair.

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS?

THIS influx of Hollywood screen stars to the Broadway stage looks like a deep and devious conspiracy. Not content with stealing all the stars from behind the footlights and turning the theatrical district into a deserted village, this latest volley is fired.

Colleen Moore, Rod La Rocque, Vilma Banky, Lya De Putti, Alice White, Janet Gaynor, even Mary Pickford, are reported signed or in the act of signing for stage productions.

It looks like Hollywood's way of putting the quietus on the theatre once and for all.

ESTIMATING

AND here's the first "multi-million-dollar" talkie—*Hell's Angels*. Which, unfortunately, isn't nearly so "stoopenjous" as the thought of the $4,000,000 expended in its production.

It is significant only in establishing Howard Hughes as a factor in filmdom. The twenty-six-year-old well-drilling Croesus has rushed in where other "angels" fear to tread. And the itching palm of Hollywood is turned upward in a Texas Guinan welcome.

But for all his lavish laying out of lucre, the Millionaire Kid proves himself a conservative who adheres closely to the blazed trail. Even to the extent of wooing a film femme. And the day of multi-million-dollar pictures has died a-borning. The boom-camp, gold-rush, bet-a-million days of Hollywood are gone.

Nevertheless, hail, Howard Hughes. He's been a lively topic, anyway, and will probably continue to be.

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

THEY say that the movie men, themselves, have laid out miniature golf courses adjacent to the theatres in the hope of catching the overflow for the talkies. The mind of Hollywood works in mysterious ways.

The mere recognizance of such an inane craze as competition is ample evidence that something is wrong with the movies. It is the poverty of their quality. Of almost four hundred productions released this season less than a score have distinguished themselves as smash hits. The remainder vary from mediocrity to the vapidness that drives folks up flag-poles in envious emulation of Shipwreck Kelly.

But don't worry, the talkies will be here when the little tiddledy-wink brother of croquet is flat as the figure of a film flapper. Tom Thumb golf is just another warning. Perhaps the alleged brains of Hollywood read the handwriting on the empty theatre walls, and provide the screen with art that is art.

MAURICE CHEVALIER ON LOVE

He has been called a Lothario, but Maurice merely shrugs his shoulders and smiles. "I am happily married," he says, "and have no further aspirations toward the ladies; besides, I'm not the Great Lover if you please."

By **MAURICE CHEVALIER**

This fascinating Frenchman who has been ballyhooed as the screen's foremost exponent of personality appeal tells in intimate detail just what he really thinks of the two greatest of all subjects—women and love

I HAVE been called a "ladies' man." It isn't true. I am happily married, and have no further aspirations toward feminity. Moreover, one thing I wish to avoid is classification among the sheiks of the screen. I am not known as a great lover in my own country. Nor, indeed, in any of the lands which have permitted me to entertain them. And I have no desire to be a Hollywood Lothario.

It has always been my ambition to appear on the screen or stage exactly as I am this moment. Just a fellow from the street. A chap from the boulevards. Very much like yourself. Or, if you are a girl, very much like your boy-friend. I am not what you call "cuh-razy" about playing the rôle of Prince or Count. Not even that of a lover. I want to be Chevalier. Thus far it has not been altogether possible. But you shall see me as myself in my new talkie, *The Playboy of Paris*.

But even though I decline the compliment of being called a ladies' man, I have not hesitated to observe the American girls during my residence in America. How could it be otherwise? They are so easy to look at, even a blind man must see.

Yes, I think they differ in many respects from the girls of France. Please don't tell them so in Paris—but I believe American girls are more beautiful. The most beautiful I have seen in any of my travels. But, *au contraire*, I think the girls of France have greater charm!

Why? Because they are more feminine. More mysterious. To me it seems an error for womanhood to debase itself to "equality" with man. There seems little gain in woman being the "boss." And, of course, she is just that in America. In

Here's Maurice beside the swimming pool at his home in Cannes, France. In Hollywood the Chevaliers live in a small apartment, and Maurice spurns luxurious cars for his little Ford roadster.

American girls are hard to understand, says Maurice. In Paris when a girl gives you the eye she means it — in America she's only practicing. And if you think she isn't, you're bound to end up with a poke in the nose.

Just to prove he is only a quiet home-loving husband, Maurice strums a love song or two on a rather domestic, and no doubt surprised, egg-beater.

Here is the proper stance for the young man about to begin a summer flirtation. Note the rakish angle of the hat—it's a French gesture, meaning "come on over, baby."

France it is not so. Why, even the laws here favor women in amazing fashion. Sometimes most unfairly. But that, after all, is none of my business. I comment, but do not criticize.

THE girls of America are far more free than those of France. This freedom is far from being merely theoretical. It is practiced in each hour of life. And I think it detracts from the feminine charm which is so seductive.

In France, if a girl gives you this-and-that with her eyes and the smile on her lips, you are permitted to consider yourself as having been given the absolutely perfect liberty to step up and say something to the effect of: "Hello, Baby, how are you fixed for steady company?"

But on this side of the water, girls may flirt most outrageously, and if one dares to accept the invitation extended by eyes and lips, there is a decided risk of being slapped in the face. And with so many athletes among the young women of America, this is no slight peril.

I think the American girls are less reserved than those of France. That is, they show their feelings more plainly. Which, you will agree, robs them to an extent of that subtle mystery which is such an important part of feminine charm.

They seem to believe in "platonic friendship"—a mingling of the sexes which is yet devoid of sex. I do not believe there is any such thing. Attraction between the sexes is based primarily on sex itself. While companionship is most desirable, sympathy and understanding essential to lasting love, the inception of love comes through sex attraction.

Not necessarily beauty. For beauty has become so general among women that it is almost taken for granted. And with men it is unimportant. Naturally both parties must be attractive—at least to one another. But when it comes to serious business, then a woman likes best the real, masterful type of man. And he will stick to the woman who understands and sympathizes with him. Yes, "babies" him, if you like. For the first recollection of woman in any man's consciousness has to do with his mother. And he subconsciously is seeking her counterpart.

WOMEN are every bit as intelligent as men. But their brains are different. It is a different sort of intelligence. And it is assisted largely by that quality we know as feminine intuition. It cannot be doubted but what it is greatly developed, usually, in the feminine gender. And women who are guided by intuition, even in preference to the famous so-called masculine logic, are generally far more correct in their conclusions—although they cannot tell you by what processes these conclusions have been formed. It is just one of those feminine mysteries, which puzzled old Solomon—and still puzzles us.

I think a woman's career should be her man. There is not room for a career and a husband in one feminine heart. Mind you, I am always regarding the man as the stronger member of the team—the most masterful. There are men, of course, who submerge themselves in their wives' careers. Perhaps they are happy so. Personally, I could not be. Nor, could I love a woman whose life consisted of activities utterly independent of my own. The interests of the couple should be as one, and not so utterly divergent as in many cases.

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GOOD GIRL

How a dimple and a turned-up nose kept Mary Brian from becoming a menacing screen vampire

By **S. R. MOOK**

THE trouble with you," said the lady who goes to the theatre with me this month, "is that you're too fickle. If I last a month I'll be lucky. Not," she added thoughtfully, "that you're any great bargain but every time I see you you're raving over someone else. One month it was Constance Bennett, then it was Lila Lee and then it was Kay Francis. Next month I suppose it'll—"

"Still be you," I began gallantly when a whiff of Chanel's Gardenia smote my nostrils and I started to squirm just a little in an effort to locate the seductive scent without letting it seem pointed.

"It's Mary Brian," said the girl friend mercilessly.

THE memory of that perfume lingered in my mind. I waited long enough for Mary to finish her lunch and get back to the studio and over I went. For once the gods were kind and I found her in her dressing-room—alone. But what to say.

"Ah, Mary," I began, "you're growing up. You're a big dirrul now, aren't you? You're getting parts with some sense to 'em, ain't you?"

"It's the talkies," Mary explained. "You see, in silent pictures they could make me as silly as they pleased because no one knew what I'd actually be saying, but if they had me play parts like those when I have to talk —well, it would be just too bad."

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Mary Brian says she'll never be a vamp, but the author, who wilted under one of her overwhelming glances, is quite prone to think otherwise. Imagine the explaining Mary had to do when Jack Oakie and Neil Hamilton dropped in.

LAST OF THE SQUADRON OF DEATH

By

E. R. MOAK

Today Dick Grace, Hollywood's aerial stunt king, is the sole survivor of the heroic little band of nine fliers which he organized in 1927, during the filming of the sky scenes in *Lilac Time*.

It seems impossible to believe that a man can emerge alive from a wreckage such as this, yet to Dick Grace it is only one of over thirty similar crashes which have marked his career as a champion risk-taker.

WE SAT in a Hollywood hotel room where Dick Grace, most daring of all movie stunt aviators, had been taken after surgeons had bound up three broken ribs and stitched as many gashes.

Dick was reprimanding me, his pal, for not having been in Sherwood Forest that morning, when, doubling for Buddy Rogers in *Young Eagles,* he intentionally crashed an airplane to earth, rolling it over on its back as it struck.

"Afraid," I apologized.

"Of what?"

"Had a hunch it would be your last crack-up."

"So did I," came back this veteran of more than thirty-five plane smash-ups that have furnished thrills for millions of film fans the world over. "But, when it does come, that's the way I want it—with my hand on the stick."

DICK lolled in an easy chair, but the lines that wreathed his face bespoke his physical pain.

The phone rang.

"I'll get it," he said, limping across the room.

I heard him say "Hello," into the instrument. Then, "My God!" And, with that, he crumpled to the floor.

Dick Grace had fainted! The man who, during the making of *Wings,* had crawled with a broken neck from beneath a plane he had deliberately wrecked only to calmly ask for a cigarette! This man had fainted over a telephone conversation.

He had just been told that two planes had crashed over the waters of the Pacific during the shooting of *Such Men Are Dangerous,* with a toll of eleven lives, including those of two pilots—Capt. Ross Cooke and Hallock Rouse.

"And I sent them to their death," he sobbed. "Why couldn't it have been I?"

THREE days later, with this thought still torturing him, his fractures and wounds not yet mended, he again took

The intriguing story of Dick Grace, the sky daredevil who laughs at death to provide movie thrills —the last member of his famous squadron

the air and wrecked a second ship for *Young Eagles,* doubling for Paul Lukas.

But it wasn't the same laughing, joking Dick Grace, for this time he was flying as the sole survivor of Hollywood's Squadron of Death, eight members of which had gone to their doom since he organized the little band of aerial dare-devils for the sky scenes in *Lilac Time* on January 2, 1927.

Dick and Buddy Rogers examine the remains of a plane shortly after Dick sent it hurtling to earth during the filming of *Young Eagles*, in which he doubled for Buddy in the air scenes.

Hallouck Rouse had been a close friend of Dick's for years, but Ross Cooke had been the last of his fearless squadron. He was killed on the second anniversary of the organization's birth.

"And I sent them to their death!"

Dick couldn't shake the thought as he took off from the flying field, circled "No Man's Land," sent the craft into a spin and dug its nose into the ground on a spot where he had placed his own handkerchief as a marker.

Strapped into the wreckage, Dick waited until the cameras ceased to grind, then he was cut loose from the mass of twisted steel, splintered wood and torn linen, all that remained of what had a few minutes before been a proud and powerful airship. Field hospital surgeons reset the fractured ribs, sewed a few more cuts and Dick was driven back to his hotel.

The fatal accident of his friends has left its mark on him.

DICK already had been signed by Paramount for the *Young Eagles* crashes, when Director Kenneth Hawkes summoned him to the Fox lot.

"I want you and any other pilot you pick to fly two big planes for the leap scene in *Such Men Are Dangerous,*" Hawkes told him. "We'll shoot the first clear day after January first."

"Can't take it. My Paramount job comes up at the same time," replied Dick, regretting that he had to pass up another offer.

"Get me two men you know are able to handle it," requested the director.

As to his choice of one of them, Dick need give no thought. Ross Cooke, the man who had been his flight lieutenant since the formation of his squad, would appreciate the call, for work had been slack over the holidays. And Dick had the utmost confidence in him.

Then there was Hallock Rouse, as able as he was daring. Dick phoned both flyers and outlined the stunt. They were to take the camera ships out over the ocean, diving them 5,000 feet to photograph the plunge of a man leaving a third plane via parachute.

They took the air the same day Dick was doubling for Buddy Rogers. But something went

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A German plane, piloted by Dick Grace, at the end of a nose dive to the ground. In scenes such as this Grace must crash his plane on a certain spot, in order that cameras placed about the spot may catch the action.

One of Dick's first movie crashes was done in *Lilac Time*, when he formed his Squadron of Death. The picture shows Colleen Moore examining the plane shortly after the crash.

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

By **CHARLES REED JONES**

Ramón Novarro left a flourishing financial exchange business in Mexico to teach piano and voice in Los Angeles and portray minor rôles in pictures.

If Lois Wilson had been a good school teacher—well, she'd still be teaching school. But she wasn't, and they fired her. However, they say she's done quite well since that time.

Although some of the "western" stars have never seen a horse except on location, it's not so in the case of Hoot Gibson. Hoot was a cowpuncher for years before he even entered a movie palace.

John Gilbert made his first stage appearance when a young man of one. Later in life he sold automobile tires, and later still he came to Hollywood as a scenario writer and director in the silent days.

ALMOST any star or director of the talking screen can be induced, with very little urging indeed, to discuss his career for publication. And almost any one of them, too, will tell you that intensive preparation, hard work, study, and an unswerving will are the essential factors for a successful career in the studios. I doubt if the facts bear them out.

There are many players, of course, like John Gilbert, Marilyn Miller, Lila Lee, and Rod La Rocque, who were carried behind the footlights before they were able to walk or who were pushed upon the stage in early childhood. But there seem to be many more who have been launched upon theatrical careers quite by accident. A hurried check of my long, long list reveals, for instance, erstwhile bricklayers, truck drivers, school teachers, telephone operators, stenographers, miners, and exponents of a dozen other alien, if not strange, callings.

HERE, then, are the facts.

What could have been the background of the great lovers of the talking screen? You knew, of course, that Rudolph Valentino had been a farmer in Italy and a dancer in the United States before June

It was music that brought Betty Compson into pictures, for she was playing the violin in a small theatre when the movies lured her. She's had an occasion recently to make use of this skill in a talkie.

Many and varied were the professions the stars left to crash the movie gates—everything from bricklaying to ostrich feeding

Mathis and Rex Ingram selected him for the leading rôle in *The Four Horsemen.* You knew, too, that John Barrymore was born to the stage, an offspring of one of the most distinguished families in the annals of the American theatre. But you have been wondering about three others—John Gilbert, Ramón Novarro, and Conrad Nagel.

At the tender age of one year, little Johnnie Gilbert was carried on the stage in the arms of Eddie Foy—a splendid start—and, yet, some seventeen years later, he was selling automobile tires for the Goodrich Rubber Company. Jack has reached the peak now, but he served a long apprenticeship as a scenario writer and director before he ever donned the grease paint.

NOVARRO'S start was less auspicious. He quit his own business, a financial exchange in Mexico City, his birthplace, to give piano and vocal lessons in Los Angeles. He must have felt the urge of the theatre then, for another step toward his ultimate stardom in motion pictures brought him a job as usher in a small movie theatre. I saw him next about nine years ago, bearing still his unpronounceable Mexican name and playing the rôle of a French musician with Henrietta Crosman in *Enter Madame* at a Los Angeles theatre. Ramón wore a beard then, ladies.

Unaccustomed as Joe E. Brown is to public speaking, he can hardly be blamed for elaborating a bit on his past. He started out as a circus acrobat, played baseball for the New York Yankees, did vaudeville and burlesque and finally hit the talkies.

Lon Chaney started out as a guide on Pike's Peak, although some of his admirers still insist that Lon is really the Peak. His first movie experience was as a property man and stage hand. And you may not believe it, but he is also an interior decorator.

Hold everything! Conrad Nagel, who throbbed and made you throb through *Three Weeks,* was a bricklayer. His early ambition was to be an architect, and bricklaying, apparently, was his notion of starting his chosen profession at the bottom. Conrad is not complaining now, but he complained then because the union local in Des Moines, Iowa, refused to let him continue his constructive efforts at one dollar a day. Later, because the union would not relent, he worked as a room clerk and telephone operator at a hotel in the same city.

ALICE WHITE was a telephone operator, but she has held a dozen other jobs as well. Her first whirl in the turmoil of business brought her to the office of a Hollywood realtor, whose wife promptly decided that the new stenographer had too much *It* for the good of any business. She failed to last much longer on the switchboard of the Writers' Club, but the reason for her sudden retirement there is not,

unfortunately, on record. Not long after this, one of the executives at the United Artists studios decided that Alice lacked the poise and dignity that were consistent with his company's publicity department, and Alice was again among the unemployed. She became a script girl, quit to take a small part in a South Sea Island picture, lost the part, and was unable to get the script job back. Alice clerked at Universal City. She addressed envelopes at an office in Los Angeles. She tried real estate again, ringing doorbells to ask owners whether their homes were for sale. A casting agent *discovered* Alice while she was holding a script on the Charlie Chaplin lot. *Naughty Baby* and *Hot Stuff* were two of her first pictures; and that's Alice. Lois Wilson taught school in the Alabama mountains for two weeks. She was fired. Milton Sills was an instructor of philosophy at the University of Chicago. He quit voluntarily to follow the stage. Louis Wolheim was a professor of mathematics at Cornell; it was football for the dear old Red and White that flattened his nose. Theodore Roberts was once a teacher. Gwen Lee taught dancing after leaving the farm in Nebraska. Anita Page is a talented artist, but she taught kindergarten for a short time at Flushing, Long Island.

Don't gulp when we tell you Louis Wolheim was a mathematics instructor at Cornell before he became acquainted with movie studios. Incidentally, it was a football game for his dear old alma mater that flattened his nose and gave him his villainous visage.

IT MAY be that Lon Chaney first learned to crawl, and squirm, and climb when he worked as a guide on Pike's Peak. There are a few in the know, in fact, who insist that Lon Chaney really is Pike's Peak. He developed his brawn, no doubt, in his various, subsequent jobs as theatrical property man, transportation agent, and studio stage hand.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., studied art in Paris before he made his début in motion pictures. He recently sold six caricatures of screen stars to Vanity Fair. Malcolm St. Clair was a cartoonist, and Ford Sterling's artistic leanings are toward photography. He has a studio now in Pasadena, California, which he operates for profit—as well as for his own diversion. Billie Dove studied art while she was living in New York City, but she was practical enough to learn before long that posing was far more profitable than painting.

These two young ladies began their careers in the sweet quietude of a convent. Both Josephine Dunn, left, and Raquel Torres pursued business courses, but Wall Street suffered a severe setback when the films stole them away.

REX INGRAM was a sculptor. Motion pictures were always the means to an end for him. He told me at the Christie Hotel in Hollywood immediately after the first showing of *The Four Horsemen* that he would quit the screen as soon as he could afford to so that he could devote himself exclusively to sculping. Forty stars and directors, I guess, have told me of similar plans. Ingram and Jimmy Morrison are the only two that have been strong (or weak) enough to pass up the Hollywood dollars. Ingram has a home and studio in Southern France now; Jimmy is writing novels and short stories in Greenwich Village.

Renée Adorée first appeared before the public as a bareback rider in a French circus. Her father was a clown, and he prepared her early for her career. Later, after another season or two as an acrobat, she studied dancing; and, in her case as in the cases of Mae Murray, Joan Crawford, and a score of others, dancing paved the way to the movie studios. Raymond Hatton was also a circus rider, and the trick falls that he introduced into early Mack Sennett comedies were learned under the Big Top.

JOE E. BROWN did his bit with a circus, too. Joe, as a youngster, was one of the Five Marvelous Ashtons, a troupe of aerial acrobats with Ringling's, Robertson's, and other large circuses. Joe quit acrobatics necessarily when the ground man of the act, because of some petty argument, deliberately let him fall to the stage. His leg was broken. At seventeen, Joe was a professional baseball player with the St. Paul team. He advanced later to the big leagues, winning a berth with the New York Yankees. Years of vaudeville and burlesque followed and kept him busily occupied until the advent of the talkies, when Joe suddenly found himself a very much wanted young man in Hollywood.

Alexander Gray was another venturesome youngster. He is one of the several male stars of the talking screen who sold newspapers. His second commercial venture was gathering water cress which he sold at the Baltimore Lexington market. Then came a job in his uncle's tobacco fields in Pennsylvania. He was leader of the college glee club at Penn State, where he studied engineering, and he sold and demonstrated aluminum cooking utensils to pay his way through school. He scrubbed decks on a British merchant ship to see Europe, and he stoked in Howard Gould's yacht to get back to the United States. Gray was later technical editor of *Iron Age*, a teacher in a Chicago elementary school and at Northwest Military and Naval Academy, and advertising manager for the Diamond Truck Company. How he first landed a part in Ziegfeld's *Midnight Frolic* is not important; obviously, such a man could land anything he went after. To-day, just to keep himself occupied in his off mo-

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NOW YOU'RE TALKING

In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends hearty congratulations to:

Richard Dix, who, in *Shooting Straight*, takes an overdrawn and unreal character and invests it with such unusual artistry that his impersonation becomes a thing of life and reality—drawing forth your sympathies and to a surprising degree.

Ronald Colman, whose delightful *savoir-faire* so perfectly fits the character of *Raffles*, in the talkie of that name. Not at all easy, this business of being debonair, but Colman's portrayal of the suave amateur cracksman is well-nigh perfect.

Joan Crawford, who makes *Our Blushing Brides* an outstanding picture by her superbly human characterization of Jerry — a characterization which so easily might have fallen into the trite and irritating mould of the usual movie heroine.

Cyril Maude, whose work in *Grumpy* brings to the screen a performance that is positively amazing in its blending of humor, pathos and appealing humanity—and all without once overdoing the histrionics, a feat which is more than difficult.

Claudette Colbert, who accomplishes the difficult task of taking a characterization made famous in the silent days—that of *Lydia Thorne* in *Manslaughter* — and investing it with her own vivid personality to make an original character creation.

Tidings from Talkie Town

Here's Skipper Arlen enjoying a little clean fun with all hands on deck. It's Dick's new yacht, and he used it as a location home during the filming of *The Sea God*, his newest.

Mary Astor approves of Dick Barthelmess' little companion, and the bear doesn't seem to mind his company at all. Mary and Dick were working on *Adiós*, by the way.

THEY tell this one about a Britisher who visited Hollywood recently. As a son of a well-known statesman, he was entertained during his visit here.

Received an official welcome to Hollywood from Sid Grauman. Had a tea given in his honor by King Douglas and Queen Mary at Pickfair. Was royally fêted at the beach home of Marion Davies. And finally made a personal tour of all the studios.

That night as he was about to retire, there was a discreet knock at the door and a bellboy presented himself to ask if he had not forgotten to put his shoes out to be blackened.

"I have not." he said, "I'm jolly well afraid they might gild the bloomin' things."

By The Talkie Town Tattler

THERE are few actors, either on the stage or on the screen, who can compete with H. B. Warner for purity in diction. He is such a stickler for pro- and e- nunciation that at times he forgets himself and corrects others not so well versed as he is.

Not long ago he was working in a picture, where the leading feminine rôle was entrusted to a young lady but a year out of high school. Not because of her dramatic ability, but because of her well known physical attributes—and some of them prefer them that way—she is where she is to-day.

Mr. Warner and the young lady were going over their lines together. Everything went well till she came to a part in the script where she had to explain her relationship to the leading man.

"I am his fiancée." She read it, with the final double "e" silent like the "q" in potatoes.

"You mean *fee-on-say*," Mr. Warner politely offered.

"Certainly not!" She blazed. "I know what I'm doing."

Far be it from H. B. to contradict a lady, especially a four-grand-a-week charmer. But the director, who had overheard the altercation, quickly intercepted.

"Of course you're right, Miss Eyefull," said he, with a wink at Mr. Warner, "but for the benefit of our rural cousins, you'd better be the *fiancée*."

HOOT GIBSON and Sally Eilers, one of Hollywood's latest honeymoon couples, dropped into a little French restaurant for dinner recently. A waiter, suppressing a yawn, leisurely sauntered over and inquired:

"Would Madam and Monsieur have snails? We are famous for them."

"Yes, I know," returned Hoot. "One of 'em waited on us last time we were here."

WHILE casting for a recent production, director Clarence Brown was approached by a well known bits and parts player for a part.

"I might be able to use you," said Clarence, "but it will be quite a while yet. See me in a couple of weeks."

"If you want me," said the actor, you'd better put me on the pay roll right now. There are a lot of other companies after me."

"Yes?" That was an old gag to director Brown but

he intended to call the bluff. "And what companies are they?"

"Well," said the actor counting them off on his fingers, "there's the light company, the 'telephone company, the gas company and—." Brown laughed and put him on salary.

PSYCHOANALYSTS might work themselves up into a state of great excitement about Sue Carol's predicament. Some of her dreams are so real that Sue believes them. Not long ago an awful thing happened. Sue dreamt that a friend named Eddie had died. Eddie is a well known actor and the church at which his funeral was held was crowded with mourners.

The day after this dream, Sue, still under the impression that it was real, met another of Eddie's friends on the boulevard.

"I can't get over Eddie!" Sue began, tears in her big dark eyes. "I felt so awful at his funeral. I kept thinking of things I could have done if I'd known he was going to die—"

"WHAT?" shrieked the friend. "Eddie dead? Why didn't anybody tell me? What could I have been doing? Whatever will his wife *think* of me for not going to the funeral? I didn't even send flowers!"

Sue gave the details of the funeral sadly. She was still under the spell of that sadness when she walked on, and—came face to face with Eddie!

"Eddie! *Eddie!* Oh, what have I done?" cried Sue.

She was in such a state of agitation that Eddie made her tell him what it was all about.

And now the mean man tells her the dream was one of these "wish fulfillments!"

Sprightly, inside comment about the talkies and those who make them

A HOLLYWOOD statistician has taken his pencil in hand and figured that talkie extras averaged thirty-eight cents a day during the last year. All of which led Jack Oakie to remark:

"And some of them were worth it."

NICK STUART was broadcasting on an air program for Mack Sennett. When he had finished his talk he remarked:

"Well, I'm glad that's over."

Nick hadn't stopped to consider that the mike was still open.

Before he got away from the studio, a dozen or more telegrams had arrived. They said in effect:

"So are we."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN isn't taking any chances on suits for plagiarism for the gags used in his newest film, *City Lights*, which will be released this fall.

In the prizefight sequence, Charlie walked down the aisle, clad in trunks, the Chaplin shoes, the Chaplin jacket thrown over his shoulders, and the usual derby on his head. He was followed by two husky ex-heavyweight fighters carrying the water bucket and towels.

"Say, boss," said Nate Slott, former amateur featherweight champion of the world, who is playing a bit in the picture, "you'd get a laugh if you carried the bucket yourself."

"Let's try that," said Chaplin to his assistant director.

"I cawn't see how you Americans eat the bally stuff!" remarked Claud Allister, after tasting William Janney's gum. Bill says the only trouble with Claud's monocle is that you can't park it on the bedpost at night.

Look out folks! Here's Lila Lee all set to go over with a bang. Lila has been a busy lady in Talkie Town, and the hunting trip was merely a little rest taken between the filming of two recent pictures.

· · Tidings from Talkie Town · ·

Ann Harding puts a final touch to her complexion before slipping into the pool at her Hollywood hillside home. Mickey, her dog, obviously considers himself a big help.

The scene was re-shot.

Fifteen minutes later an office boy arrived from the Chaplin offices with a check for $25 for Slott.

VERILY, a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

When Jimmy Hall, who shares the honors in Hell's Angels *with Ben Lyon, paid a visit to the little town in texas where he was born, the citizens gave a banquet in his honor. Among the guests was a farmer who evidently had a very poor opinion of actors.*

"Huh," he exclaimed as Jimmy rose to address the diners, "'tain't nobody but that Hall boy who used to steal my melons. Allus did say he wouldn't amount to much. Him being an actor proves I was right."

HOLLYWOOD is puzzled over what Sergei M. Eisenstein, famous young Russian film director, is going to do with the $100,000 he receives from Paramount for directing two pictures for that organization.

Under the laws of Soviet Russia, Sergei cannot take the money home with him when he returns to his native land. Neither can he invest it in this country.

Sergei himself is worried. The only thing he can figure out of it is to spend the whole sum before leaving America. No doubt America is willing.

MAURI GRASHIN, Pathé writer, was matched against William DeMille, M-G-M director, in the motion picture tennis tournament. Grashin won by default. Naturally, everyone was surprised.

"How come?" asked one of the innocent bystanders.

"Oh, it was easy," replied Grashin. "I just called him up and asked if we couldn't settle this thing outside the courts!"

LUNCHEON was being served in the M-G-M dining room. Change from an extra's twenty-dollar bill included a ten-dollar note on the Commercial Trust and Savings National Bank of Los Angeles. Picking it up, the player noticed "Cecil B. DeMille" written boldly, in purple ink, in the lower right-hand corner.

He shoved the bill back toward the cashier: "Here," he demanded, "what's this? Does that stand for 'Cecil DeMille, director'?"

Puzzled, she pointed to the open doorway, "Ask him, there's Mr. DeMille coming in."

"Yes," the great director admitted, when shown the ten-spot, "I made it myself."

It developed that as Vice President of the Commercial Trust

The Brown Derby is still a puzzle to the two dark gentlemen recently imported from Africa by the *Trader Horn* company. They insist they won't stick their heads into anyone else's hat.

Tidings from Talkie Town

and Savings National Bank (which merged with The Bank of Italy, in 1927), Mr. DeMille, in 1926, signed ten- and twenty-dollar bills individually, "until he got tired."

Since he signed about $5,000 worth, and since the bills are still in circulation, it might be well to watch your wallet for currency legally signed by the director who made bathtubs famous in America.

THERE are so many Lees in pictures that visitors to the studios find identification confusing. Not long ago Dorothy of that name chanced to meet an easterner while dining at the Roosevelt.

"I've always wanted to meet you, Miss Lee," he said. Your work in *Male and Female* was wonderful."

"You are mistaken in the person," replied Dorothy, sweetly. "It was Lila who was the dash of that picture. I was only the Dot in *Cuckoos*."

AN AIRPLANE started a tailspin near the First National Studio at Burbank, California. Before it could crash, seventeen cameramen with their machines, three directors and one producer were on the spot. Thus was Hollywood enterprise vindicated:

"A free crash saves cash," murmured the producer as he walked away.

The pilot and his passenger were killed.

We were about to note that Victor MacLaglen certainly carries his liquor well, but it's not that at all—not by a jugful! It's merely part of the water supply Vic did away with while on location for *On The Make*.

The rough-hewn gent above is no roamer of the pulsating plains at all, as his garb would have you believe. It's our old pal Reginald Denny, with the wife, at the gate of their mountain lodge.

LORNA MOON, author of Dark Star, *which she wrote after tuberculosis had forced her to take to her bed, never received her $50,000 check for the screen rights.*

M-G-M officials mailed her the money two hours before she died. It was delivered at her Hollywood home the next day.

THERE is one extra man in Hollywood who never worries about the shortage of work in the studios.

On the days he fails to receive a call, he visits every hotel and drug store on Hollywood boulevard, collecting forgotten nickels from the return slot in the public phone booths.

He says he makes from five to seven dollars a day.

ALICE WHITE told me of the time she came closest to real tears on a movie set.

As a child, Alice admired Blanche Sweet, then an outstanding cinema star. She was Alice's favorite.

Then Blanche stepped down. A few months ago, she

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BEHIND HER PRETTY

FACE

Nancy Carroll's smiling Irish eyes realized fame and stardom in a few short years—and underneath her very decorative exterior is the shrewd fighter that made her success so sudden and so complete

Nancy's not really hiding—she's just pretending. Besides, her public wouldn't let her, for she has come to be one of the most popular young ladies the box-office has ever known.

By **HERBERT CRUIKSHANK**

SHE'S a "red-head, red-head, gingerbread-head." — the kind Irene Franklin use to croon about. But the chances are that Ann La Hiff Kirkland never sobbed "why wasn't I born a blonde." For Ann—Nancy Carroll to you—has been too busy during her twenty-four (going on twenty-five, come next November 19th) years of life's rough-and-tumble to spend much time bemoaning her fate.

In fact, it hasn't been a fate to bemoan. It wouldn't be hard to think of three or four girls willing to exchange destinies. Perhaps even you wouldn't too much mind being the movie star who has made such a real dent in the heart of Hollywood.

But no fairy of fortune was hovering about to thrust a silver spoon in Nancy's mouth at the hour of her birth. That event was just a bit of routine business for the stork. For the old bird had stuck its bill into the La Hiff home six times before. And repeated seven times after. Which, as you see if you're good at arithmetic, makes Nancy a seventh child. A distinction, incidentally, that runs in the family.

THE very first time that Nancy wrinkled that adorable little nose of hers the scene was in a room above a butcher shop near the New York water-front. The chances are that the butcher sold hams and bacons from Limerick. And that he didn't do much business on a Friday—unless, indeed, he put in a stock of fresh fish for the day. It was an Irish neighborhood, d'ye see, affectionately referred to as "Tent' avenoo 'n' sickty-ate street" by the corner-boys.

When she was old enough to toddle Nancy was told to "run along with you now and don't be after gettin' into mischief," and was tossed out to fight and frolic amid the clamor of Manhattan's great West Side. Early she developed the

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Here is Nancy in a scene from *Laughter*, her new picture which affords her another chance to demonstrate the dramatic ability so conclusively evidenced in *The Devil's Holiday*.

Ann La Hiff changed her name after she and her sister Terry, appearing as *The Carroll Sisters*, won an amateur night prize at an East Side theatre in New York.

FREAK CLAUSES IN THEIR CONTRACTS

By **MARY SHARON**

There's a line or two in Anita Page's contract which tells her she must watch her figger, for if the young lady takes on too many pounds she's liable to find herself plump out of a job.

Here's Clara Bow glumming up the works. You'd be blue too if you couldn't even endorse a cigarette, and all because you had a clause which prohibited your name from appearing with any firm other than Paramount.

Eddie Nugent, who is shown attired for a formal evening of Hollywood mud - slinging, holds one of the most unique contracts, for he can be called on in five capacities.

WHEN is a contract not a contract? Hollywood's answer to this conundrum is, "When it becomes a bill of sale by adding a freak clause or two."

More than one player has sold to his producer his rights to liberty and the pursuit of happiness through an innocent-looking little paragraph in his contract.

When word has reached Paramount that Clara Bow had signed an advertising contract to allow her likeness to share honors with a popular brand of cigarettes they quickly put an end to things.

Two years ago, Clara's father opened a restaurant and the sign above the entrance read: *Clara Bow's Steak-House*. Business was getting off to a grand start when Paramount officials rushed down and forced him to take down the sign. Clara's money might be in the venture, but her name?—Never. There is a clause in her contract which forbids it—and forbids it emphatically.

ALICE WHITE journeyed to Chicago recently with the announced intention of marrying Sid Bartlett. At the time she was under contract to First National.

When pressed for details of the coming marriage, studio officials were firm in their denial, and insisted that Alice could not marry.

Alice returned from the trip unwed.

There was a clause in her contract which made it impossible for Alice to marry except with the consent of her employers. There was another clause in her contract which gives First National the right to censor her boy friends. This clause was written into her contract after the sensational publicity that came about through her affair with Dick Grace, the stunt aviator, who was at one time reported engaged to her.

Here is the inside story of those often-rumored clauses inserted in the players' contracts as a protection against unforeseen developments

This contract stuff is no laughing matter to Buster Keaton, for he must maintain his frozen face if he expects to keep his job with M-G-M.

Singing in the bathtub is no fun for Walter Pidgeon, for he's barred from singing tenor at any time.

Clara Bow is also forbidden to marry, according to the terms of her contract. Studio officials killed all pictures made of Harry Richman and Clara and gave everyone to understand that their wedding was impossible and would never be consummated.

Paramount has also discouraged the marriage of Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez.

Strong opposition on the part of the Fox Company was undoubtedly the reason for the peculiar manner in which Sue Carol and Nick Stuart managed their wedding. When the news of their marriage leaked out, Fox let Sue go. She's now with RKO.

ALL players are bound by a morality clause.

Joan Crawford's contract has the most rigid morality clause of any in existence, even giving the hour when she is expected to retire at night.

Walter Pidgeon longs to sing tenor. His voice is pitched so that he can sing either tenor or baritone. However, the studio fears that if he sings tenor, his voice might be ruined eventually for baritone rôles. They have inserted a clause in his contract, forbidding him to sing tenor.

Frank McHugh is a moral person and does not use any kind of intoxicating liquors. However, his first appearance in the talkies was in the rôle of a drunk and was so funny that he was cast a second time as a drunk. Moreover, in three pictures not yet released he appears in drunken rôles. At last, it dawned on him that he was settling into an established groove as a drunken player. He remonstrated and finally announced that he would not accept any more parts of this type. However, First National has just signed him to a long term contract and has inserted a clause which forces him to play drunken rôles whenever the studio requests him to do so.

BUSTER KEATON has a clause in his contract which forbids him to smile during his work before the camera. This is to protect his "frozen-face" reputation.

Lon Chaney's contract forbids him to make personal appearances and also makes it impossible for him to sit for straight portraits. Lon's aura of mystery is his greatest attraction and for this reason his contract is drawn so that he cannot pose for any photos except those made by the studio photographer and okayed by the studio.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is prohibited from flying in planes by the terms of his agreements. However, during the recent army air meet, he went up as a passenger.

Horrified First National officials saw both Doug, Jr., and Grant Withers sailing through the air in two of the army planes. The pilots did a lot of spectacular stunts and suddenly the plane in which Grant was riding ran out of gas and dropped 1800 feet before they were able to refuel from the reserve tank aboard the plane. It was a bad moment for both the executives and Grant, as one can readily imagine.

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Joe E. Brown sadly fears he will never be the screen's greatest lover, for his producers won't let him raise a moustache. They're afraid it will improve his pan.

Joan Crawford is guided by one of the strictest morality clauses in Hollywood. Her studio even suggests the time the young lady is expected to retire.

HOLLYWOOD HOBBIES

Mary Pickford's hobby is children, and her parties for the kiddies at Pickfair are gay ones. She's shown here during the filming of *Sparrows*, when she mothered nine youngsters and enjoyed herself immensely.

John Gilbert had his tennis court blasted out of rock on his Hollywood estate, and a special lighting arrangement allows him to enjoy his favorite sport even at night.

All her life Billie Dove has been a collector of rare perfumes. Her hobby is an expensive one, for some of her containers alone are worth $10,000.

THERE are Hollywoodians with hobbies. Then, too, there are other Hollywoodians with HOBBIES!

The former put no great dent in the fat pay checks of the stars. But the latter are costly things to ride.

The film folks run the gauntlet in pastimes—from whale hunting to collecting old cook books. Others search the far corners for rare perfumes, and a couple of childless feminine notables are more interested in children than anything else!

Expenditures range from the price of a year's dues in a golf club, plus a few dozen white balls, to the $40,000 or $50,000 necessary for the annual upkeep of a $250,000 motor boat on which to spend an occasional week-end or vacation.

CAREFUL tabulations of costs of these various and varied pleasures of the residents of Cinemaland convince one that yachting leads the list for outgo. And the major portion of the vast sum is contributed by five persons—John Barrymore, Cecil B. DeMille, Conrad Nagel, Hal Roach and Richard Barthelmess.

For years, John has been a sailor before the mast, his $150,000 *Mariner* once having won the Los Angeles-Honolulu race after traveling half way across the Pacific under full sail with John in command.

But John has now turned to power craft, his new *Infanta,* equipped with staterooms for twelve guests and quarter for a crew of eight, having been launched last spring at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. The ship is 120 feet long and is driven by two big Diesel engines.

Incidentally, the *Infanta* carries a complete nursery, for the stork was hovering over the Barrymore-Costello home while the yacht was under construction.

Builders of the *Infanta* estimate the cost of operating at more than $50,000 a year. That includes the pay of the crew, their maintenance, fuel for the motors and repairs.

The Barrymores have taken several cruises this summer and are looking forward to a South Seas trip.

—and the cost of riding them

By E.R.MOAK

Al Jolson pines all day long for dear old Dixie, but the minute he gets the make-up off, his particular delight is imported automobiles. And on glimpsing his fleet you can hardly blame him for yelling "Mammy!"

Frequently strange and always interesting are the hobbies of Hollywood's great and near great

Despite the miniature golf craze there are still a few veterans who stick to the old-fashioned, full-length game. Doug Fairbanks spends most of his spare time on the links.

Ramón Novarro maintains a fully equipped Little Theatre, where he entertains his friends with musical comedies and shows which he produces and personally directs.

CONRAD NAGEL, with his power cruiser, The *Tiburón*, also finds his hobby expensive for he is forced to keep six men aboard throughout the twelve months.

Richard Barthelmess is another ardent yachtsman. He has a crew of two on his *Pegasus*, a two-masted schooner, and when the black craft's sails are hoisted and her nose pointed toward Catalina, the owner's guests generally include Mrs. Barthelmess, William Powell and Ronald Colman.

Charlie Farrell, whose hankering for sails dates back to his childhood in Cape Cod, purchased a 45-foot schooner a year ago. Three months later, Richard Arlen became a seafarer by joining with Walter Huston in acquiring a power cruiser of the cabin type.

SEVERAL families could live in comparative comfort on what one of our flying stars spends in a year on the upkeep of his planes.

A fairly good ship may be purchased at from $10,000 up to—well, there's no limit. One of Ben Lyon's cost $30,000 and Wallace Beery paid $25,000 for one that was wrecked by his pilot four weeks after its delivery.

But airplanes require attention—much of it—if one would safeguard one's neck. There is hangar rental, gas and oil, mechanics to overhaul them after each flight, new parts and

John Barrymore's yacht, the *Infanta*, cost him a quarter of a million dollars, and he spends another fifty thousand every year for maintenance.

other items that run high.

Hoot Gibson, who won his renown and wealth on the back of a bucking horse, finds his pleasure in the air. He, too, is the owner of a brace of planes, a high-speed runabout and a five-passenger cabin job. Hoot says operation and upkeep cost him $20,000 a year.

WHILE Al Jolson has not as yet taken to the air, he does have a weakness for automobiles — imported cars. He is reputed to have expended $68,000 for new vehicles during 1929.

Not long ago, the Mammy singer was driving past a salesroom. In the window, he espied a Mercedes-Benz sedan, the body of futuristic design.

Al skidded his Rolls-Royce roadster to a halt and dashed into the agency.

"Can you deliver that car to the wife before I get home at five?" he inquired breathlessly of the startled salesman.

"W-h-y, I guess so," replied the shocked one.

"Tell me how much it is and I'll write you a check now," said Al.

The price was $28,000. Al paid, and all of Hollywood's auto row wonders how the seller survived a heart attack when he took the check.

Richard Barthelmess employs a crew of two on his *Pegasus*, and whenever a holiday occurs he sets sail for Catalina with his wife and his two cronies, William Powell and Ronald Colman, as companions.

When the good ship *Tiburón* puts out to sea she frequently carries the ocean-loving Conrad Nagel. Conrad's hobby is also an expensive one, for he keeps a crew of six men aboard throughout the entire year.

MARION DAVIES contributes $100,000 a year of her half-million income to charities—and most of her gifts are to organizations or institutions caring for children. She is the fairy Godmother to the war orphans and offspring of crippled veterans.

Mary Pickford is another who finds her greatest pleasure in the company of the little ones.

"The most enjoyable days I ever spent in a studio were those during the making of *Sparrows* five years ago, a story in which I mothered nine of them," she once told me.

It is her ambition to adopt two—a boy and a girl—when she retires from the screen.

Afternoons when Mary is not before the cameras or busy with her Actors' Relief Fund which cares for the ill and

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¶ Dolores Del Río

¶ Joan Bennett

¶ John Gilbert

¶ Gloria Swanson

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

Film folk who are saying "We will!"—"We do!"—"We're through!"

IT WAS her Hollywood starring career vs. a small apartment in Paris, so Gloria Swanson chose the cinema. Her friends have seen the definite parting of Gloria and her titled husband, Henri, Marquis de la Falaise, coming for almost two years.

Henri didn't like Hollywood. Gloria couldn't think of the tiny apartment in the French capitol. So the Marquis crossed the Atlantic and America to discuss his domestic status with his famous wife. The result was that they parted as the best of friends.

However, some stories say that the Marquis will obtain a divorce in Paris on the grounds of desertion and that he will marry Constance Bennett, who collected more than a million dollars alimony when she divorced the rich young Phil Plant.

Lola Lane, under contract to James Cruze Productions as a star, is going about with Lewis Ayres, the youngster who carried off the honors in *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

Although John Gilbert calls nightly to take Ina Claire home after her work in *Rebound,* leaving her at her own apartment, rumors increase that the breach between the two is widening rather than mending.

Fred Niblo, Jr., son of Fred Niblo, famous director, and himself a story editor at Metro, will marry Patricia Henry, Beverly Hills debutante, within the next month. Fred, Jr., is the son of the late Josephine Cohan Niblo and nephew of George M. Cohan.

Because the baby had a birth mark on its head, all Hollywood was excited by rumors that John Barrymore and Dolores Costello had split.

Instead, they have boarded the new Barrymore yacht, *Infanta,* and sailed for Mexico waters where they will fish. Two high-priced Hollywood surgeons had removed the birth mark from the young daughter's head before the hundred and eighty thousand dollar yacht had sailed.

Jean Harlow, the blonde who rose from extra ranks almost to stardom in *Hell's Angels,* isn't going to find it so easy to collect the forty-five hundred dollars from Charles F. McGrew. Jean claims the amount as back alimony.

But Charlie is the son of one of Chicago's wealthiest and most famous criminal attorneys. He charges in a counter suit filed in Los Angeles court that, while still his wife and against his wishes, Jean posed in the nude for a photographer.

Papa McGrew's Los Angeles friends are taking care of the case for Charles, Junior.

Maybe it's love and maybe not, but John Loder, the handsome English actor, is Catherine Dale Owen's favorite escort in Hollywood these days.

THAT MAKES IT TOUGH

This month the author of an earlier article on Hollywood's bright side reveals the grimmer aspects of life in the film capital

YOU may speak of gin and beer in almost any village square and the corner cop will tell you where to get it. But in Hollywood you may sing a song o' sixpence 'till Carrie (Bow) marries Harry (Richman) and you'll never get a pocketful of rye. For there isn't a speakie in Talkie Town—barring one on Santa Monica which you'll never find. And if you like likker with your liverwurst, that makes it tough.

Now don't get me wrong. The likker may be had. But you can't duck the garish light of day by stepping into the dim and holy cloisters of Charlie Murphy's, and ordering your pleasant poison over the polished mahogany. You must possess telephone numbers through which you may conjure up the Jjinn of gin. Or friends who will save a pal from the terrors of death by drought. Bacchus never crosses the bar. In Hollywood.

Next to Prohibition the chief conversational topic of the nation is the Weather. In Hollywood it's most unusual. Theoretically no Talkie Town cloud is bigger-than-a-man's-hand. Theoretically bloo skies are bloo

After a landslide of popularity a star is just as apt to wake up next morning to discover that a landslide of an entirely geological nature has raised heck with his front porch.

Illustrated by Abril Lamarque

A certain rip-snorting type of executive — many of whom are quite human away from the movie metropolis — insists on all the homage paid a Hottentot chieftain, and shakes the studio walls when he doesn't get it.

skies to Mr. Jolson and Southern California alike. But just let friends-from-the-East arrive, and sure as God made Aimee McPherson, the City of Angels will be flooded with the torrential tears of all the Titans.

AND when it rains in Hollywood there ain't no kiddin' about it. Things happen. For instance, sewers dry with the dust of ages brim over with mud. Dwellers in hill-side homes awaken to find half a mountain on the kitchen porch. There are landslides, cave-ins and washouts. There's water, water everywhere. And, as hereinbefore stated and set forth, not a drop to drink.

When all the Elks' Conventions go back to Iowa, things become normal—the weather usual. Then for months on end you can watch your skin dry up and shrivel providing you can see through the fine coating of alkali covering the mirror. If you love the woods, like Ed Wynn, you may ramble over brown-burned hills to sylvan glades. But you'll find no green pastures nor still waters. Even the briefest commune with nature, and you're grey from top to toesy with dust that likewise lashes your larynx to a frenzy.

WHERE irrigation prevails, there are multi-hued flowers to delight the eye. But their seduction ends with that one sense. There isn't a scent in a conservatory full. The same sad state exists in the bountiful array of luscious looking fruits and vegetables which cannot fail to entrance your gaze. A delusion and a snare—deceptive and disappointing as a frigid red-head. They feed the eye, but prove tasteless to the tongue.

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

To get from here to there, or vice versa, via the municipal transit system is a fearsome and expensive experiment. The cars are crowded and infrequent. And noisy as a dry on a drunk. The fare isn't. Isn't fair, I mean. Transportation costs twice the New York rate. And that makes it tough on those who can't afford the dollar down for an Austin. But like all else in Hollywood, there's an exception to the rule. In summer the transit companies issue cut-rate tickets that will take you long distances, like to Hell-anback, for comparitive pittances.

There are a dozen beaches—but most of them have no bathing houses. And if you haven't car behind whose shades to stage the big disrobing number—that makes it tough on everyone except the neighbors. When you're through work there's nowhere to go but home.

NIGHT life is nix. That is, publicly. Theres' no Tex to to call you sucker. No spots where *genus homo* may make a damned fool of itself en masse. And what fun is there in making whoopee back in the barn—or with the next door friends who will talk about you tomorrow. Hollywood won't support a cabaret. Fatty Arbuckle tried it and faw down. George Olsen is playing *Mass's in de Col' Col' Groun'* at his Plantation night club. Eddie Brandstatter's place is conciliating the creditors. "Whoopee in the Home" is Hollywood's slogan.

After working yourself to death all week you have to grab your salary on the run to shake the boys who want to let you in on gold mines with subdivisions and inside plumbing.

There are the movies, of course. Frequently the best ones are shown out of town first. Hollywood isn't considered first-run. But you can see movies and stars, too, if you don't mind being trodden underfoot by hob-nailed Kansas boots and shoved around by yahoo cops. Show business, of course, is dying, Egypt, dying. Los Angeles won't pay more'n about six bits to see a play hot or cold. And the mere thought of

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It's amazing what a difference a talkie part can make—to the person who's playing it. In this fascinating article you can learn which parts they liked the best, and which they liked the least—and why

Clara Bow's favorite rôle was in *True to the Navy*. For one thing she had a director who made working easy—and that makes it nice.

Vic MacLaglen liked the rôle he played in *Hot for Paris* best. Why? Because the character was a regular guy. Not too bad and not too good.

My Hardest and Easiest Talkie Rôle

TALKING pictures may be just pictures that talk to some of the fans, but to a film star certain talkie rôles spell *h-a-r-d*, while others spell *e-a-s-y*. It's all in the game, and a rôle that is easy to one star might just as likely as not be difficult to another!

From Lupe Velez right down the line to Oswald, the lucky rabbit, all the players have had their good and bad moments in the execution of different talking picture rôles.

"My hardest and easiest talkie rôle?" echoed Lupe Velez. "Oh, nothing is so very hard if one likes to do it and I love acting. Now, it may sound strange to say this—but my hardest and my easiest talking rôles are the same!

"I was very happy making *The Storm*. It is a part I like to play, the little French-Canadian girl of the great big woods. It is easy—very, very easy to play her in this picture, but for some scenes we went on location in deep snow. It was cold—so cold my teeth chattered. We took sequence after sequence in that snow because I ruined most of them with chattering teeth. Sometimes it was very discouraging, but after a while I got more used to the cold. Everybody was good to me. They taught me to use skiis and snow-shoes. It was wonderful to coast, too, and that's how I stopped those horrid chatters—my teeth. I'm so glad too, because I've always been afraid of cold and snow. Now I shall love it always. But that picture was really my hardest and easiest talkie rôle."

MY hardest talkie rôle was in *Dames Ahoy!*" declared Glenn Tryon, emphatically and without hesitation. "I'll tell you why. I don't want to boast, of course, but after all, talking is rather in my line, if you know what I mean? A natural gift which has never grown rusty from lack of practice. However, in *Dames Ahoy* I met my Waterloo and I wish to go on record that the difficulty was not in learning a "salty" vocabulary! It seems that my voice has a certain quality which blends right in with the noise made by the waves, and in order to record when near the ocean, I have to yell.

"A picture which I thoroughly enjoyed making was *Skinner Steps Out* and I consider that my easiest talkie rôle. It was the type of work I like best—comedy with a big touch of reality about it. The lines were clever and we had a dandy cast. We made the picture in record time and with hardly any effort whatever. I can't remember any retakes. If we made any it was merely because the dialogue was changed for there was no trouble about recording. Also, the finished picture turned out great."

MY hardest talking picture part was that of the heroine, imposed-upon and wistful, in William Haines' *Navy Blues*," said Anita Page. "It was awfully difficult, in the first place, for me to maintain my pathos and wistfulness in the midst of Bill's extreme gaiety and fun-making. Then, too, it was my first all-talking picture and I was naturally very nervous.

"My easiest rôle was as one of the three girls in *Our Blushing Brides*. Having played in *Our Dancing Daughters* and in *Our Modern Maidens*. I felt right at home in that third picture of the series of modern girlhood. I also liked the picture because it gave me an opportunity to be both merry and tragic. It offered me a real part and I enjoyed every minute of it."

MY hardest rôle was the lead in *The Man I Love*," replied Mary Brian. "I had done one talking sequence in *Varsity* before, but my whole future in talking pictures depended upon the result of *The Man I Love*. That thought preyed upon my mind and made me rather nervous. Then too, we worked at night in mid-winter and it was extremely cold. Another thing, the picture was made in ten nights, which gave me very little time to study my lines.

"The easiest talkie rôle came in *The River of Romance*. I had the part of the little sister, Lucy, and it afforded me much variety in characterization. First, I was a young girl in love. I had a chance for comedy. Then I grew up and had to be serious. I liked the director, Richard Wallace, and everybody in the production, and I had a lot of fun working in it."

Lupe Velez is so fond of the North Country she can sit in a nice warm room and think about it for hours! Her easiest and hardest rôle was in *The Storm*. Remember it?

Jack Oakie's easiest picture was *Fast Company*. He's shown here clinching an important debate before singing a request number under the ball club's shower.

The Man I Love **was Mary Brian's hardest assignment. She had to work nights, and —with all due respect to California's Chambers of Commerce—it was darn cold!**

By Gordon R. Silver

MY PART in *Dangerous Paradise* was the most difficult I ever had," began Richard Arlen. "In the first place, the work was very exacting. I had to work one full day in cold water covering my fully clothed body. Recording was very difficult, too, and many scenes had to be remade.

"On the other hand, the rôle I had in *The Virginian* was very easy for me. I was good friends with Mary Brian and Gary Cooper and Walter Huston, and we had a great time on location and during work at the studio. Recording of the voice went well. We worked hard but when we quit, we played hard. I also liked the character, *Steve,* because of its many dramatic possibilities."

"My hardest talkie rôle was in *Sunny Side Up* and all because of the songs I had to sing!" exclaimed Janet Gaynor. "I had never believed I could sing, and at that, I rather talked my songs and that is terribly hard to do, even if you are a real vocalist, which I certainly do not pretend to be, of course!

"My easiest rôle was in *High Society Blues*. The character I played was a very good one and I enjoyed doing it. Also, we weren't long in finishing the scenes and hardly any retakes were made."

MY HARDEST talkie rôle?" grinned Jack Oakie. "That's easy—*The Dummy* was. I didn't like the part to begin with. Then it was my first talking picture and I didn't know what to do with my voice! I would go to the rushes every night and then the next day I'd try to perfect my speaking.

"My favorite and easiest rôle was *Elmer Kane* in *Fast Company*. To use a slang expression, it was right down my back alley! I liked everybody in the cast and Eddie Sutherland, the director. That made it much easier to work. I was able to wisecrack whenever I thought it advisable. The character was human—a regular guy—that's why I liked it so much."

"*Untamed* was my hardest talking picture," said Joan Crawford, "because my nervousness and desire to make a success of my first talkie distorted the importance of every scene.

"My easiest rôle—easiest because I enjoyed it the most, is the part I recently had in *Our Blushing Brides*. This is my third all-talking picture, and the nervousness and fear of the microphone has entirely disappeared. Having made *Our Dancing Daughters* and *Our Modern Maidens,* it was like going home to make the third of the modern trilogy. I played a girl of today with great opportunity for both light and shade in my characterization and I enjoyed every minute of it."

MY MOST difficult talkie rôle," drawled Johnny Mack Brown, "was that of the Southern lover of Mary Pickford in *Coquette*. It was my first talkie and I was away from my home lot, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I was naturally nervous and worried and this feeling colored the rôle with a decided difficulty which was really not there at all.

"I think my easiest talking picture rôle was the cowboy lover with Joan Crawford in *Montana Moon*. I was supposed to be a free and easy westerner and my southern drawl could run unrestrained. I really did enjoy making that picture."

"My hardest talkie rôle to date was in *Dangerous Curves,*" said Clara Bow. "That was because of several things. First, the difficult clown make-up I had to wear in several scenes was anything but nice. Then the high altitudes to which I had to climb and perform tricks sort of unnerved me at first. Also, I had to work all night outdoors during the rainy weather with only a thin canvas tent covering the company.

"My easiest talkie rôle was in *True to the Navy*. I liked this because of the director, Frank Tuttle, who made working so easy. He never shot one single scene that isn't in the finished picture. Then, too, I had worked before with everyone in the cast and so felt right at home from the first minute. I also liked the part I played—the girl in the soft drink parlor. It was a part into which I could throw myself."

MY HARDEST talkie rôle," said Jean Arthur, was *The Canary Murder Case*. That was because it was my first talking picture and the company worked all night every night until it was finished.

"My easiest rôle was in *The Saturday Night Kid*. I liked playing the mean sister because it was so different from my usual sort of part. I also thought the whole troupe was marvelous and I had so much fun that I never stopped to think that we were working. It was far more like play."

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Answering the "HOW DID YOU

I wanted to sing My Darling Nelly Gray *as well as the fellow on our best phonograph record.*

Charles "Buddy" Rogers

Singing in the bathtub.

Gloria Swanson

I wasn't allowed to whistle, so I learned to sing.

Joan Marsh

When Love was Young.

Grant Withers

Trying to keep myself awake.

Richard Skeets Gallagher

Letting a raindrop hit my tonsil.

Dorothy Lee

Reaching for the high notes.

Helen Wright

I learned to sing at my mother's knee.

Wallace Beery

Under a second-hand flivver.

Joe E. Brown

Serenading my Queen Kelly.

Walter Byron

Taking a cold shower every morning.

Maurice Chevalier

Pertinent Question: LEARN TO SING?"

Listening to a steam engine.

Hugh Trevor

While digging for gold.

Wynne Lightner

Through my love for the high c's.

Constance Bennett

Under the light of western stars.

Eddie Nugent

To drown out the radio next door.

James Dalrymple

Had to keep in practice to sing for my supper.

James Murray

Asking motorists, "How many?", when I worked in a filling station.

Fred Scott

By singing my dolly to sleep.

Mary Brian

When the strings of my uke busted in the rain.

Cliff Edwards

Thanks. You are the first person to call it that.

Robert Armstrong

I learned to sing to annoy the family.

Buster Keaton

THEY EARN WHILE THEY YEARN

By **RACHEL RUBIN**

While they're laboring under the Kleigs they're longing for leisure—here's what some of the stars would do with a day to spend as they wish

When Clara Bow gets her twenty-four hours she's going to pack them on the train and dash to New York. Just now she's considering Brooklyn Bridge, which joins Broadway and the old home town.

It was easy for Charlie Farrell to decide what he'd do with a day to himself. Charlie is happiest when he's at the wheel of his new yawl, *Flying Cloud*, and he'd like nothing better than a chance to battle the briny deep.

FAME is grand, and Rolls-Royces are not exactly white elephants, but it's terrible not to have time to do the things one wants most to do. Especially when they are simple things.

It seems that even those creatures beloved of the gods, stars in the talkie firmament, blessed as they are with fame and wealth and faces which are the envy of the populace, are not altogether content with their lot.

We decided to make sure. But because it sounds a bit asinine to ask anyone such a blanket question as "Are you happy?" we put it more specifically, thus: "If you had twenty-four hours in which you might do anything you pleased, what would you do?"

The surprising thing was that they all—with one or two exceptions—expressed a desire for simple things.

YOU'D expect it of Gary Cooper, of course—nice, big raw-boned Gary, who ran true to form and said he'd like to put on some old clothes and a wide-brimmed hat, ride horseback for hours and hours, then cook some food over an

outdoor fire, and not see anybody at all.

But take Lon Chaney. You'd expect him to do something very weird and wonderful in his twenty-four hours off duty, wouldn't you? You're all wrong. Sitting in the M-G-M commissary, Lon declared, with one of those far-away looks, "I'd take my family, a camping outfit and a motion picture camera, and go up to the mountains and take pictures of all the wild animal life I could find. I'd want to get as far away from civilization as possible."

The sea has its charm for a great many of our celebrities. "I'd borrow a sailboat," Richard Arlen decided, "and head for the Orient. Oh, would I have to come back in twenty-four hours too? Well, I guess I couldn't get very far. If I came back in time, I'd go to the fights in the evening."

If Buster Keaton ever collects twenty-four free hours he's going to devote them to one thing — baseball. Here he is in the throes of a fast one across the front lawn of his home.

YOU might know Charlie Farrell would head for the open sea—or water, at any rate. He has a great yen for salt water and there was no doubt in his mind when he answered, firmly, with a lift of the chin and a glad light in his eye, "I would spend the time on my yawl sailing up and down the coast of California and México."

There is a tiny uninhabited patch of land out in the Pacific called Santa Cruz Island. Jean Arthur went there once to make a picture, and ever since then it has been her land of dreams. "The water is clear as glass," Jean reminisces in her quiet way, "and no one lives on the island. I would swim in the water, and explore the caves. At night I would sleep on the ground, with nothing over me, and look up at the stars."

Gary Cooper wants to get away from it all—just as far away as twenty-four hours and a good horse can take him — and do nothing but eat and sleep and think.

Bessie couldn't help it, but she's been kept so busy lately she hasn't even seen a movie. She's going to spend her day just dashing from one theatre to another, and sending fan mail to her favorite stars.

Marjorie White has everything planned for her holiday. A nice long day's nap and she'll be all rested up for the evening—which she expects to spend sleeping.

What a grand day it would be for the shops on the Boulevard if some of our fair ladies were turned loose for 24 hours with not a thing to do. Mary Brian, for one, would just buy things from the minute the stores opened until they closed for the night. "And even then," she adds, "I don't know whether or not I could get caught up on my shopping. In the evening I'd like to ride along the Pacific in an open

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WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME

as told by DOROTHY MACKAILL to WALTER RAMSEY

What people call love is a disappointing thing, says Dorothy. Her key to happiness is friendship, which is beautiful and more satisfying.

Dorothy Mackaill is one of the best-known and best-liked people in Hollywood. She loves friends, but she wants none of them to fall in love with her.

I THOUGHT I was in love . . . many times. I have been married once. So-called love has never left me where it found me—it leaves me sad, and a bit disappointed. Is it any wonder that I look upon it as I do?

But I am presuming to criticize something that has always been universally thought to be the greatest of all emotions, and that is one thing I could never do but for one reason: I believe I can criticize constructively. In other words I can offer a remedy for those who have suffered at the hands of this thing called love.

The answer is: Stick to friendship!

OF COURSE I realize that such a bald statement requires a bit of amplification, and I shall attempt to give it to you. And if you have ever known love only to lose it, you will understand. If you have never known love, remember what I have said—it will stand you in good stead the rest of your life.

At the beginning of my romantic experience I went blithely about meeting every new man I could, as very young girls do, hoping to find *The Man* somewhere among the lot. Some of them told me they were in love with me, and I thought I was in love with one or two of them.

Next, I went to the Ziegfeld Follies. My days of childhood love were over! I was a woman—and the men with whom I came in contact were real men. Now, I was to learn other lessons in love. I met many wonderful men; learned to know a great many wealthy young boys and fell in love three times within as many years. The Follies is a famous school for romances—and I had more than my share.

BUT it was Hollywood that brought me the most serious love romance of my life—my marriage.

It might have been a wonderful thing if it had been founded upon anything more than a great physical attraction —but it wasn't. I met him . . . thought I knew him . . . talked myself into the belief that I was in love with him—and married him in less than a week. It really needs no more explanation on my part. We lived together for less than ten days and at the end of that time we both realized there wasn't a ghost of a show for us. We got a divorce.

I suppose I spent many sleepless nights wondering about the whole thing. Why hadn't we retained that feeling of overpowering "love" with which we approached our great venture? Why had he lost whatever deep feeling had prompted him to propose? I couldn't guess the answer—then—but it wasn't long before I knew the real reason.

We were not friends!

Friendship is the zenith of perfection as far as human emotions go. There is nothing higher . . . nothing more

In this startling interview Dorothy Mackaill confesses she has never known love—in its stead she has designated friendship as the magnet which draws people to one another

powerful . . . nothing beyond.

HAVE you ever watched a friendship develop into love? I suppose each of you has had that experience! Did you send your regrets to the divorcee? Well, perhaps that is a bit rough for a beginner, I'll explain what I mean: A deep friendship has the inherent possibilities of the greatest happiness obtainable on this earth. Any height of mental or physical joy may be attained from this wonderful status. What then can be gained from changing this wonderful relation from one of friendship to one of love? Nothing! Did you ever try to boil water to a temperature above two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit? It is the same result—it can't be done. Water boils at that exact degree and nothing in the world can force it to attain any greater degree of heat. But if one continues to force more heat to the water it soon disappears. Love is the same way. It is the added heat to friendship . . . again the same result . . . it, too, soon disappears. Friendship is the boiling point of perfect human relationship—love is the added force that makes the friendship come to a "boil" and waft away in the breeze.

THE result of this logic is a simple thing: love is a step backward in the course of true friendship! This wonderful thing called friendship that has been made perfect only after time has put its stamp of approval on it, has lost some of its most desirable characteristics. Among them (and quite important) is anticipation!

While in *Ziegfeld's Follies* Dorothy thought she was in love several times, but in each case discovered her mistake before the wedding bells rang.

It might be compared to the acquisition of money. Both are wonderful in their anticipation and disappointing in their attainment. If you were to have all the money your heart desires at this very moment you would, in a very short time, be the most unhappy person in the world. Accomplishment is the worst thing that can happen to a person—or to love. There is only one thing that can never be accomplished to the utmost . . . and that thing is Friendship.

Inasmuch as I have used the term friendship a great deal in this discussion of love I think I should give my definition of just what the word means to me. Friendship as I see it means: Tenderness, companionship and understanding. If that happens to be your definition of love then we are talking of the same thing. But that has not been my experience with love. Then men who have said "I love you" to me, have never meant tenderness, companionship and understanding!

AND I might add, while Dorothy is on the subject, that I can well understand how men could make that mistake. Passion and sex-appeal are her outstanding attractions. Companionship and understanding? Yes, I can vouch that she would call out those instincts in men also. Dorothy Mackaill has as many friends as anyone in Hollywood . . . perhaps more, and I have no doubt that each one of those same friends has a tender spot in his heart for Dorothy. But as she says, if any one of her friends should fall in love with her he would immediately exchange tenderness for passion and jealousy. I knew that her exposé on love would at least be unique and different and that is my reason for saving her story for the very last of this series. I have no way of knowing what your reaction to Miss Mackaill's answer may be, but I, for one, am frank to admit that her distinct departure from the ordinary has set me thinking. It is obvious she is not talking to create typical fan interest. But I am sure the underlying note of absolute sincerity and logic in her words will affect you the same as it did me. Dorothy Mackaill is honest with herself—of that we may be sure. And from my real-life acquaintance with her, I might tell you that she is also a very real, very human and thoroughly delightful human being.

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Her first marriage was unsuccessful, but if there's a next one things will be different, according to Dorothy, for she'll choose a good friend instead of a romantic lover.

Here is Dorothy telling her secrets to Polly, who seems to take them seriously. Perhaps she's telling her pet about life, or maybe it's just "Polly wants a cracker?" Who knows?

AMAZING, MY DEAR HOLMES!

Joe E. Brown, often hailed as the greatest lover the silver screen has ever known, possesses a secret ambition to be a great detective. Look him over!

"What these present day murderers get away with is criminal!" said the sterling snooper in an exclusive interview. Regarding crime itself, he insists there ought to be a law against it.

Ha, a clue! It's but the work of a moment for the great detective, and soon the missing papers will be safely back in the hands of kindly old widow Throckmorton.

A body riddled with bullets, and a revolver by its side—merely a trifle for the great detective. Imagine his chagrin when he discovered the telltale fingerprints to be his own.

"Elementary, Watson, purely elementary!" laughs the famous one in response to the cheers of the multitude. Behind this rough exterior—believe it or not—it's only Joe E. Brown.

Detective work is a pipe for Joe, who claims to be the greatest snooper of them all. He'll trace your favorite criminal for a nominal fee — and you don't have to send a scent!

WHEN THE FANS

Almost every prominent player —married or not—receives proposals of marriage that would amaze that sedate institution

PITY the poor talking picture stars! They need it, with all the "impossible" proposals they receive from ardent suitors who are almost always certain of acceptance.

Bashful lads and lassies who get tongue-tied when murmuring sweet nothings to the current flame, whom they have probably known all their young lives, think nothing of penning passionate missives of marriage proposals to men and women of the films, whom they have never met, let alone seen in the flesh! It seems to be a great little game—and young and old alike play it. Yes, and foreign "sheiks" and "shebas," too. A young Chinese boy in far-off Peking sees a lovely star on the screen who suits his fancy. "Ah, she velly fine lady," says he to himself, "must write ask luscious one to become honorable wife of China boy!" And straightaway he writes. An Indian chief glimpses a screen shadow and is promptly impressed. "She make heap fine squaw!" he grunts, "will write and ask hand in marriage!" And he does.

Funny thing, too, these remote aspirants for the hands of screen players almost always overlook the interesting little fact that the object of their devotion may already have a loving husband or wife—or if not, perhaps may be engaged or already in love or something like that! Or maybe these "proposing on paper" ladies and gents just don't care. Anyway, they write letters "plenty hot" and keep right at it.

It isn't hard to imagine Mary Brian receiving numerous proposals. Her most persistent suitor is a young man who came to Hollywood especially to marry her, and often attempts to break into the studio to see her.

Clive Brook wonders just how to answer one of his most ardent proposals. It is from a lady in Austria who knows him only through the medium of the screen, and she insists she wants to come to America to marry her dream man.

THERE was, for instance, the boy—Ed was his first name—who lived in the east. He wrote to Clara Bow proposing marriage and kept up his letters for a year straight and then stopped for eight or nine months. Now he is writing to the famous little red-head again. In his last letter he told her that he was preparing to come west and propose in person. If she wouldn't accept him, well, he'd just marry her anyway! Clara has never answered any of his ardent letters. She says he has spent a small fortune in stamps in recent years—he'd send her five or six air mail letters a week plus several special delivery ones!

Clara also recently received a proposal from a man who

PROPOSE

By GORDON R. SILVER

said she was "just his ideal type of girl" and he was sure that he was "just her ideal type of man!" He further stated that if she would marry him he would always "love, honor and obey her."

OLIVE BORDEN'S strangest proposal came from an Indian chief of the Susquehanna tribe. The warrior had fallen in love with her in several pictures. He wrote to her, telling her of his love and of his great power as an Indian chief. He also sent her a leather engagement ring which he declared had been cut from the sheath that held his hunting knife.

Miss Borden did not reply to the letter. Several weeks passed and then came another letter from the chief. This time he asked the return of his ring. ". . . not having heard from you," he wrote, "I allowed my eyes to wander among my own people and I have now chosen a lovely Indian maid for the honor of becoming my wife."

Frances Lee received so many proposals from a certain gentleman that she had him looked up. Imagine her emotions on finding him a resident of a state lunatic asylum!

Alice White has proposals from nearly every country in the world, but her prize is one from a Chinese Priest who guarantees she will have to do no laundry work.

Constance Bennett has a letter from a world traveler who asks her to forget her career for a life of roving with him. He believes they could live quite comfortably on Miss Bennett's fortune.

If you're planning on marrying Clara Bow you'll just have to line up and wait, for this young lady has a storeroom full of proposals. In fact, she is said to have the largest collection in Hollywood, but through it all she has managed to stay single.

Olive answered this letter, returning the ring together with a wedding gift for the chief and his bride.

IRENE RICH received a long letter from a man in Sweden who had seen her in a picture in which the actor who portrayed the part of Miss Rich's husband died. The Swede said he felt so very sorry for Miss Rich's sad fate in losing such a nice and devoted husband that he had wept when she sobbed over her husband's body! The letter went on to say that he would like very much to come to America and marry Miss Rich and he would await steamer passage and his railroad fare with great pleasure. He ended up with: "I am sending here a photograph of myself. You do not need to send me one of yourself because I hope to see you with my own eyes very soon. Perhaps you will not love me at first as well as you did your former husband (meaning the screen actor who had died in the picture!) but I strongly believe I shall like you very much."

FREDRIC MARCH recently received a proposal from a wife of a college professor in the middle west. The wife said that ever since she first saw Fredric on the talkie screen she did not love her husband the least bit and in fact, did not have anything more to do with him! She concluded her letter by saying that she was settling up her affairs and was coming to Hollywood in the fall and wanted him to be sure to be waiting for her, ready to marry her. March hasn't

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Freeman Lang has been master of ceremonies at countless famous Hollywood premières, and most of the stars are his friends. He's shown here introducing Tom Mix to the mike.

AT THE PREMIÈRE

By MAYME OBER PEAK

Freeman Lang, celebrated master of movie première ceremonies, induces Hollywood notables to greet their radio public by means as varied as are the speakers

Harold Lloyd, left, and Charlie Chaplin don't care for première microphones at all, and Mr. Lang has never been able to overcome their modest reluctance.

MANY stars of the erstwhile silents were microphone-broke before the advent of talking pictures. For some time prior to the vogue of this new medium, the instrument played a prominent rôle at movie premières.

When first introduced, merely a description of the gorgeous fashion pageant was broadcast. Gradually, the stars were enticed to the microphone to say a few words, and now along with their personal greetings (and oftentimes embarrassed giggles) goes a colorful picture of the whole glamorous spectacle.

"Hello everybody, I'm so glad to be here," is the usual greeting. From the lips of a screen favorite, however, it takes on the warmth of a personal message to the great sidewalk audience crowding theatre entrances.

Among those who have come to ogle their idols in the flesh, and become a part of such gleaming array, are shop girls, tourists, tired housewives and business men — thousands of of them. The majority cannot get near enough for close-ups. Since the enthusiasm of the sidewalk audience makes up somewhat to screen players for the applause they otherwise miss, the picture powers cater to it through the medium of the microphone.

AS THE raucous announcement of the arrival of some luminary sweeps down the waiting line, cheers go up that must have a great kick for that particular star. Frequently, there is good natured kidding.

"Hello, Billy, where did you get that hat?"

If it happens to be Billy Haines, he goes to the microphone and responds with a wisecrack. Or somebody sings a song—maybe the theme song of the picture, or introduces his best girl; or if newlyweds they say something sweet about each other.

Hollywood premières, by reason of this chumminess with the stars in the flesh, are unique the world over. Largely responsible for the friendly informality is the announcer, Freeman Lang, originator of première broadcasting in the first place, and in his way as much of a Hollywood institution.

By his engaging personality, spontaneous wit, quickness and

Diminutive Lupe Velez has to climb up on the microphone stand to reach the instrument and her public. Her lively behavior and greetings in Spanish are usually a feature of premières she attends.

Al Jolson always gets a big hand when he steps up to the microphone, for he invariably thrills the crowd with wise-cracks or some bit of comedy.

"The crowd always likes Marie Dressler," says Mr. Lang, "for she is ever ready with a winning smile and a humorous speech that gets them."

versatility, Lang has come to be known as Hollywood's Graham McNamee. If William Fox opens a new theatre in San Francisco or San Diego, Freeman Lang is the presiding genius at the mike, telling the natives every little thing of interest about the stars on hand.

When Lindbergh arrived with the first T.A.T. plane at the Glendale station, it was Freeman Lang who prevailed on him to talk to the assembled throng. He broadcast the arrival of the Zeppelin, the Hearst banquet afterward, and all the thrilling events in connection with the giant of the air.

If you want to know who's dancing with whom at the Cocoanut Grove, listen in on Freeman Lang. He handles the mike at the famous Breakfast Club, covers banquets, and lends a bit of glamour to dedications and ground diggings.

Jack Oakie's popularity can well be imagined, for his informal, breezy attitude goes over big with the waiting throng. He always has a wise-crack.

ON graduating from the Los Angeles public schools he took up radio engineering, becoming such an expert that when he enlisted in the Marines when we entered the World War he was at once set to work by Uncle Sam as radio instructor and builder of radio stations for the devil dogs.

Returning to California, Freeman Lang set up his own radio business, including broadcasting station KEJK and airplane station 6XBA. Before long, the motion picture studios began calling on the young radio engineer for special work needed. In this way began Lang's acquaintance with the film colony.

Today, this likable young radio man knows all Hollywood by the first name, not only who's who, but what's what. He knows what pictures the players are working on, and all of their little private affairs of intrigue to the public.

His introductions are as tactful as they are timely. He never gets facetious, nor lays it on too thick. His method is to accost the stars as they step out of their cars, and escort them to the microphone at the theatre entrance with a smiling request for a few words.

If he succeeds in getting a star of particular prominence, a clever vaudevillian of known humor, or visiting celebrity of high degree of intelligence, he cries out "interlock."

This means that the sound movie apparatus is switched on, and a permanent record of what is said is made at the time it is shot. Later on, the movie fans throughout the country see these première talkies in their home theatres.

FRED STONE has the record for humor over the microphone; at Will Rogers' première of *They Had to See Paris,* he gave a first class imitation of what he had heard frequently over his own radio on these special nights. As cameras were clicking, and sound apparatus working, the stunt was recorded and is now on the road.

To many of the erstwhile silent players, the microphone always will be an instrument of torture. These shy ones approach the instrument shaking nervously, and holding tight to the announcer's hand. When Freeman Lang gets home from a première, his palm exudes a hundred different perfumes! Brand new grounds for divorce, but Mrs. Freeman Lang happens to be a good sport and appreciates what her husband is in for.

One night, Mr. Lang placed a microphone in his vest pocket and went inside the lobby of the theatre. While members of his staff trailed him with wire, he engaged stars in conversation. Unaware that they were being recorded, they talked naturally and spontaneously. Afterwards, Lang kidded his victims, proving to them how easy it was to be natural.

STARS who never will consent to go before the microphone, according to Mr. Lang, are Charles Chaplin, Lon Chaney, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Lionel Barrymore and John Gilbert. I remember Chaplin told me once that "the cold mechanics of the radio put me at such a disadvantage I nearly go to pieces!"

Just as there are certain

[*Continued on page 84*]

One of the best microphone orators in Hollywood is suave Ronald Colman. His delightful English accent distinguishes him and charms the audience, according to Mr. Lang.

TALKING

An authoritative guide to the newest talkie offerings

DIXIANA *(RKO)*

LAVISH sets, reflecting the charm and baronial splendor of New Orleans in 1840, dazzling costumes of the crinoline period, and a cast of nationally known artists, all tend to lift this operetta to a place of its own as screen entertainment. Luther Reed, the director, has achieved perfect story continuity—a difficult thing in a musical offering.

But those who had hoped for another *Rio Rita* are due for disappointment.

Everett Marshall, Metropolitan opera baritone, who is seen opposite the star, Bebe Daniels, has a rich and powerful voice, but he lacks that thing so vital to celluloid success—screen personality. The result is that Bebe appears strained, and lacks that vivaciousness that marked her performance with John Boles in her earlier singing picture.

Much crude slapstick is injected into an otherwise new and interesting tale to carry Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey through the production, in which the rather hefty Jobyna Howland serves as their buffoon.

However, it's good entertainment.

FOLLOW THRU *(Paramount)*

OFFERING the same zip, youthful exuberance and snappy humor that made it a stage hit, *Follow Thru* is brought to the screen as a co-starring carriage for Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll.

The entire production is photographed in color. The background—a swanky country club—provides opportunity for lavish settings.

Through poor putting, Nancy loses the woman's golf championship to Thelma Todd, but is quick to forget the fact when she meets Charles Rogers, who has arrived as private instructor to the rich young Jack Haley. Thelma is furious as she watches the romance progress and seeks to check it through a series of wild parties and golf matches.

Nancy, after much instruction under Rogers, finally takes the title away from Thelma and there is a double wedding, but Thelma isn't one of the brides.

Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley, both members of the original stage company, supply the brilliant comedy as they escape one ridiculous situation only to find themselves in another.

DANGER LIGHTS *(RKO)*

THE talkies have taken a broad forward step in the filming of this melodramatic epic of the railroad, and what the producers intended as a program picture has turned out to be a special. Louis Wolheim, who is starred, gives the outstanding portrayal of his career.

The story is powerful and is replete with thrills. There are many beautiful scenic shots in the production.

The rumble of steel wheels as they carry trains at a speed of more than a hundred miles an hour, the tooting of engine whistles, the hiss of steam and the crash that accompanies the wreck all tend to make the iron horse a dominant factor in the industrial and economic life of the country—a living, breathing thing for the first time.

Giving more than capable performances in support of Wolheim are Jean Arthur, whose affections are the object of the desires of both the star and Robert Armstrong, a "boomer" engineer, and Frank Sheridan. Hugh Herbert, in the rôle of a tramp, affords much laughter.

The whole story runs along smoothly, and if you like the roaring rails you'll like this.

SCREEN Reviews

ON YOUR BACK *(Fox)*

THE marvelous characterization of the rich broker by that sterling actor, H. B. Warner, and the splendid work of Irene Rich lift this picture from the sea of film mediocrity.

While the story has considerable merit and bits of humorous dialogue that will cause audiences to chuckle, poor judgment was used in casting the juvenile leads. Marion Shilling is not the type for the chorus girl, while Raymond Hackett is unconvincing as her fiancé.

The vehicle reveals a mother's sacrifices to build up wealth and position for her son through the operation of a modiste's shop where beautiful models serve as bait for the wealthy male patrons. The title has reference to the modiste's business slogan: "Put Your Brains On Your Back."

Miss Rich, as the mother, opposes the marriage of Raymond, the son for whom she has made big plans, to Marion, the lady of the ensemble. There is the usual family squabble when the parent tells her off-spring that the girl friend is untrue.

It is an adult woman's picture and will no doubt bore the men folks.

BIG BOY *(Warners)*

STEEPED in the atmosphere of the old South, with its traditions of honor and horse-racing, this production is a perfect one for Al Jolson, that inimitable black-face comedian. Portraying the rôle of *Gus,* jockey and hostler on the estate of a once-wealthy Kentucky family, Jolson gives a performance that equals any of his previous screen hits.

While the star presents several new song numbers, one of the outstanding scenes is that in which he joins a group of negroes in singing spirituals.

Claudia Dell, as a modern Southern belle, was a happy choice and brings a new and pleasing personality to the cinema. Louise Closser Hale, as *Mrs. Bradford,* employer of Jolson, gives a praiseworthy performance in a difficult part. Lloyd Hughes, as young *Bradford,* was true to type. Eddie Phillips, as the youthful menace—the gambler who tries to fix Big Boy, the Bradford horse—is just as unpopular as he has been in previous rôles.

The balance of the supporting players were well chosen.

Actual shots of the last derby add much color to the picture.

HER MAN *(Pathé)*

THE Havana tenderloin, with its dance halls and brothels, provides a colorful background for this production featuring Helen Twelvetrees, Marjorie Rambeau, Ricardo Cortez, Phillips Holmes and James Gleason. Director Tay Garnett has taken his own original story and built it into an hour of exciting entertainment.

Miss Twelvetrees, as *Frankie,* a dance hall girl who toys with men's affections while she relieves them of their bankrolls, tires of the life and falls in love with an American sailor, but the wedding bells fail to ring until after several battles and a couple of murders.

The picture offers broad opportunity for the emotional ability of Miss Twelvetrees and will go down as her finest rôle to date. Miss Rambeau, a stage star, makes her bow in the talkies as the drunken shell of a one-time beauty who seeks to escape the existence she has led on the island.

Ricardo Cortez is seen as the knife-throwing master of *Frankie,* while Phillips Holmes does the heroing as *Dan,* slaying Cortez and carrying *Frankie* off to a new country and new hopes.

THE SEA WOLF *(Fox)*

THE third—and best—version of Rex Beach's famous novel has reached the screen as an audible with Milton Sills doing one of the finest characterizations of his long career.

The Sea Wolf is a vivid tale of a boy's regeneration against terrific odds, under the spurs of a girl's love and a man's contempt. Raymond Hackett, as the down-and-outer, gives a sterling performance, as does Jane Keith, who succeeds in making him see that life is worth while after all.

Naturally, the youth wins the girl as death removes the menace—Sills, and the golden sun sinks into the west.

THE NAUGHTY FLIRT *(First National)*

ALICE WHITE always has insisted that no star is bigger than her story, but the little blonde's fans will disagree with her after viewing this production. The rôle of *Kay Elliott* is ideally suited to Alice.

Alice falls in love with Douglas Gilmore, whose plotting sister, Myrna Loy, seeks to refill the depleted family exchequer by marrying him off to Alice, daughter of a millionaire attorney. But Paul Page, enters the tale somewhere on the golf course, and Alice throws her affections to him. Gilmore and his sister frame Page at a house party, but Alice learns the truth before it is, alas, too late.

DOUGH BOYS *(M-G-M)*

A THEATRE-GOING public that has become bored by an over-supply of war films will take a new lease on life when they see this Buster Keaton starring vehicle.

Buster, in the rôle of the rich and prominent utilities head, is shanghaied into the army, only to find that the lady of his dreams, played by Sally Eilers, has enlisted as an entertainer. They meet in the training camp and again in France, where Buster's hard-boiled top sergeant becomes his rival for Sally's hand.

Buster unintentionally becomes a hero, wins Sally and returns to New York after the armistice in a blaze of glory.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN *(Paramount)*

A NARRATIVE of human emotions as sensational as its title is this Gouverneur Morris story that has been converted into a co-starring vehicle for Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook.

A well-bred and prominent attorney, played by Brook, awakens after a drunken party to find himself married to Miss Chatterton, a tawdry woman of doubtful morals and hopelessly beyond the pale of his social set.

Miss Chatterton soars to the same high pinnacle she reached in *Madame X*, while Brook gives a sincere interpretation of the lawyer-husband. Paul Lukas is again excellent.

Up-to-the-minute talkie critiques to insure well-spent

THE SQUEALER *(Columbia)*

LOVERS of underworld tales will find something new in this picture starring Jack Holt and featuring a big cast of well-known screen names, including young Davey Lee.

Holt, as *Charles Hart,* uses a real estate business to cover up his profitable and far-reaching bootlegging activities.

A series of killings lead to the conviction of *Hart,* who later escapes from the penitentiary to seek revenge on his wife and his attorney, portrayed by Matt Moore, whom he suspects as the squealers. He overhears a conversation between the two that convinces him he was wrong, then puts himself "on the spot" that Dorothy may find happiness with Moore.

GRUMPY *(Paramount)*

CYRIL MAUDE, veteran English thespian beloved by footlight audiences the world over, has come out of retirement long enough to transfer to the screen his most successful stage characterization. His three-year rest has failed to lessen his audience-appeal.

The story of *Grumpy,* with Maude in the rôle of the aged criminal lawyer who hides a big heart and a sense of humor behind a pretended bad temper, is too well known to bear repeating.

Phillips Holmes and Frances Dade, who portray the romantic juvenile leads, were a fine choice for the parts.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE *(Warners)*

FOOTBALL fans the country over will enjoy this picture of campus life in which a big cast of film notables is ably supported by Howard Jones, world-famous gridiron coach, and the members of the 1929 All-American team. Starring honors go to Joan Bennett, with James Hall as her leading man. Joe E. Brown and Stuart Erwin supply most of the laughs.

Joan, as the college president's daughter, saves her dad's job by doffing her glasses, rearranging her hair and donning a more feminine type of attire in order to vamp famous football heroes into the school.

LOVE IN THE ROUGH *(M-G-M)*

WITH the song numbers plausibly placed and accompanied by action, here is a musical comedy that movie patrons will enjoy. The novelty of Director Charles Reisner's treatment in converting the stage offering, *Spring Fever,* into a talkie greatly strengthens an already good story.

J. C. Nugent, as the grouchy old business man, is the hit of the show with his nervous, dry wit.

Robert Montgomery, as *Kelly,* is the clerk who wins the heiress by posing as the head of a big shipping concern. Dorothy Jordan is the young lady in question.

Better put this one on your list.

theatre hours—consult this department every month

THE BAD MAN *(First National)*

WITH the drama handled lightly throughout, Walter Huston stands out in bold relief as the starring menace of this story of Río Grande ranch raids by *Lopez,* the bandit.

Huston is the Latin-American Robin Hood who swoops down on the American settlement to rob and steal a girl, but changes his mind to become a diplomat when he finds things in a terrible mess.

O. P. Heggie furnishes the laughter as *Uncle Henry,* while James Rennie gives a worth-while performance as *Gilbert Jones,* young rancher who eliminates a husband (Sidney Blackmer) and wins the widow, played by Dorothy Revier.

BILLY THE KID *(M-G-M)*

JOHNNY MACK BROWN enjoys his first taste of stardom in this saga of the famous killer of frontier days which Director King Vidor has converted into a talkie.

There has been no more colorful character in the criminal annals of the plains and deserts than this youth who began life as a cattle rustler, tried to go straight, then killed the man who sought the life of his employer.

Kay Johnson furnishes the love interest, and it is in her room, while he bathes her face in kisses, that Billy the Kid comes to the end of the trail, shot down by Wallace Beery, sheriff and rival for Kay's attentions.

THE SEA GOD *(Paramount)*

ACTUAL ocean bottom photography and sound recording are brought to the cinema for the first time in this he-man melodrama of the South Sea Islands, in which we again find Fay Wray offering splendid support to Richard Arlen. Eugene Pallette makes the most of his comedy rôle.

Arlen, in diving outfit, is searching the Pacific's floor for pearls when cannibals attack his ship, killing his crew and capturing Fay, his sweetheart, and Pallette, his mate. Cutting the line that holds him to the vessel, he walks ashore, where the natives look upon him in his queer iron helmet as a God of the seas.

INSIDE THE LINES *(RKO)*

THIS is a cleverly devised and baffling tale of international intrigues at Gibraltar during the World War and presents a new and delightful Betty Compson.

It is a story of a great love between Betty and Ralph Forbes in a German village on the Rhine.

Suspense runs rampant throughout the picture. The struggle of Betty and Forbes between love and duty, and the attempts to save one another from the firing squad bring about an astonishing climax.

Sequences depicting the carnage of battle are not in evidence, but there are many tremendous emotional scenes.

See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page 6

Presenting a powerful character portrait of lovely Evelyn Brent—not an interview, but a highly personal analysis of the star

LADY OF MOODS AND CONTRASTS

By **DOROTHY HERZOG**

AN ACTRESS. You know her — as an actress.

The arrogant poise of the slim shoulders. They have risen from the calico of life. The casual grace to the walk that learned strength from plodding the picture studios. The impersonal indifference in the eyes that harbor the secrets of sophistication. The moody vibrancy in the voice born to the slur of a southern softness and quickened by the blend of New York and London tones.

Evelyn Brent. Olive skinned. Brown eyed. Black haired. Soul tossed. Remote. Buried within herself. Foundationed on melancholy. Her mother was melancholy. Her mother passed on when Betty was fourteen.

Alone. In New York. Alive to her youth. Seeking. Deciding upon motion pictures. Preferring uncertainty to routined hours. Pictures. A baby industry, then. Located in bandbox studios huddled amidst warehouses.

IT WASN'T easy. Evelyn Brent shows it wasn't. Even today.

From the old bandbox studios in New York in the early days to a fortune in Hollywood was a path full of hardships for Betty Brent, and her present personality shows traces of struggle as well as of conquest.

Evelyn Brent — mysterious, aloof, serious, yet one of the most generous and good-natured persons in Hollywood. Very few people really know her, but those who have won her friendship love her.

She carries the shadows in her eyes. There's a thin, taut steel in the sheen of her get-up. There's a little hardness in her handclasp with the world. She still takes her disappointments standing up. Shoulders back. She takes the knocks without blinking.

She's slow on the trigger when it comes to fight. She'll take a lot. Right to the first scrunch on the toes. But then she flares. Word for word. Phrase for phrase. No quarter asked. None given, regardless of consequences.

Temperamental? Temper? Temperamental, yes. Like a kid, almost. Prone to be bothered by petty things. Prone to rage blindly and to forget as quickly. Showers and rainbow and sunshine stuff.

[*Continued on page 80*]

KITCHEN DUTY

When it comes to washing dishes, Lois Moran just isn't there at all. We mean she isn't out in the kitchen, for Lois doesn't really have to wash dishes. She's just doing it for the nice photographer.

Frank Albertson, one of Hollywood's up-and-coming young bachelors, likes nothing better than to sit down to a home-cooked meal—unless it's going out to buy himself a good one.

When Marjorie White spends an evening at home she delights in making cookies and things just for the fun of it. Next morning she surprises her family—the surprise coming when they try to bite her achievements.

They may be hot stuff in anybody's parlor, but take them out in the kitchen and—well, just try and take them out there!

What Barry Norton doesn't know about washing dishes would fill a whole kitchen — with dirty dishes. He has just discovered that you can't wash grapes off a plate, especially when they're painted there.

You wouldn't guess that Anita Page is an excellent cook, would you? No, because you'd probably be wrong. Anyway, Anita will get her just dessert when she takes a bite of this concoction.

Ruth Roland, the little daredevil of the screen, has extended her courage into the kitchen, for she insists on eating everything she cooks. Come out of the kitchen, young lady, before it's too late!

Kenny dropped to his knees on the floor and the Big Shot found himself staring into muzzles. "Hello, Sullivan," he said to one of the men fingering a Tommy gun, "where do you think we're going?"

THE TALKIE

The concluding installment of the mystery which rocked Cosmic Studios—two men murdered and a leering, sinister voice that warned them from the projection room screen. What was the solution?

PART II

JOYCE and Kenny sat in the front room of Joyce's apartment, looking glum and unhappy.

"Well, honey," said Joyce, "it looks like my movie career is over for a while."

"Yes," said Kenny, "and I haven't a ghost of a chance of becoming a director."

"But imagine the police closing the Cosmic Studios!" said Joyce. "Why did they do that? Neither Kearney nor Denis was killed on the lot." She was resentful.

"No, but the police think they were both killed because they were working for Fishbein. I don't know just how they figure that."

"Do you mean to say they can keep the Studio closed until they find the murderer? Why, that might be forever!"

"Sure, they can do most anything they want. Who's going to stop the police?"

Joyce looked sad again. "Well, that means no salary checks. And it also means no wedding!"

"Don't rub it in!" said Kenny. "What else do you

Illustrations by
Lowe Biedenmeister

MURDER MYSTERY

By Irving Stone

imagine I've been thinking about?"

They were silent for a moment and then Kenny looked up with a curious expression on his face. "You know, darling," he said, "either your boy friend is crazy, or else he's one smart guy!"

Joyce smiled at him. "Maybe you're a little of each, honey," she said.

"Because if I'm not crazy, then I think I know who committed those two murders!"

"Kenny, not really!"

"Yes. That is, I know why they were committed. And I know who is responsible for both deaths!"

"But good gracious, who is it? Anyone I know?"

"No, silly! Now listen, suppose you tell me the plot of *Murder In The Loop*. Pick out the main points of the scenario and let me have them."

"But why do you want me to do that? You know the story as well as I."

"Go ahead and tell it to me. I'm thinking!"

"WELL," said Joyce, "it's a story about Chicago gangsters. The czar of many gangsters is a killer by the name of Farley who rules several Chicago rackets with an iron hand. He persuades my brother Jim to join his beer-running outfit. One night while they're bringing some beer in from Cicero they are stopped by hijackers and Farley kills one of them. My brother Jim is with Farley when he does the killing.

"Farley sees me with Jim one night and decides that he is going to have me. But I think he's a rough racketeer and refuse to be seen with him. He then fixes it with his men to accuse Jim of the beer running murder, and threatens to hand Jim over to the police unless I come and live with him. Of course, I refuse.

"I go to the cop who helped me into the cab when I

sprained my ankle at the beginning of the picture, and tell him my troubles. He knows Farley, of course, but what can one cop do against the head of the racketeers? Anyway, I smile at him and he promises to get Farley if he has to shoot up every last beer flat in Chicago.

"The cop gets wind of a gang feud and manages to come on the scene in time to catch Farley red-handed after he's ambushed several of his enemies and shot them all down with a machine gun. Farley threatens to kill the cop if he opens his mouth, and the cop offers to keep still if Farley will put Jim out of his gang and let me alone. Farley tells Jim to shut his face or he will cash him.

"The cop goes to Headquarters with his information and a riot squad is sent after Farley. There is a running fight through the streets of the Loop and across the Elevated. Farley kills two cops, and Jim is wounded. At last Farley is captured and thrown in jail under a heavy guard. The cop saves Jim, and he and I and my brother all go out into the country to a farm, where the cop and I get married and raise lots of . . . live stock!"

Kenny sprang to his feet excitedly. "I guess I'm not so crazy after all!" he exclaimed. "Come on, let's go over to Fishbein's house. I have a little business proposition to make him!"

FISHBEIN was sunk in the lowest depths of despondency. "I put in talkie equipment worth $100,000," he greeted Joyce, "and now I can't use it. It's worse than the stock market!"

"Listen, Mr. Fishbein," said Kenny, "your studio stays closed until the murderers are found, doesn't it?"

"Oi oi," said Fishbein, "aint it the truth!"

"And the day the murderers are taken into custody, you can reopen your studio?"

"That's what the police said."

"All right, I can land those murderers for you!"

"You can! Say, of all the damned pesty fools . . .!"

"Listen to me, Mr. Fishbein: I know why Denis and Kearney were killed. And I can clear this case up for you!"

"Well, why don't you go ahead and do it?"

"I'm going to. Only I want a promise out of you. If I land the murderers so you can reopen your studio within a week, do I get the director's job on *Murder In the Loop?*"

"Sure, sure," said Fishbein, "catch the murderers and I'll marry you to one of my daughters!"

"Put that in writing!" said Kenny.

"About the daughter?" demanded Joyce.

"No, silly, about the job," said Kenny.

Fishbein wrote out the agreement and signed it. "Be ready to start shooting in a week from today," said Kenny as he put the paper in his pocket.

"Your the damndest pest in Hollywood," Fishbein told him. "I wish you'd leave me alone."

"Yes, and I'm going to be the greatest director!"

Outside in the machine Joyce asked, "What are you going to do now?"

"I want you to go home," said Kenny, "and begin preparing for your wedding. It takes place a week from tonight!"

"Yes, but where are you going in the meanwhile, Big Boy?"

"I'm leaving for Chicago tonight!"

THE Santa Fe's crack train, the Chief, makes Chicago from Los Angeles in sixty hours. But even so, that took two and a half days out of Kenny's week.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Joyce. "I want you to go home," said Kenny, "and begin preparing for your wedding. It's next week."

The first thing he did when he hit Chicago was to look up Sam Jackson, the man who had written the scenario for *Murder In the Loop.* Jackson was now carrying on a private law practice in Chicago, but he was deeply interested in what Jimmy had to say.

"But even if your guess is correct," said the lawyer, "what can you do about it? He has over twenty murders to his credit right here in Chicago and the police are afraid to indict him."

"But why?" demanded Kenny.

"Because the most important names in Chicago's politics and finance are on his list. They all take hush money from him in return for protection. If you brought him to trial the scandal would rock the country. That's why the police are afraid of him."

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Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

The young lady in crinoline is really quite a modern maiden, whom you know as Jean Arthur. Following her splendid work in *Danger Lights* she'll next be seen in *The Silver Horde*, a tale of the great North.

Charlie Bickford sinks his income into a variety of enterprises from hog-raising to real estate, and they all show a profit. He's shown here with a group of employees in front of one of his Los Angeles filling stations.

SAVING THOSE

By **GORDON R. SILVER**

No doubt the restraining influence of the business manager occasionally tempts one to deeds of violence. Jobyna Ralston, his wife, handles all of Richard Arlen's financial affairs.

FILM people have long been considered notoriously unworldly in the matter of money. As a matter of fact, they are just that. At the present time those players who are "sitting pretty" with contracts are making big money, for the talkies have proven popular beyond all imagination after their first year's test. Big money that had to be expended quickly by companies last year when talkies came in with a bang is now reaping its profit through the box-office. And this in turn is affecting the salaries of the favored players. Naturally, they are beginning to think of ways and means of saving their money.

Since the wave of thrift, being just a film player with no side line in the way of a paying business is fast becoming absolutely declassé. The actors and actresses, no matter how high in the profession they happen to be roosting, are beginning to appreciate that some day they may have decided difficulty in getting a good contract.

And so here, there and everywhere around the studios,

Greta Garbo's check is handled by Harry Edington, an executive at M-G-M, and he won't let his client play the stock market. As a result she has a substantial bank roll.

you will find the players earnestly preparing for the day when Jesse Lasky, Carl Laemmle, Jack Warner or one of the other magnates may be saying:

"Big girl (or boy), you are putting too much emphasis on the *big*. You're twenty pounds overweight now and you can't have that lead. And that's that!"

The private business enterprises into which screen capital is being invested are getting more diversified every day and the amount of dollars invested is increasing proportionately. From ventures as unromantic as owning a hog farm or running a sawmill, these diversions run the gamut of raising grapes and specializing in highly-bred cows!

CHARLES BICKFORD, Greta Garbo's boy friend in *Anna Christie,* is the individual who decided that while it might not be romantic or sentimental to raise hogs, it was at least extremely profitable. So Charles sank a carload of his money into a hog ranch up Massachusetts way. His ranch manager breeds porkers and sells something like four thousand yearly.

Bickford, by the way, has all sorts of enterprises supervised by capable managers who save him loads of money. He owns three whaling vessels that ply their down-to-the-sea-in-ships trade with an efficiency that shows lucrative results. He owns a restaurant, where ham can have eggs or eggs can have ham, or duo. He owns four gas filling stations around town. Between pictures, he goes around and casts an eagle eye over this and that. If he likes this and that and provided it's for sale, he buys it. For instance, he spotted a filling station on Main street in Los Angeles. It was broken-down and living mostly on air. Bickford consulted his business manager and then bought it. It now pays him a thousand a month net profit, more than many a player's screen salary.

He recently purchased a half-interest in a business that rents all kinds of animals to the studios. To top it all, he does a bit of writing whenever he gets a chance. He wrote the Lenore Ulric stage effort, *The Sandy Hooker,* and has a second play tightening itself together in the "sticks" ere venturing into Manhattan. Enterprising young fellow—this Charlie!

Ruth Roland goes in for real estate, and she owns a good deal of property in Los Angeles. Her manager, incidentally, is L. E. Kent, her first husband.

Who takes care of the players' salaries—and why most of them won't have to worry when their studio pay checks stop coming around

INCOMES

All of Harold Lloyd's personal and business affairs are handled by his uncle, William R. Fraser, shown at leisure here with the star.

EDMUND LOWE is an enthusiastic follower of ranch operations. He has 1200 acres in the Santa Cruz Mountains, near San José. Grapes are the main crop and if prohibition is ever abolished, a certain Mr. Eddie Lowe sees in his land a new kind of liquid gold. As it is, Ed's ranch manager saves him a good bunch of money yearly. Sometimes, when Ed and his wife, Lilyan Tashman, have a bit of leisure time, they journey up to the ranch and help look after the crops themselves.

Gary Cooper, who for years rode the Montana range, is another who goes in for ranches. Judge Cooper, Gary's father, acts as his famous son's financial manager and when he advised him to start a dude ranch in Montana, Gary wholeheartedly started right in. For some time now, he has been using a large portion of his salary paying out on the 7600 acres near Gary, Montana, his birthplace. So well is the scheme working that he has option on a holding almost as large in Arizona. Gary combines cattle raising with riding herd on an annual crop of eastern dudes. The price on beef may be not always the best, but the dudes, through careful examination of their financial standing before they are permitted to register, can always pay—and make no mistake, they do pay and handsomely, too!

LOUISE DRESSER owns a large garage on Sunset Boulevard that saves her a tidy amount of greenbacks. Jack

[*Continued on page 93*]

Charlie Mack and Bert Swor have been pals for a number of years. Long ago they were vaudeville partners, and a friendship which can withstand such trials is certainly a lasting one.

By
GRACE KINGSLEY

FAMOUS MOVIE FRIENDSHIPS

Clara Bow met Daisy DeVoe in a hair-dressing parlor, and Daisy became Clara's secretary. Now the two are inseparable companions, and Clara never leaves Hollywood without her friend.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Douglas Fairbanks have been buddies for years.

And one of the principal ties that draws them together is that they never agree!

Which sounds like a Hibernicism, but only means really that both love to argue. Doug is a sort of positive and Charlie is a sort of negative.

"Arguing," said a friend of Charlie's the other day, "is one way Charlie has of obtaining knowledge. If you said to him, for instance, 'I think the manner in which the government handles the religious superstitions of the Ba-Kaondi tribe of South Africa, is all wrong,' Charlie would say he thought the government was right! Then he'd draw you out until he knew as much about the Ba-Kaondi as you do. He likes books, but he likes better drawing people out about what they know."

Charlie doesn't care what he argues about, just so he argues. Doug is the same way. Anything from the rules governing tiddle-de-winks to the question of international jurisprudence will do.

Neither Charlie nor Doug believes in airing his woes, so

Continuing this delightfully intimate series on Hollywood notables and their friends—whom they select and why

that it's a bright, joyous companionship between the two.

I've known Charlie in the midst of some of his domestic troubles to go over to Doug's house, assume a jaunty air, demand a game of charades, and never say one word about the things that were worrying him. Doug knows just how to handle the situation. Ten to one he knows what Charlie is going through, but he doesn't let Charlie think of his troubles if he can help it. He will begin an argument, or start a game of some kind. But if Charlie wants to sit silently, that's all right with Doug. He and Mary Pickford will keep up a running fire of talk until Charlie pays attention to them and begins to take part; or Doug, too, will go into a reflective mood, usually, however, pacing up and down, as Doug finds it hard to sit still unless he's conversing. Charlie is the moody one. Doug is pretty even.

If either does tell his troubles, he does it in joking fashion, often with a little whimsical twist. Or if advice is wanted, the matter will be discussed in business-like fashion.

For, after all, this friendship, joyous and light as it appears on the surface, has its roots deep in the soil of two natures which, at bottom, take things very seriously.

Their friendship is endlessly significant to the whole industry, too, inasmuch as it was Doug who persuaded Charlie to go into the United Artists concern, which organization was the first big step taken away from a sordid view of things on the part of the producers, and a big step toward a much higher standard of literary excellence than had prevailed in the motion picture industry up to that time.

Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks are good friends because they never agree! When Charlie wants a bit of friendly advice or a good argument he can always get either at Pickfair.

Before Dorothy Sebastian entered the movies she was a rabid Alice Terry fan. In her first picture she met Alice, and their friendship has been unbroken ever since that incident.

CLARA BOW'S CHUM IS HER SECRETARY

I THINK it reflects great credit on Clara Bow, both as to her brains and her character, that her chum is also her secretary. It must take great powers of diplomacy to get along with a secretary who is also a bosom friend. And I'm not kidding, either. Fancy trying to scold a secretary for forgetting a lot of telephone calls, or omitting to answer letters, while all the time out of her eyes is shining the words, "Remember, I'm your bosom friend. How can you scold me?"

[*Continued on page 95*]

JOAN and AUTUMN

A lovely dove grey shade is the featured color of this coat suit designed by Adrian for Joan Crawford. Fitch fur adds richness to the unusual collar line and wide cuffs. The coat length and the skirt underneath assume the approved length for the new season.

A vivid brunette such as the charming Joan can wear to perfection striking color combinations. A bright yellow cardigan costume of knitted jersey makes an ideal sport ensemble. The striped scarf features the same shade of yellow with a broad white and black band. The matching beret repeats the colors in the scarf.

White flannel pajamas are *the* thing for tennis wear. Joan's slender lithe figure is just right for this mode which is at present topping the sports field. The smart border of black follows strictly tailored lines in a very masculine manner. With the trousers of the suit is worn a lightweight pull-over sweater.

With fall and winter just around the corner, lovely Joan Crawford offers valuable fashion hints

A striking harmony of the black and white note is used in this beautiful evening ensemble. Of panne velvet the dress is fashioned along Grecian lines with graceful collar and peplum adornments on the plain foundation. The wrap hugs closely around the knees.

This lovely new printed chiffon dress is one of the reasons why the dinner or supper hour will be so important this season. Wearing a model which adopts the high waistline, the bloused blouse and the trailing hemline, with a becoming black hat, Miss Crawford typifies the fashionable young woman of today.

Lacy tweed, in a sports pattern, with the right casual air, is emphasized in this simple but good looking model chosen by Joan. Made with a boyish blouse buttoning up to the throat, and the newer skirt length, this costume is topped with a beret of the same material.

Tidings from Talkie Town

[*Continued from page 31*]
staged a comeback, but not at the top. She had a character rôle in *Show Girl in Hollywood*. Came a scene where Alice had to approach her and read the line:

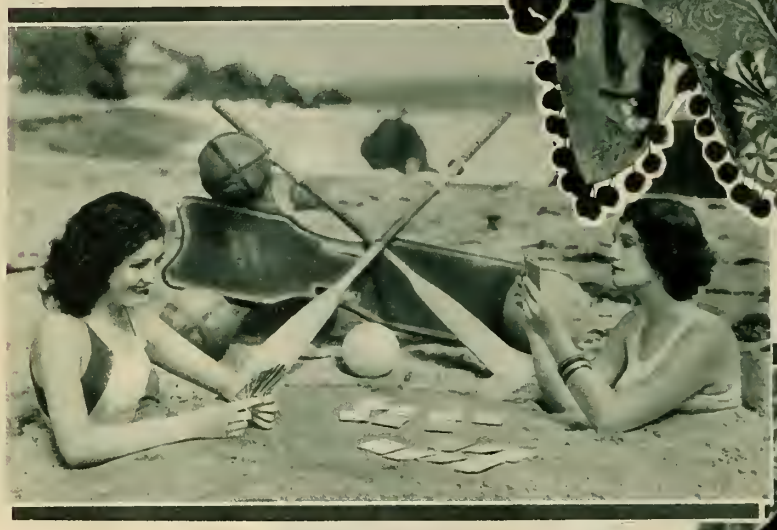
"You are my favorite star."

NEIL HAMILTON, popular leading man, who for years has entertained his Hollywood friends with his ability as a magician, has given up the art. "Too expensive a plaything," he announced.

During the last ten years he had invested nearly $10,000 *in contrivances to fool his guests. What really brought about his decision was a fire that destroyed his garage which sheltered a trick coffin that cost him more than* $2,000.

Neil long has been a member of the American Society of Magicians, although he never worked at the profession for compensation.

Marjorie White goes bold bad western with this giant sombrero sent her by an admirer. Marjorie looks mighty mean, but it must be hard to bear a lid like that.



Although it's customary at bridge parties to hear all the dirt, the ladies don't usually bury themselves in it — at least they didn't until Marion Shilling and Marcia Manners originated the novel idea.

After tramping miles and miles through strange uninhabited territory, Maurice and Eugene Pallette discover — Hollywood! Incidentally, in spare moments they did a bit of work.

MONTAGU LOVE declares that he owes his life to the combined sense of humor of a shark and a director. He was making a picture off the Bahamas in a canoe.

The frail craft sank and Love swam for his life toward shore. Dorsal fins cleaved the water about him. A shark had a big feast on his mind. The lure of the hunt absorbed him. The fast approaching shore line absorbed Love.

The director screamed "Never mind the shark, Love —the baraccudas are worse!"

The shark instantly disappeared below the surface and to this day Love declares the thing laughed itself to death.

BETTY COMPSON has moved into her new home — rather her old home.

It is the house on Hollywood boulevard that she purchased and occupied before she married James Cruze and moved to his Flintridge estate. Since her divorce, Betty has disposed of all personal belongings she had at Flintridge.

"I'm starting all over again," she declared. "This is MY home and I expect to make it a happy one."

THERE'S a distinct slump in such assumed names as "Gloria Grayfus," "Cherie Cherub" and similar disguises for Maggy Mulcahy and Zystra Preschilitsky. The "bit girls" are taking back the names their parents gave them in the belief that there is more chance of stardom with a name that is a name. Moreover, the home-town folks don't recognize them under the strange monikers.

Maurice Chevalier On Love

[*Continued from page 20*]

It is an error to believe that the Lothario, the butterfly type of man, is the best lover. He is simply a dilettante at love. He plays at it. The real lovers are those whose passion burns so deeply that there is room for only one sweetheart. Incidentally, strange though it may seem, Casanova, himself, although a man of many loves, gave himself and his substance wholly to each of his ladies in succession. He was the exception, perhaps. That is why his name has lived. Time after time he tossed his fortunes to the winds, all his opportunities, his life itself, just for a kiss.

AS TO loyalty, I think the sexes equal. One is no more frail than the other. Nor is one more susceptible than the other to sex charms. I think men are more frank, less pretentious. Women because of their inferior strength through the centuries have been forced to develop a certain wily diplomacy which makes them say things with their lips which they do not believe in their hearts.

I do not think women are especially impressed by the courtier type of fellow, who bows too low and kisses hands at the slightest provocation. You see, it hasn't been more than five minutes ago as world's known history goes, that we were winning our brides with clubs. Despite all the veneer, a good deal of that remains in men and women too. Men are the hunters—or at least, thinking they are, they go through all the motions. And women rather like the caveman business. The big, strong, he-man hunter. It is a sort of game, and each must play the rôle for which Nature cast him.

There is a man for every girl—and a girl for every man. When these two—who fit perfectly into one another's scheme of things—meet, love and marry, the union is sure to be a lasting joy to nature. And sure to bring supreme happiness to both individuals. That is all that matters. Nature, in her way, wishes us happiness. Sometimes she bungles. Sometimes we do. And then it is just too bad.

Understanding is the great thing. Men and girls may like for a time to play with a puzzle; something that they cannot understand—cannot get close to. But in a short time this becomes very wearying. Try it and see. Have you ever tried to talk with anyone who just didn't get what you were talking about? It is a terrible bore, is it not so? Well, it is so in love to a superlative degree.

And, by the way, conversation that is mutually interesting leads to love and marriage far more frequently than you may think. If a couple can be happy in the companionship and conversation of one another, it is a good sign that love is just around the corner. In fact, if they find things to say over a reasonable period of time, eventually the words love and marriage will enter the conversation.

AT WHAT age should one embark upon matrimony? Well, for a man surely not until he has acquired sufficient foothold to provide for a wife. And in this age of fierce economic struggle that is seldom before thirty. Although, of course, there are exceptions. As to the girl—her heart must tell her. Though it is well for her to think of that tomorrow when a diet of cheese and kisses will prove somewhat palling. There is a fairly safe rule regarding the age of matrimony. And it would help everyone were it as firmly established here as it is in my country. A man should marry a girl one half his own age plus seven years. It has been practiced in France for years with extremely happy results.

Try it at any age and it works out well. The man of thirty weds a girl fifteen years of age plus seven more—total twenty-two. At forty, his bride's age should be twenty-seven. It is a good rule. Apply it to your happiest friends and you will see that they have, consciously or unconsciously, adhered to it.

Love and sex should not be problems. After all, there are other things in the world which engross the attention. It seems to me that a girl or a young man should go along living life and getting from it all that is offered. When the time arrives, along comes love—and *voilà!*—there you are! Like the watched pot that never boils, too great dwelling, too great attention to so-called love problems tend to stale the subject and to drive Cupid elsewhere to practice his archery.

These are my ideas. But perhaps they are all wrong. For, you see, after all I am married, and not a ladies' man.

Good Girl

[*Continued from page 21*]

"Then," I began hopefully, "do you think pretty soon you'll be playing sophisticated parts like Lil Tashman and Kay Francis?"

"No," said Mary decidedly, "I used to yearn for them when I'd get fed up on gaga ingénue parts and especially after reading all those interviews about how sweet and innocent I was. But—wait a minute."

SHE disappeared into the next room and a few minutes later she came back in a slinky, black velvet gown with a long train and her hair drawn back and earrings like—like—well, it's a cinch nobody could ever bite her ears when she had those on. "With a map—or do you say 'pan' now?—like I've got," she explained, "there's no use in my trying to go vampish. You see," giving the train a healthy kick, "from *this* side my nose turns up and from *this* side my dimple shows. Anyhow, if I tried to vamp a fellow I'd start laughing and if they were foolish enough to shoot the scene everybody who saw it would laugh at *me*. So I guess all I'm good for is the girl they come back to in the end."

"Baby," says I, "if you ever looked at me like that—and meant it—there'd be no coming back. I'd never leave you."

"Looked at you like what?" says Mary innocently, turning the full power of those ultra violet ray eyes on me.

"Glug, glug," I responded, as I promptly took the count.

WHEN I came to, instead of finding my head in Mary's lap, I found the room full of people: Neil Hamilton and his wife, Elsa, Jack Oakie, Phillips Holmes. Somebody had pushed me over into a corner to get me out of the way and Mary was dishing up tea and cake.

A martyr always to the cause of a good interview, I passed up the tea and cake and feigned unconsciousness in the hope of getting some news.

"Look here, Mary," Jack was saying, or attempting to with a mouthful of cake, "you're stealing my stuff and you gotta stop."

"Mary," I interrupted, "have you ever been in love?"

"Oh," Mary screamed between bursts of laughter, "it's only four o'clock in the afternoon and that's too early to start on *that*."

"Don't laugh," I begged, "this is serious."

WHEN she regained control of herself she looked at me solemnly, although there was still a twinkle in her eyes. "No," she replied, "I haven't. A couple of times I've come pretty close but never quite —not quite all the way, anyhow. I've never fought against it, either. Maybe that's why I haven't fallen. If I met anyone who could make me think of love as anything but a huge joke, I think I'd rather like it. But I just never have."

"But, gee whiz," I protested, "you're an attractive girl. It's only natural that fellows should fall in love with you. You shouldn't laugh at 'em for that. You should compliment them on their taste."

"No," Mary argued. "It spoils everything. I try to kid them out of it but if they persist, I just say, 'Well, if you're going to feel *that* way, I'm sorry but I can't see you any more.'"

LISTEN, Mary," I begged, "if I promised not to play handball with you or look like a minister or—or—do you think there'd be any chance—that you—er—"

Mary leaned very close and the scent of the gardenias was as overpowering as knock-out drops and the light of those thousand candle power eyes was as dazzling as the noonday sun.

"No," said Mary softly.

When I came to I was quite, quite alone and it was black night all around me. And a month later everything is still black, *black*, BLACK, for I haven't seen Mary since.

Last of The Squadron of Death

[*Continued from page 23*]

wrong—a pilot blinded by a late afternoon sun is the best guess—and the two craft collided in mid-air, burst into flames and sent the charred bodies of eleven men to watery graves. Director Hawkes was among them.

That is why Dick will always insist that he sent his buddies down. He contends that he should have suggested that Hawkes postpone the flight a few days until the Paramount task had been completed.

NINE years of supplying hair-raising stunts for pictures—jobs that ran the gamut of the spectacular and perilous, from jumping from blazing buildings and jagged cliffs to parachute leaps, changes from plane to plane and actual crashes. Nine years of watching his friends in the profession pay with their lives have failed to singe the devil-may-care spirit that keeps him in the game. Offers of executive posts with transcontinental air lines or experimental positions with aircraft manufacturers have come to him, but they lack the appeal.

Money means little to Dick Grace.

When the Caddo Company organized a force of forty pilots for the battle sequences of *Hell's Angels,* Dick was in a hospital recuperating from serious injuries.

"Well, I guess I can't be in on them all," was his comment at the time.

But when this $4,000,000 picture was in its final stages, the company announced that the last air shot was being held up because the director could find no flyer willing to crash a giant Gotha bomber — an unruly craft—from clouds to earth in flames.

"IT'S ONLY a publicity stunt, but it's a nasty slam at us fellows," Dick said to me at the time. "I want to call their bluff. I'll bet my ten thousand dollar government life insurance policy against ten dollars that I can do it and come out alive."

It was a sporting proposition on Dick's part because $2,500 is the regular price for a crack-up job.

But the bet remained untouched.

"We found a man last night," was the reply I got from the producers. "Anyhow, we don't expect the pilot to be killed."

The pilot, apparently under secret contract throughout the press agent's attempt to build up the stunt, took to his parachute as the big ship went into its dive several thousand feet up. But a mechanic, riding in the rear of the fuselage to shoot off the smoke bombs, never had a chance. His body was found in the flaming wreckage.

And Dick had been willing to do both the flying and smoke-shooting for ten dollars!

AIRPLANE crashes—the intentional ones that stir theatre-goers as the pictures unfold on the screen—are costly affairs at best. A miss is as good as a mile. That is why Dick has reigned as king of the crashers ever since his friend Omar Locklear, first of the film skydevils, went into a fatal spin while making a scene five years ago.

A crashing plane must be landed on a designated spot, so that ground cameras, set up and waiting a few feet away, can record the incident. Otherwise, it is lost.

Directors must consider the cost of the plane. Its wreckage is worthless. They must consider the cost of the pilot—and the added cost in case he is killed. They must consider lost footage.

But they know Dick never has "let them down," even though hitting the spot meant serious injuries to himself.

"How do you want it?" Dick inquires when he is engaged for a tumble. "One wing off, two wings off, nose dug in the ground, or the ship on its back?"

Then he spends days testing the plane, weakening certain spots, strengthening others, that the final splash will be more spectacular.

THE day set for the crack-up comes, and he again goes to the director.

"Where do you want her?" he will ask, for he knows he must land a certain distance from the camera.

The director points out the spot.

"O. K.," says Dick as he strolls to the designated place and spreads his handkerchief on the ground. That is his target—the target he watches as he goes into the dive.

And Dick generally hits the bit of white linen. Never has he landed more than five feet from it.

Dick is only thirty years old, yet he is the veteran of this crashing game in Hollywood. He also is a veteran of the World War, having seen active air service on both the French and Italian fronts.

How come he got into the Navy flying corps at the age of seventeen? Dick did what hundreds of other American youngsters did upon their country's entry into the conflict. He lied about his age.

Dick's parents reared him to be a lawyer, his father having served for many years as chief justice of the North Dakota Supreme Court. The summer he graduated from high school at the age of sixteen he toured the mid-Western county fairs as aide to an exballoonist, flying one of the old type pusher planes.

ODD jobs over a period of weeks brought him enough wealth with which to purchase the materials for a contraption that somewhat resembled the present day gliders. The empty hayloft of a deserted barn was his workshop. Finally, he was ready for the trial flight. Hauling the glider to the roof of the barn, he climbed in and pushed off.

That was the last he remembered that day. When he came to in his own bed, his mother sobbing at his side and a physician hovering nearby, he discovered that his experiment had failed at a cost of a broken arm.

He had been in Hollywood for several years and had performed scores of daring feats, when he was called upon for what he considered was to be his big adventure. He had crashed planes before—both intentionally and unintentionally. The studios knew his ability—and his grit.

That is why Director "Billy" Wellman, himself a world war flyer, contracted with him to do three crack-ups in *Wings.*

DICK travelled to Texas with the *Wings* company—Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen, Clara Bow, Mary Brian, Jobyna Ralston and hundreds of bit players and extras. He made ready the three planes in his own way.

He crashed the first—and came through it with a few cuts and bruises.

Three weeks later, he crashed the second. That was when his neck was broken.

The eight months in hospitals that followed prevented him from doing the third.

When the cast eventually was removed from his throat and he was released from a Hollywood hospital to which he had been removed from the army base at Houston, both army and private surgeons warned him that he must never fly again.

"The slightest jar on your neck will kill you," they told him.

Less than a month had passed before he was on his way to Honolulu with a plane in which he hoped to fly from the islands to Los Angeles. He took off, but the gasoline load was too heavy for the craft and he crashed into a tree top.

And it wasn't long before he was back in Hollywood, once more the star plane-smasher for the movie companies.

WHEN First National was preparing to film *Lilac Time,* starring Colleen Moore, Dick was told to form a squadron, with himself as commander, to work for twelve weeks.

"Pick your own boys," they said.

He gathered around him fellows with whom he had worked in previous pictures.

Ross Cooke was selected by Dick as his chief lieutenant, to assume charge in case the leader fell. The others were Clement Phillips, Charles Stoffer, Frank Baker, B. M. Spencer, Lonnie Hay and E. D. Baxter. Bill Crossan was signed as the relief pilot.

On the night before the first flight, they sat about their quarters on location miles from home, playing cards and reminiscing. Dick suggested that they form a permanent organization that would be held together for other pictures. Ross Cooke went farther. He thought they should have a code of ethics and an emblem—and a name.

The vote was unamimous for "The Squadron of Death. The buzzard was selected as the insignia.

MEMBERS were to be governed by four rules:

1—*Live right, do right.*
2—*Go where the leader commands.*
3—*Die in the cockpit.*
4—*No vacancy in the ranks ever to be filled.*

Ross Cooke produced a fountain pen and wrote the code on a sheet of paper. Then he passed it around and all affixed their signatures. It was agreed that this original and autographed copy would become the heritage of the last surviving member.

That was the birth of Hollywood's famous Squadron of Death. Now Dick—the last survivor—is in possession of the autographed chart—the code written with the pen and by the hand of Ross Cooke.

Hollywood Hobbies

[*Continued from page 38*]

impoverished of the celluloid fraternity she can be found at the homes of her married friends, romping with the youngsters. Her parties for the tots, frequent events at Pickfair, are gay ones.

Ramón Novarro's hobby is his Little Theatre, a completely equipped playhouse, with stage footlights, scenery, drop curtains, cinema screen—everything down to the Neon sign that blazes forth over the door. It also contains a pipe organ.

Musical revues are staged for his intimates at great expense. Ramón engages salaried actors and choruses. He hires a regular orchestra. He designs the beautiful settings and costumes himself. He personally rehearses and directs his shows.

JAMES CRUZE, producer-director, has found his pastime, which is open house for his friends on Sunday afternoons, expensive in more than one way. In addition to the financial outlay, these parties have cost him his wife.

When Betty Compson left the Flintridge estate recently to file a suit for divorce, she announced that she could no longer go on with fifty-two of these functions each year. She declared the crowds disturbed her study and rest.

The Cruze Sunday afternoon parties are known the country over. The guest book contains the name of many internationally famous persons.

The director never goes out — socially speaking. He asks his intimates to come and see him.

After shooting all day, Jimmie goes to The Hacienda — as the place is known — and spends his evenings planning the next day's work. But Sunday means company to him.

Some Sabbaths find as many as 250 persons in the house enjoying the scenery, the gardens, swimming pool, the food and refreshments. It is a legend in Hollywood that Jimmie doesn't know and never before saw half of those he entertains. If they have the nerve to crash the door, he hasn't the heart to eject them.

Food and drink for these affairs cost him in the neighborhood of $20,000 a year. However, that doesn't include the damage to furniture, house or grounds.

The gardens surrounding The Hacienda come next with Cruze. He has invested more than $100,000 in landscaping and flowers. His friends say he calls each blossom by name and that he bets on the color of the pansies before they are budded.

JOHN GILBERT goes in for tennis, and expended $25,000 on his court because it was necessary to blast it out of rock mountainside on which his home stands. Because he enjoys playing at night, he had an elaborate lighting system installed.

Others who take to this game on a less elaborate, but equally enthusiastic scale are Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., H. B. Warner, Ernest Torrence, Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland and Clive Brook.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and George Fawcett are inveterate golfers.

Reginald Sharland, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and Joseph Cawthorn are fishermen plus.

Hobart Bosworth, Mary Brian and Lina Basquette ride the bridle paths. Bosworth, clad in white, his white hair blowing, and mounted on a pure white horse is a picturesque figure.

Musical instruments provide mental relaxation and muscle development for Buddy Rogers, Adolphe Menjou and Charles Chaplin.

Buddy, who has much invested in his equipment, plays the saxophone, trombone, cornet, piano, organ, drums and guitar. Two of his musical compositions have been published.

Menjou, also a composer, spends his leisure at his grand piano.

Chaplin divides his affections between his pipe organ and violin. He plays his own works for his friends.

Gloria Swanson, Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman devote their spare time to seeking new and startling wearing apparel among the fashion dictators. It has been said that Lilyan spends two-thirds of her income on clothes.

Jack Oakie, too, invests his surplus in things to wear—things to be heard, not seen.

HOWEVER, there are a few laughs to be had from this Hollywood business of riding the hobby. For instance:

Mason Hopper, the director, has prowled the dusty and musty shops in all countries for cook books. He delights in springing strange dishes on his guests.

Robert Woolsey, the comedian, has volumes of stamps, and Bert Wheeler, his partner in fun, saves tinfoil.

Harold Lloyd has many thousands of dollars in his Great Dane kennels.

Clara Bow likes dogs, owns four and is going to buy more. The breed, she says, doesn't matter.

Richard Dix expends $50 weekly for food for his thoroughbred English setters, to say nothing of the caretaker's pay.

John Robertson, director, can't forget his boyhood on a Canadian farm and to date has lost more than $100,000 operating a ranch near Hollywood so that he can spend his off days laboring with the hired help.

Billie Dove and Evelyn Brent have rare perfumes and costly containers valued at more than $10,000 each. Fay Wray also enjoys this indoor sport.

Dorothy Lee has a thousand toy dogs valued at $5,000, and Joan Crawford has two thousand dolls.

Crane Wilbur owns twelve movie cameras and delights in shooting pictures on his travels.

Ann Harding goes in for elaborate bathrooms. She is building six of them, all gaily colored, into her new home.

THERE'S only one person in this town of spendthrifts whose hobbying nets him a profit.

Charles Bickford for years has vacationed on whaling vessels in the north Atlantic. When he came to Hollywood he bought an interest in a whaling fleet operating out of here. So far he has harpooned four whales himself from his own ships.

And the dern hobby is going to net him $25,000 this year!

Where Do They Come From

[*Continued from page 26*]

ments, he gives singing lessons without charge to other stars and takes an active part in the management of the Red Arrow Airplane Works, of which he is a part owner. Bernice Claire, by the way, is also interested in the Red Arrow enterprise.

PATRICIA AVERY and Estelle Taylor have been stenographers. Polly Ann Young, Raquel Torres, and Josephine Dunn were educated in convents for commercial pursuits. Karl Dane was a carpenter in Denmark when he was thirteen years old, and he has since worked as a stage hand and as an aviator. Dorothy Sebastian owned and managed a gift shop in Birmingham before she joined George White's *Scandals*.

Conway Tearle and Alec B. Francis are lawyers; Francis practiced for five years in Ireland. John Boles, Eugene O'Brien, and Lew Cody studied medicine. Allan Dwan, Charles Bickford, Norman Kerry, Ken Maynard, Lloyd Whitlock, and Jack Holt are electrical or civil engineers. Dwan had a contract to rewire the old Essanay Studios in Chicago. He liked the glamor of the studio and stayed there to write scenarios. Holt's first job was with a railroad company in the West. He quit it quickly to become a cow-puncher. Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Jack Hoxie, Edmond Cobb, and Tom Mix were also cowboys. Tom was with Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War.

BETTY COMPSON once played the violin in a small photoplay theatre. George O'Brien was Tom Mix's cameraman. Nils Asther was a member of the Swedish diplomatic corps.

There are a hundred others quite as strange and quite as surprising. There may be a moral somewhere in these annals. I do not know what it is.

But I do know that Eddie Nugent, whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now seems to be grooming for stardom, used to be a professional feeder of ostriches.

Behind Her Pretty Face

[*Continued from page 33*]

quality of self-reliance which has remained so great a characteristic. And her pugnacity, too, may be traced to that early environment —and the Celtic ancestry which warns the world not to "tread on the tail of me coat." No one does. Not to this day. Ask anyone at Paramount.

As she grew, her hair turned from gold to crimson. She developed tom-boyish freckles — which she still has where they don't show—and twisted tom-boy fingers resulted from participation in rough-house kid games. But she wasn't all tom-boy. There was a feminine streak that loved hair-ribbons, and made her worry about that snub-nose—the one they call *retroussé* now that she's famous. That Irish equivalent — or apology—for a schnozzola annoyed Nancy a lot. She used to clamp it with a clothespin at night, and it's sheer luck that it didn't turn into a nose like Fannie Brice's—before her operation.

SO UNTIL she was fourteen Nancy went to school and played hookey and tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York to the strains of the tune that made Al Smith a Governor—and defeated him for President. She liked to dance. And she liked to sing. Qualities not unusual in a sorrel-topped colleen with a mother from Roscommon, and a dad from County Claire. But Nancy went a bit further. In the tiny talent which she developed she saw a chance to win her way out of the flat above the butcher shop. Although not even she could guess how far she'd travel from that humble home.

It was her ambition, more than a mere girlish lark, that led her to tempt the kid sister, Terry, into a great adventure. Now, in New York, East is East and West is West, just as truly as in the sense Kipling suggested. So it was not without a certain trepidation that the little La Hiff girls invaded the East Side to strive against the local talent for an amateur night prize at one of the Loew theatres. The story goes that suspicions of their "Tent' avenoo" origin were aroused, and that the day was saved by a lad they knew—one Bud Carroll—who adopted them as his sisters. So they went on as "The Carroll Sisters." And—yes—they won the prize!

NANCY was all for continuing "her career." But old Tom La Hiff decided otherwise, so until 1923 the senior member of "The Carroll Sisters" team of song-and-dance girls, attended Holy Trinity School. In that year, however, she and Terry entered the chorus of the *Passing Show*. Maybe Uncle Billie helped there. He was, and is, quite a boy along Broadway, and now as proprietor of "The Tavern," he's host and confidant to many a celebrity.

Nancy's first part didn't call for great histrionic ability. But soon the sisters did an interpolated specialty dance. And Nancy was elevated to a more important rôle. As a matter of fact she was elevated to the chandelier — from which she hung in as aesthetic a pose as possible during one of the ensemble scenes. From the chandelier, Nancy descended to earth again. Within a few weeks she was offered the leading part —and took it. Oddly enough, the hero of the show was none other than that same Jimmy Hall whose face since has become familiar to film fans from Saskatchewan to Singapore.

When the play took to the road, there was a family conference as to whether or no Nancy should accompany it. Her mother said no. And it was decided that mother knew best. So the carrot-topped Carroll kid stayed at home on Broadway and signed for the *Topics of 1923*. In this one she doubled in one of the skits as Madame DuBarry—woman of passion, as she has been nominated in the title of a recent talkie.

So passed the year of '23. Engagements in a half dozen musicals followed. But between rehearsals, and openings and closings, Nancy found time to fall in love. Although she freely prophesied that she would be a great star, she didn't propose to permit the struggle toward stellar heights to rob her of the thrills of romance—the joys of domesticity.

IT DID seem as though her path of destiny was nicely paved, for no sooner did she marry Jack Kirtland, than he quit his job as a New York Daily News reporter to try his hand in a Hollywood scenario department. Naturally Nancy went along. And naturally Nancy's thoughts turned to the movies, even as yours and mine under similar circumstances.

She found it fairly easy to gain entrance to the Los Angeles stage—for this poor relation of the cinema always finds its cupboard bare of talent. She appeared in several theatres; most important was her portrayal of the Francine Larrimore rôle in the West Coast cast of *Chicago*.

But she found Hollywood to be far more distant from Los Angeles than the map would indicate. And nary a tumble came from within the guarded gates of the studios. Finally, however, perseverance was rewarded, and she got a screen test on the Fox lot. In fact she got nearly a dozen tests and nothing happened. Then she was called for another, and being a bit fed up with the entire proceedings she responded to the call by exclaiming a lady-like equivalent for "nerts." Of course, that was the time she got the job. And her first appearance was in *Ladies Must Dress*, which starred Virginia Valli. Nancy had a minor rôle.

THE big break didn't come until Anne Nichols, herself, selected Nancy to portray the Rose in *Abie's Irish Rose*. Unlike Fox, Paramount saw the star dust shining in Nancy's Irish eyes, and the long-term contract they gave her is still in force. She has achieved several distinctions since those days. One of them is a little daughter, named Patricia. Another is firm standing in the first ranks of popular picture players. The third is a reputation for being as hot-headed as she is hot-haired. Of the three, this is the only one she denies.

Nancy admits that there have been occasional moments when things weren't so quiet on the Western front. There have been foot-stampings and refusals on her part. And it is said that she has even walked off the set—an unforgivable sin except for Nancy, the exception to the rule. But when she sort o' sidles up to you—or Mr. Schulberg—and glances up from under the longest lashes in Hollywood, anyone is bound to believe what she says about not being the least bit temperamental, and that it's all just a horrid misunderstanding.

The fact is that Nancy will tolerate no imposition. Sometimes there is a difference of opinion as to the definition of the word. But she can be just as stubborn as she can be sweet. Even in regard to this very story, word came back from Paramount that Nancy "wouldn't be interviewed and didn't give a damn about publicity." But when you meet her, all that sort of thing is forgotten and forgiven. When you look into her eyes 'most everything is.

Unlike the orchidaceous Constance Bennett, who recently insisted that her swathings cost a quarter million dollars a year, Nancy declares an expenditure of $500 sufficient to clothe her pulchritude. She has small use for dress so far as its pretense is concerned, and her clothes are most un-movie-star-like. With the style calling for clinging, floor sweeping skirts for evening wear, Nancy emerges from the exclusive hotel which she patronizes in New York bound for a party and clad in a riotous sport outfit.

SHE doesn't like animals. And she doesn't like women. Nor does she fancy very young men. No college heroes for Nancy. She's moody as a conversationalist. Sometimes, when she feels like it, she can and does talk freely and intelligently. More intelligently than nine-tenths of Hollywood. But she's never a "cackling kid." Meaningless chatter is one of her pet obsessions.

In some ways she's quite typically New York. She likes an occasional "wild" party. She goes in for Turkish baths. She's strong for ice cream—and chop suey. And, of course, she loves Manhattan.

She denies her beauty, and considers any good looks she may possess as part of her stock-in-trade. Thus she preserves her trim figure, consults her mirror frequently when posing for pictures, and sleeps without a pillow in the firm belief that it is beneficial to her neck lines.

She dislikes servants, closed cars and posing in a bathing suit. She still likes to sing, and to have maribou on her boudoir mules, to wear berets and to see pictures starring Greta Garbo. She believes that she will one day be a great dramatic acterss. And the belief is shared at the Paramount studios, both East and West. She gave a pretty good demonstration in *The Devil's Holiday*—and a better one in *Laughter*. She hates to have anyone say that she is regarded as the successor to Clara Bow's great vogue. But whether or not she likes it—it's true. Moreover, it is easily possible that she will soon become the greatest of all feminine stars in the eyes of the fans—who, after all, are the makers and breakers of Hollywood royalty.

BEFORE FAME

By **THOMAS MINEHAN**

Back at the municipal beach Dick could rescue a damsel single-handed and stifle a yawn with the free hand. But things are different in Hollywood and—well, meet the wife, Jobyna Ralston.

Long before Hollywood knew him, Richard Arlen used to be a dashing life-guard. These anecdotes of his courageous feats and delightful pranks of those early days will both enthrall and delight you with their difference

GIRLS, how would you like to be saved from drowning by a dream man? A tanned handsome life guard, romantic as a purple sunset, soul-stirring as a love song crooned over moonlight waters. A youth who, like Lindbergh, was an aviator, like Tunney, an athlete, and best of all, a youth who was to be a famous movie actor.

That, do I hear you say, has a catch in it.

Yet it could have happened. It did, in fact, happen, although few of the girls appreciated their good luck.

STILL, how were they to know that the young life guard who pulled them out of the water was to be Richard Arlen? How was anybody to know that Arlen, who had already won his wings as a flyer, was to win greater renown in after years in *Wings,* and—well, you know the Arlen pictures.

We, his fellow life guards at a municipal beach in St. Paul, Minnesota, never suspected the fame that was to be his. A high school athlete and dramatic star, Arlen was a superb guard, daring, fearless, and possessed of abundant strength and skill. Once I saw him dive from a boat and come up with three bathers ringed around his neck like a brace of ducks in a spaniel's mouth, and again I saw him break the surface of the lake thirty feet beyond the life-line with a swimmer in his arms, tow the man into shallow water and return to dive for another.

One of the fastest swimmers in the crew, Dick was always nearly first to reach a drowning bather and render aid.

HERE'S an incident which even Dick still laughs about:

A portly young lady, unattended, came down the beach one afternoon and walked unheedingly by warning signs and into deep water. Then she sank.

Too fat to drown in the regular way, as soon as she stepped over the pitch-off she popped up like a fisherman's bobber and lay floating face down on the surface. Her body even to her heels was half out of the water, but her head was submerged. She lay there spouting foam, her hands fanning the water like the stern wheels on a Mississippi steamer—but nevertheless, she was drowning.

ARLEN, the nearest guard, started for her in a row boat. He tried to lift her into the craft and discovered that what he needed was a steam winch and tug. Too heavy for anything smaller, the woman threatened to swamp the boat each time Arlen raised her even an inch. Back into the lake he would plop her, secure a new hold and begin again. Several times he stood the boat on end as he heaved and yanked at the bather. Never was he able to get her half over the stern without shipping water. Never was he able to get her to hold onto the side of the boat while he balanced it.

To add to Arlen's troubles an off-shore wind was drifting him and his client out into the lake. All the guards were swimming or rowing to help him, when he discovered a

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Freak Clauses In Their Contract

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THERE is a clause in the contract of Joe Brown which forbids him to grow a moustache, as this might tend to destroy or conceal his unique facial characteristics.

Moran and Mack had heard all about this business of making contracts and when they signed up with Paramount they inserted all sorts of stipulations in their agreement. One of the clauses allowed them to drive their own car inside the studio gates. They were the only players able to do this. Also they had a definite understanding about quitting time and would not work a minute after the whistle blew.

Corinne Griffith earned quite a reputation as a clock-watcher. No matter what was being done or how important or expensive the scene, when quitting time came, the lovely Corinne walked off the set.

Anita Page has a clause in her agreement which enjoins her from getting fat. This is a clause found in many contracts with feminine stars and players.

MAURICE CHEVALIER has permission in his contract to appear several months out of every year on the stage in his native France.

Ramón Novarro has a similar understanding. He can study or appear in Grand Opera four months out of each year.

Bernice Claire's contract contains a proviso that if at any time her voice should fail to reach high C, from changing on account of her extreme youth, the studio can rewrite her contract at a lower figure.

During the making of *Stella Dallas,* Lois Moran signed an agreement not to grow sophisticated for a year after its release.

All of the players in *The King of Kings* signed an agreement not to accept any rôles in other productions without the consent and approval of Cecil DeMille for a period of ten years.

Dorothy Cummings, who played the Madonna in this production had a clause in her contract forbidding her to sue for divorce. She broke the agreement three months after the picture was released.

There is a clause written into the contracts of both Alice White and Loretta Young which makes it necessary for them to study two foreign languages this year, preferably French and Spanish.

Vivienne Segal is enjoined by her contract not to yell at prize-fights. Vivienne is an ardent fight fan and studio officials began to fear that she might strain her voice when rooting for her favorites. Hence the ruling.

THERE is a provision in Clara Bow's contract which prevents workmen and technicians from addressing her in profane language or from making disparaging or profane remarks about her in her presence.

Both Ronald Colman and Greta Garbo are protected from making public appearances against their wishes, by the terms of their contracts.

Eddie Nugent's contract is drawn up in such a way that the studio can use his services in five different capacities whenever they wish to do so, either as an actor, writer, director, gag-writer or technician.

Lily Damita's contract with Sam Goldwyn stated that she must learn to speak English within six months from the date of signing.

Maurice Chevalier's contract with Paramount states plainly that he shall not lose his accent.

Sometimes, studios find it necessary to protect themselves in writing from the interference of relatives of stars. Esther Ralston was let out by Paramount on account of the interference of her husband.

THE most famous film contract was written on the back of a menu card at Rector's, New York, and was signed by Cecil DeMille, Jesse Lasky and Sam Goldwyn.

Another historical document was the one signed by William Farnum for the leading rôle in *The Squaw Man,* the first Lasky picture. Farnum was offered in this agreement his choice between a flat sum of $5,000 for his work in the production, or a fourth interest in the Lasky Film Co. Farnum chose the five thousand dollars. A fourth interest in the Company today would be worth millions of dollars.

A volume could be written on the freak clauses that govern a single production. When she signed to play the leading rôle in *The Merry Widow,* Mae Murray insisted upon a clause which would permit her to stage an exhibition dance scene with other dancers cleared from the dance floor. This was at the bottom of the Von Stroheim-Mae Murray feud which has tormented Hollywood for years. Von knew every custom of the country he was supposed to be filming and he knew from experience that such a dance could not have occurred as Mae wished to shoot it. Mae had the clause written into her contract and there was no getting around it so Von let the scene be shot and refused to watch while it was being filmed.

NOT the least interesting clause in present-day contracts is the one which governs the player's salary. John McCormack received $500,000 for his initial talkie-singie, *Song of My Heart.* Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, received $400,000 for a single talkie under the Paramount banner. Paul Whiteman received $50,000 from Universal for *The King of Jazz* and a share in the profits of the picture which will undoubtedly reach the half million mark. He also received $9,000 a week for his band.

Marilyn Miller received $100,000 for *Sally,* which was $25,000 a week. Ina Claire received $75,000 for her initial talkie, $100,000 for her second and $125,000 for her third.

Under his new contract, Richard Barthelmess receives $175,000 for each picture.

It is reported that Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix each receive $3,500 per week and a share in the profits of each picture under their new agreements with RKO. They also have a great deal to say about their stories and the direction of their talkies. Not so very many years ago both of these stars were willing to work for a weekly salary that was written in two figures.

Truly, the history of the films can be read from the record of its contracts.

Lady of Moods And Contrasts

[*Continued from page 61*]

Aloof? I've heard her called that. People don't like Betty Brent, as a rule, when they first meet her. I didn't. She seems complete within herself. She listens and talks little. High hat? Sensitive—rather. Like a negative exposed to light. Cautious. Holding herself in restraint. Protected in a shell of her own creation. Trying to overlook trivial unkindnesses. Acutely sensing them. Sometimes too acutely. Sometimes they aren't there.

Highly strung. A little selfish. A little extravagant but extravagantly generous. She likes comforts. She insists upon them. When she first began to get along in pictures, she spent part of her salary on a maid and less on herself. She didn't save a nickel. Today, she doesn't know how to save.

SERIOUS in her work. Carefully reading a new script. Analyzing the character. Building her. Building her mentally. Vivifying her with human quirks. The Brent doesn't care a hang how long she works. I've never heard her complain of hours. She loves them. She revels in the secret joy of being dead fagged. She likes sympathy. She likes the thought of being liked, the thoughtfulness of it.

There's fear in Evelyn Brent. Fear born of knowing and of the weariness of knowing. Perhaps it's lack of faith. In sincerity. People talk and forget. She lets it pass without a word. But it cuts. The toll of sensitiveness.

There's humbleness in Evelyn Brent. The same humbleness that makes Schumann-Heinke tremble with fright the first night of an opera. She's quick to condemn her performance. She frets over a rôle during a picture. Nerves. Jiggling. Raw. She lives on them. They lift. Then moods. Exhilarating. Soaring. Raring to go. They collapse. Then blackness. Grayness. The dreariness of futility. And the fear of loneliness. The need of the right man. Of being wooed. Adored. The need of right companionship. And a sweet, protective love. Like a kid, almost, beneath the maturity. Yet restless. Mellowed a bit by dreams. Mellowed by marriage. Mellowed by an appreciation of books. Of plays.

Unhappiness tempered with depths. Happiness tempered with uneasiness. The gamut of an emotional mechanism . . . Evelyn Brent.

That Makes It Tough

[*Continued from page 41*]

$6.60 for a New York *Vanities* ticket purchased at the box-office (thrice that from a speculator) makes the local Lotharios hysterical. The best the drama has to offer is a last season's show played by a road company, or impressed talent from the studios. And if the play has any greater kick than a dramatization of *Sarah Crewe, or What Happened at Miss Michen's* the gendarmerie will place gyves upon its wrists and a padlock on the playhouse.

There is a *Passion Play* which goes on for years and years. And there are Community Sings where thousands of persons with bad voices satisfy the mass meeting complex and render the night raucous with alleged harmony at the Bowl. And that makes it tough if you live in the vicinity.

I WON'T risk swiping the nifty that "all generalities are false, including this one" —but it is pretty well admitted by the truthful damsels of the Cinema City that as a matrimonial hunting-ground Hollywood is a complete crack-up. Really eligible men are scarce as clams in a chowder for the average girl. And even for the stars, themselves. If you doubt it, try to name a half-dozen "good matches" that have had their genesis in Hollywood. The desirable husbands have been filched from other locations. There's not a good provider on the hoof in the whole home herd. And, anyway you look at it, that's not so good.

Cold cash money is another thing that doesn't circulate in Hollywood. You do business on credit. There is no dough. No one expects any. It is a sober truth that you can pay the man at the parking station with a check for twenty-five cents. Everything is for sale. And the price is a dollar down. This makes it look easy—but it really makes it tough. The first buck is easy —but the sale seldom sticks. Subsequent payments aren't made, and then everything from the home to the Hupmobile goes back to the re-sale department. There's an established minimum wage of $16 per week. Try to get more as a clerical worker in most industries. In the movies things are better —but the most successful extras don't attain an average six-day wage of $50.

There are a thousand and one rackets to take anyone with five bucks or over. Oil wells, chicken farms, walnut groves—you can buy any of 'em right on Hollywood Boulevard. There's even a ballyhoo for a gold mine across the street from the Hotel Roosevelt. To be fair, what makes it tough in this instance is that there are a number of authenticated cases where some sap has bought a chicken farm, only to have an oil gusher spoil a setting of eggs by raining out a million dollars worth of black gold. There are paying wells in many a Hollywood back-yard.

THE Big Shots of Hollywood are more important than the Mayor of Moose Jaw, Montana, when they're playing around the home grounds. They're used to all the homage paid a Hottentot chieftain—and devil fly away with the unfortunate who fails to kow-tow to these Lord High Executioners. One guy who is still fooling himself as the Supreme Whoosis of a Class A studio, had a head-waiter fired for failure to recognize him. And, word of honor, this mugg quit the hostelry in a huff, hurried back to the studio where the gatemen did a collective Lebedeff at sight of him, and raised hell with the entire studio staff just to convince himself that he really was a Little Napoleon. Away from the Movie Metropolis many of these men are human as God made them, but, boy, where they blow the oompah in life's big parade, they can and do make it tough for the piccolo players.

As in all places where petty and ignorant people congregate, Hollywood is rife with the suspicion that accompanies inborn fear that incompetence will be discovered. Tattlers, tale-carriers, gossip-mongers throng and thrive. It is a paradise for stool-pigeons. A mammoth conspiracy of mediocrity. Studios are so honeycombed with politics and fence-fixing subordinates that it is only by the grace of whatever gods there be that motion pictures have attained even their present doubtful excellence. Real ability, genuine originality are in the discard as positive assets. Competence is perhaps a ten percent ingredient in baking up a batch of that enjoyable dish called Success.

FAR from being centers of art and accomplishment, the studios resemble nothing more than the factories where their executives once glazed furs, sewed buttons or made two pairs of pants grow for one coat. Time clocks are everywhere. Shakespeare, himself, if come to Hollywood, would have to turn out his *Hamlet* between the toots of the nine and five o'clock whistles. Directors and stars are given assignments on Saturday to begin shooting Monday—one day to create a picture from a script—one day to create a characterization. If you can't—or won't—do it, others will. One of the most incompetent directors of Hollywood has been with one and the same studio for—oh, for ever so long. As a matter of fact, I believe he is one of the record holders for long and continuous employment.

Promises, in Hollywood, are made to be broken. And with them hearts are broken, too. Directors are promised recognition for services well performed in assignment to worth-while pictures, where a reputation may be won. Stars are promised suitable vehicles. Bit players are promised promotion. Extras are promised a chance. Hollywood lives on promises—as it does on climate. And, just in passing, the talk of the importance of climate to Hollywood is not an exaggeration. But for that same climate, there would be no Hollywood—for the motion picture industry would never have made it the world's film capital. In the beginning pictures were made mostly in the open. Clarity of atmosphere and brilliant light were essential. Nature provided them in Hollywood. But Nature also provides plenty of drizzles to pay for the bright days.

FOR every ray of sunlight in Hollywood, there is a shadow of darkness. You'll never hear of them until you blunder into gloom. There is a conspiracy of silence, which includes the press itself, regarding any untoward features come to mar the vaunted sweetness and light. As at present, dread disease may stalk the canyons—but all you'll hear of is the glory of the starry kingdom. The saxophones of success drown out the futile sobs of failure. There is something sinister about Hollywood—as there is about those back alley cribs in Tia Juana where girls plaintively plead to sell all they have left to barter. Girls, perhaps, who once hit Hollywood with dreams of fame bedazzling their fair heads. Girls who learned bitter truths before drifting below the border. That's another story, maybe. But it sure makes it tough!

My Hardest and Easiest Role

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"My hardest talkie rôle was undoubtedly *Seven Faces,*" declared Paul Muni. "I had to portray different distinct types, widely varying in make-up. I enacted the rôles of *Papa Chibou,* the old attendant in a wax-works museum; Napoleon; Joe Gans; Franz Schubert; a hypnotist; a fruit peddler; and Don Juan.

"My easiest talkie rôle was in *The Valiant.* The lines were very good and clear and the part was a tragic one, which I think I can best portray."

MY HARDEST talkie rôle was that of Juan, the disreputable beach comber and roustabout in *The Sea Bat,* exclaimed John Miljan. "I liked the part, though, and enjoyed playing it. Its difficulty lay in the underseas diving scenes and the hours I spent in a diver's uniform, uncomfortable and unwieldy.

"The easiest talkie rôle was that of the much-imposed-upon husband with Adolphe Menjou in *Fashions in Love.* I liked very much the suavity and nonchalant ease of the part which fitted me admirably."

"The hardest I've worked was in *The Black Watch,*" said Victor McLaglen. "I was talking before a mike for the first time in that, besides playing a rôle that would be severely criticized by my British compatriots, particularly if it were not true to type and character.

"The easiest talkie rôle was in *Hot for Paris.* I liked doing that—the lines weren't hard and the character I played was a regular guy—not too bad, and not too good!"

THE TALKIE TECHNIQUE OF LOVE-MAKING

As demonstrated by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In *The Forward Pass,* Doug went athletic with a bang, winning the deciding game at the crucial moment, all of which helped him win the hand of the college belle, portrayed by Loretta Young.

The young lady receiving our hero's attentions at this moment is Dorothy Revier, who was seen with him in *The Sin Flood.* Love-making looks like a serious business to Doug, doesn't it?

Remember *The Barker?* It was Doug's first talkie, and his buoyant youthful characterization won him immense popularity. His tender love scenes with Dorothy Mackaill in this picture were especially convincing.

With each picture young Doug wins more and more renown as a dramatic actor and as a romantic young lover—here are a group of tender moments taken from some of his recent successes

A tender moment in a prison visiting room, where love scenes just can't be too intimate. The picture is *One Night At Susie's,* and Billie Dove is the girl who waits and waits for the man she loves.

Again Doug centers his affections on Loretta Young, who portrayed his leading lady in *Fast Life.* In this picture come some of Doug's most charming and beautiful screen love episodes.

Of course you remember Doug as the perturbed and frantic young husband and father in *The Little Accident.* This rôle permitted him much chance for comedy as well as for the serious moments with Sally Blane.

When the Fans Propose

[*Continued from page 53*]

answered the letter and he has instructed the Paramount Fan Mail department to ignore it also.

Constance Bennett's mail brings many invitations, acceptance of any one of which would make her a wife. Most of the letters are from fortune hunters but many are from wealthy men who have been won by Miss Bennett's beauty and sophistication.

The strangest was that from a man who has spent his life to date in traveling over the world. He declared in his letter: ". . . you have plenty of money. Why not quit work and see the world and really enjoy life? Let me guide you to every nook and corner, where the strangest sights are to be seen and the most unbelievable peoples. I require very little money for myself—I've always managed to get along although I have nothing. You could travel in any style you want with your wealth."

Needless to say, Miss Bennett isn't so anxious to see the world that she'd marry a man she had never seen to guide her. "I'd rather join the navy!" she laughs.

A WOMAN in Austria wrote to Clive Brook a letter containing just one sentence. It was: "I love you and if I come to Hollywood will you please marry me?"

A man in the eastern part of New York recently proposed to Nancy Carroll through the mails. He wrote saying he is the son of the president of a big Navigation Company. He asserts that his family is worth well over $3,000,000. He is twenty-eight years of age, five feet nine inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has brown hair and eyes and a ruddy complexion. He lives part of the time in Honolulu. At the end of the letter, he says: "and if you won't marry me, my dearest Nancy, oh, please do send me at least one little photograph!"

"All the boys in my class bet me I wouldn't write a letter to you and ask you to become my wife," came a note to Sue Carol from a college sophomore in an Eastern college. "I bet them and here is the dirty work—will you, my dear Miss Carol, marry me? Answer yes or no."

Sue, of course, had no use for two husbands, being already married to Nick Stuart, so she answered "no." But she was greatly amused over the letter even if not so pleased that a young man would propose to her on a bet!

FRANCES LEE, little Christie comedienne, received a unique proposal from a gentleman who later turned out to be a lunatic! His letter was rational enough at first but when she did not reply, he became quite abusive. After a series of weird threats as to what would happen to her if she dared refuse to marry him, Frances had the man looked up and found him esconced in an asylum cell in a Tennessee home for the insane!

Perhaps no girl in pictures has received more proposals than Alice White, largely because she is one of the very few girls in films who has never been wed, and plays in pictures that bring out her personality and real self.

Alice numbers among her proposals by mail letters from nearly every country in the world. But a Chinese Priest dwelling in Hong Kong, China, wins the prize packet. This official (Priests are officials in China) offered to come to America after his bride and to "thereafter shower on her silks and jewels such as only could be found in China." She would have servants beyond number and would have nothing to do but pour tea and sit for the benefit of her Chinese husband, who would also sit and do nothing but feast his eyes on her all day long.

AFTER a recent article appeared in the papers saying that Charles Rogers was looking for a wife, he received hundreds of proposals. Which, at that, was perhaps only natural. One girl wrote and said she was very fat but could cook and mend and would like very much to marry "Buddy"!

George K. Arthur has the most amusing story to tell about proposals. Seems that right after he played in a certain picture in which he impersonated a woman, he heard from a farmer in the middle west. "Can't fool me," wrote said farmer, "I saw that there gal with me own eyes and fell in love with 'er! She wasn't you, George K. Arthur and you know durn well she wasn't. She was a real gal and a durn good-looker, too. If you will oblige by putting me in touch with this gal I won't forget it. I want to marry her and am willing to deed the ole farm to her as my wedding gift!"

Then there was a young man in Hollywood who wrote Mary Brian letter after letter proposing that she marry him at once. He tries now to see her at the studio and even at her home. He seems to be very much in love with her and is very insistent. But, naturally, Mary doesn't know him and never communicates with him in any way.

A STRANGE proposal of marriage was received by Janet Gaynor from an admirer in Egypt who asserted ability to project his astral body to any given point!

If she will meet with certain conditions, the writer of the odd letter proposed to pay her a nice, friendly little spiritual visit, so that they might become really acquainted. If she is blonde, the conditions were needless, he wrote, but his spirit refused to communicate with brunettes and if Janet was dark she'd have to disguise herself by wearing a white costume and by binding a white towel around her hair! Thus disguised she'd be able to see and hear his spirit at an hour set by cablegram and judge the Egyptian's qualifications as a husband. Should the decision be favorable, her admirer declared he would come to her in person even though he had to swim the broad Atlantic to do so!

At The Premiere

[*Continued from page 55*]

people who never will be able to overcome stage fright when talking, so are radio talkers born, not made, says Freeman Lang. "Conrad Nagel is a brilliant radio speaker," he told me. "Johnny Hines, Ruth Roland, Ben Bard, Monte Blue, Irene Bordoni, Edmund Lowe, Lilyan Tashman, George Bancroft, and Buddy Rogers always have something interesting to say.

"Cecil DeMille makes the most gracious speech — always apropos; Sid Grauman is humorous. Jack Oakie, Al Jolson, Fannie Brice and Marie Dressler always have wisecracks that set the crowd roaring.

"Mary Duncan and Norma Shearer can be depended upon to say something nice, also Billie Dove. Aileen Pringle seldom comes to premières, but makes a charming little speech when she does come. Ronald Colman's delightful English accent makes a hit. And the crowds go wild when Andre de Segurola bursts into song."

LUPE VELEZ is another highlight of a first night. Lupe is so tiny she has to climb up on the microphone stand—just broad enough for her slipper toes. She usually gives a greeting in Spanish, later dancing down the arc lit walk kissing her hand furiously to the yelling crowds and making them sweeping bows.

"I recall, too, Charlie Chaplin's première of *The Circus*, as something to write about. The opening took place at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, exotic picture palace of wide renown. When Charlie arrived, his small figure was obstructed from the crowds especially eager for a glimpse after his long absence from the screen.

They set up a howl, refusing to be appeased until Sid Grauman linked his arm in the comedian's and paraded him up one side of the thronged block and down the other, the spotlight following."

ON THIS same night, Freeman Lang went up in an airplane, which encircled the theatre while searchlights of varied colors played on it, and broadcast to the crowds below. "Half an hour later," he told me, "I was announcing from the forecourt of the theatre, having changed to evening clothes in the taxicab that raced me from the airport to Hollywood. I got quite a kick out of it!"

The broadcasting of these opening nights brings Freeman Lang almost as heavy a fan mail as a movie star's. Recently, he received a letter from the wife of lighthouse keeper who told Lang how gratful she was for the relaxation and the glamour brought into her solitary, isolated life by his word pictures of movie premières.

Hard-Boiled and Happy

Robert Armstrong's love of acting survived all attempts to sidetrack him—and he's glad he's a talkie tough guy and one of the screen's fightingest bad men

By **GLORIA McCREERY**

"It's all Jimmie Gleason's fault," says Bob. After his brilliant success as the prizefighter in Gleason's play, *Is Zat So*, Armstrong took to the movies. He's been a screen racketeer and gunman ever since that fateful day.

THE Armstrongs didn't raise their boy to be a talking picture actor. In fact, when they shipped him off to the University of Washington at the age of eighteen, they had a career all picked out for him. But let Bob tell the story:

"Mother and Dad decided I should take up law because they always regarded it as a worthy profession. We had an artist and a playwright in the family, but no lawyer."

Rolf Armstrong, Bob's uncle, is regarded as one of the finest pastel artists in the country. Another uncle, the late Paul Armstrong, is remembered for his stage productions, *Alias Jimmy Valentine* and *The Man From Home*.

"I had sort of a hankering to follow in my uncle Paul's footsteps," continued Armstrong. "He was directing and producing as well as writing for the stage, and it sounded like a mighty interesting life to me. However, I received no encouragement at home, so I enrolled in law and read law books for two years."

VARSITY baseball interested Armstrong a lot, but dramatics had first place. He wrote a skit called *The Campus Romance*, and rehearsed it with two college law graduates. They tried it out in Portland and it is on no other but Bob's authority that the skit was a riot.

"John Considine, Jr., and I were in the same classes, and we were both members of Delta Tau Delta fraternity," Bob continued. "He arranged a hearing for me with his father, and as a result, *The Campus Romance* was booked over the Considine circuit. I had an agreement with the other fellows in the skit that if I wished, I could make another connection after we reached New York. Uncle Paul was doing big things for himself at the time, and I figured he might help me get established there."

Paul Armstrong sponsored his nephew's footlight ambitions. He gave the young man the leading rôle in a new vaudeville act he had written and made him stage manager of the troupe.

"It was hard work but it was the finest kind of experience a new actor could possibly have.

IT WAS the stage hit, *Is Zat So*, that brought Armstrong and the Gleasons together. Only it wasn't a stage hit then. The Gleasons were running a stock theatre in Milwaukee. They needed a new leading man. Robert Armstrong was sent out to them.

"Jimmy played the comedian in all the shows. I was the juvenile lead," related Armstrong. "I never had played a tough or underworld character up to that time. Things weren't going any too well financially with the Gleason

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Talkie Murder Mystery

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"I don't care anything about his Chicago murders. I want him for those two out in California. If I could only get him extradited . . .?"

"Did you bring the extradition papers?"

"Yes. I told the Los Angeles Chief of Police the lead I was working on and he had them written out for me. If we could only bring him to trial in Los Angeles we could keep any of the Chicago scandal from coming out, and at the same time the little stone room up in San Quentin could finish him.

"Yes," said Jackson, "but getting him out of Chicago without a World War battle would be like trying to move the Marshall Field Store from the Loop to the Stockyards at high noon without anyone seeing you!"

"I have a hunch on how to work that out," said Kenny. "Will you help me?"

"Sure I will, kid," said Jackson with a smile. "But you've got a nasty job ahead of you. What do you want me to do?"

"Two things. First get Headquarters to stick a special car on the Chief tonight, bound for Los Angeles. Have them put a number 22 in the car window and expect the Big Shot about five o'clock. Second, show me where he lives."

"I'll do my best for you, kid," said Jackson. "I know there is nothing the police would like better than getting rid of him once and for all. They'll have a squad of men in Car 22 waiting for him." The lawyer picked up his hat. "Come on, I'll point out his house to you. It looks innocent enough on the outside, but it's like an armed garrison on the inside!"

HE WAS a tall man, enormously thick and powerful. Steel-gray eyes peered out from cavernous brows, the eyes of a killer. His face was a furrowed, cruel mask. Kenny flinched just to look at him. But he had deliberately walked into this fortress and there was no way to get out except by the ruse he had arranged. If it failed . . .! He shuddered to think what would happen if it failed.

He had walked up the front steps calmly enough, but when a burly gangster opened the door and demanded what he wanted, with a heavy rod sticking out of his coat pocket, his courage almost left him. They had frisked Kenny in the hall and frisked him again in the front room, searched in places where Kenny had never dreamed a man could carry a gun. They had questioned him for a half hour before letting him in to see the Big Shot, threatening and intimidating him with their huge fists. But Kenny had stood pat and refused to answer questions With the look of an innocent cherub on his face, he had insisted upon seeing the Boss.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the killer as he sat behind a magnificent oak desk and toyed with certain suspicious looking electric buttons.

"I don't want anything," said Kenny in a hurt, schoolboy voice. "I have come to bring you a message from some friends."

"So? Who are they?"

"I don't know their names. They didn't tell me. I came in on the Chief with them this morning from Los Angeles. They had a compartment in my car. We became friendly and chatted."

From Kenny's tone of voice you would have thought he was telling the killer about a girl he had met at a party the night before!

"What is your message?" asked the Big Shot, after peering into Kenny's innocent eyes for many moments.

"In the dressing room this morning, as we were shaving, one of the men asked me if I would take a message to a friend of his. He gave me your address. They told me to tell you that the Hollywood contract has been signed."

THE face of the Czar remained impassive before these words, but his eyes narrowed down to pinpoints.

"What . . . contract . . . in Hollywood?" he asked.

"I really couldn't tell you," said Kenny lightly.

The thick man gazed at Kenny's childish face for a moment. "Sit down," he said. Kenny sat down. "Is that all the message?" the huge man inquired.

"No," replied Kenny, "they wanted to know if they should come on in, or go back to Kansas City."

"Why Kansas City?" asked the man in a suspicious tone.

"How should I know?"

"Where are you to take them back their answer?" demanded the Czar.

"To the Chief before it leaves this afternoon."

"The Chief! Then they are returning?"

"They said for you to tell them whether you have business for them in Kansas City. They gave me their compartment number on the train."

"All right," grunted the husky man, "what is their number. Give it to me!"

"They said you would make it worth my while," said Kenny with a winsome, boyish smile. "I hope you don't forget—"

The Big Shot looked at him for a moment with a half sneer. If there had been any suspicion in his mind about this young man, it was now dispelled. He had run this errand merely because he expected to get a little money out of it! The killer reached into his pocket, took out a wallet and handed Kenny a fifty dollar bill. Kenny's eyes lit up like those of a child who is given a piece of candy.

"All right," said the Czar, "give me the compartment number and get out. Your work is done!"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Kenny, "but they told me to bring you to the train, because they had to see you."

"Never mind that, give me the number!"

"My friends asked me not to. They told me to bring you personally."

The Boss meditated for a moment. "Well, they must have a reason for that," he murmured. Then he turned to Kenny. "Did they tell you why they wanted you to bring me?"

"No," said Kenny in his sweetest manner, "but they said you would understand."

The Big Shot grunted. "What time does the Chief leave?"

"In an hour."

"An hour! That doesn't give us much time. All right, let's go. Why in hell didn't those saps get off in Kansas City and stay there?"

Kenny did not venture an answer to this. The Boss ordered his car. A man came in to speak to him in a quiet voice. "No," said the Boss, "it's not necessary. Our Hollywood representatives are in town for an hour and I want to talk to them. Just stick two of the boys in the front seat."

The other man remonstrated, but the Boss cut him off with, "Pipe down, this is Chicago, isn't it? I'm only riding down to the station and back. What in hell could turn up? The Rat is buried and his gang is shot up. Who else is there? I'll only be gone an hour."

Kenny saw the big thick man take off his coat, put on some queer looking straps that crossed on his chest, and stick two guns into the holsters under each arm. He tried not to look too interested in these operations and stood at the door twirling his hat.

"All right," said the Big Shot, "let's go. I want time to talk to these birds!"

THE Boss' black sedan took them to the station. People were already streaming through the gate marked *Chief*. The sinister giant handed the gate keeper a bill and walked through.

"What number is the car?" he asked Kenny.

"I'll take you to it," said Kenny. "It's down the line."

They walked for quite a ways until they saw a little white card with a 22 marked on it, setting in the window. A fat woman swung up on the car just as Kenny and the Big Shot reached it.

"This is the one," said Kenny. "Number 22."

"All right," said the Boss, "you come on along with me!"

He shoved Kenny ahead of him and swung up the high stairs by means of the porter's platform. As soon as he turned to go down the short corridor of the car toward the main section, the door of the steps closed behind him quietly and the porter ran as fast as he could.

The Czar, keeping Kenny just ahead of him, walked down the rather long corridor. He had to turn a corner to see the main section of the car. Just as they did so Kenny dropped to his knees on the floor and the Big Shot found himself staring into the muzzles of two Tommy guns, a riot gun and two black rods with itching fingers behind them.

Kenny jumped to his feet and joined the armed men. The fat woman, who had been used as a decoy, ducked into one of the open compartments. The Big Shot made a grab for his arm-pit rod, but before his hand got there he realized the hopelessness of the situation and decided to fight it out in the courts instead of a Pullman car.

"Hello, Sullivan," he said to one of the men fingering a Tommy gun, "where do you

think we're going?"

"To Hollywood!" replied Sullivan, dryly.

"Hollywood! What in hell will I do there?"

"We've got you a long-term contract with the movies. You're going to play the part of a gangster boss who gets strung up at San Quentin. You'll be able to play the part fine!"

A WIRE was sent to the Los Angeles police asking that a dragnet be spread and all suspects held for the Chicago police. When the Chief pulled into Los Angeles with the Czar securely done up in shackles, Sullivan and his men went immediately to Headquarters to look over the catch. When the Chicago detectives came to a swarthy little fellow, a long, lean Mexican and a huge burly blond, they laughed out loud.

"Will you look who's here!" said Sullivan. "The whole Chicago Social Register!"

"Listen to me, Mr. Fishbein, your studio stays closed until the murderers are found, doesn't it?"

The three men were taken into another room and given a glimpse of their Boss in shackles. For the first time since their arrest they lost their composure and went pale around the gills.

"Listen boys," said Sullivan. "The Big Shot has confessed to ordering you three to bump off the movie directors, Denis and Kearney. Now, either you three hang—or he does! This is not Chicago, you know, where you can walk right out of the can. If you three boys want to turn State's evidence, I'll see to it that you get off with lighter sentences and that the Big Shot takes the necktie. If you don't want to talk, the three of you will take the rope the same night in San Quentin. It seems to me you'd better talk!"

They talked!

Fishbein, with a puzzled expression on his face, watched the huge burly blond tell how they shot Jerome Kearney at the wheel of his car. When the man finished his story Fishbein burst out, "Say, I know you! I've seen you somewhere before!"

"Sure!" replied the gangster with a triumphant sneer, "you ought to know me! You've been paying me $10 a day for the past month!"

"You mean to say that I . . .!" exploded Fishbein.

"Just a minute," interrupted Sullivan. He turned to the blond. "You've been working at the Cosmic Studios, haven't you?"

The blond grinned. "Old Fishbein ought to know that! He hired me himself as an extra to play one of the gangsters in the Loop battle!"

"What a swell joke!" roared Sullivan in delight.

"Joke! I don't see anything funny about it!" said Fishbein. "So that's how you got the key to the electrical equipment storeroom?"

"It was a cinch!" said the gangster with professional pride. "The key in your office even had a label on it so I shouldn't make a mistake!"

"But how did you manage to work the equipment?" demanded Fishbein.

"That wasn't so tough! I gave the electricians a lift with the heavy apparatus every afternoon when they wanted to put it in the storeroom. That gave me the lay of the land. Salvatore, here," he indicated the swarthy little fellow, "is an old line electrician. Well, when we wanted to doctor the recordings I would hide the right disc while Harrel wasn't looking, and I'd slip it under a box before he locked up. We'd come back in the middle of the night, Salvatore would hook up the synchronizing machine on the testing board and all I had to do was jump in when he gave the signal and say, 'Kearney, this is your final warning! If you return to the lot tomorrow, bring your last will and testament!'"

"But the detective was only gone from the door five minutes the last night," said Fishbein. "How could you do all that work in so short a time?"

The blond laughed uproariously. "Five minutes! Do you believe what a dick tells you? We could have shot a feature talkie in the forty minutes he was gone!"

KENNY, darling," cried Joyce that night, "how did you ever guess it?"

"I had a lead that no one else out here had," said Kenny. "You see, when that former Chicago District Attorney, Sam Jackson, sold Fishbein the scenario of *Murder In The Loop,* he forgot to tell him that *it was an absolutely true story!* Except for the part about Farley's being punished."

"Not really?" exclaimed Joyce.

"Yes, to the last detail! I was in Chicago when it all happened. The gangster leader, whom Jackson called Farley, actually had that wholesale murder committed—had them mowed down with a machine gun. A cop, who was trying to get his girl and the girl's brother out of Farley's clutches, happened to walk in on the massacre. He agreed to keep quiet about the bloody affair if Farley would let his girl alone. Farley laughed at him, so the cop took his information to Headquarters. They went after the Czar with a riot squad, but he killed two officers with his own gun before they got him. Do you see the point of the story now?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't," said Joyce.

"That's because you don't know Chicago. *With all those killings on his hands, the Czar still managed to walk out of the Chicago jail without so much as a trial!*"

"But what has that to do with the murder of Denis and Kearney?"

"Just this: the wholesale murder affair—and its aftermath—was hushed up in Chicago but it cost Farley almost every last penny he owned. Then the former District Attorney, who knew the case backwards and forwards, comes along and writes the entire story into a movie scenario!"

"If the movie of *Murder In the Loop* had been produced and released Farley would have been done for. The story would have been recognized and the Chicago police would have been compelled to move against him. Public opinion would have forced them to. The Czar was paying out thousands of dollars every month to keep that massacre from burying him. And he knew that if *Murder In the Loop* was ever shown in Chicago, he was a ruined man."

"So he arranged to . . .?"

"Exactly. He decided to stop the picture. First of all he tried to buy the rights off Fishbein. Fishbein refused. Then he tried to get the owner of the Cosmic Studios to put Fishbein out. Fishbein had a water-tight lease. Farley tried every other stunt he could think of to stop the picture, but none of them was successful. As a final resort, he decided to use violence. He knew that if he killed off a couple of directors no one else would consent to go on with the picture."

"Oh, Kenny darling," said Joyce, kissing him hungrily, "just suppose old Fishbein had chosen you to be the director!"

"He has, my girl, he has! We begin shooting in the morning. And this time there will be no interruptions!"

WHEN *Murder In the Loop* had its world première at the Globe Theatre in New York, Kenny Dow and Joyce Joy (Mrs. Kenneth Dow in private life, if you please!) travelled across the continent to attend the opening. They were given a tremendous ovation by the crowds.

Murder In the Loop ran to a capacity house at the Globe Theatre for months. For all I know it may be running there still!

Just Your Style and Hollywood's

[*Continued from page 7*]

EVENING fabrics are interesting, too. Velvets, almost as sheer as chiffon, are very popular. Chiffon with velvet or satin figures is newer still. Very thin lame is being shown widely, while crêpe romaine is indicated as the fashion leader. Satin is back for evening wear. Very low backs continue in high favor, though they are often filled in with an almost imperceptible layer of flesh-colored net which keeps the shoulders in place. Evening gowns are very stately this season, with a strong Grecian influence. Fullness is from the knees, generally. Hips are invariably snugly fitted. While matching jacket are still being shown for evening, the tendency is strongly toward the long evening coat which follows the lines of the gown. The Fall jackets are heavily trimmed in fox fur, and emphasize feminine luxuriousness.

For street and spectator sport wear, four-pieced ensembles are of primary importance. They consist of a skirt, blouse, fitted jacket, and topcoat. Blouses are of silk, jersey, or silk piqué. The smart new sweaters simulate blouses in line and decoration, with the same type of lingetie details. You may wear your blouse inside your skirt, or out; but if you prefer the latter, the natural waistline must be indicated by a belt, or by the cut of the blouse.

QUITE the smartness innovation in Fall fashions is the dress-coat, a cleverly tailored woolen or heavy crêpe gown on semi-fitted lines, greatly resembling a wrap —particularly when a fur collar or scarf is added. Circular skirts, pleats, peplums, and a few godets are employed, but the trim, tailored impression is never marred by their inclusion.

This year's fashions will be outstanding by reason of sleeve and neck details, as well as by the use of vivid embroidery and beading. There is a strong Russian influence noted in many of the new daytime costumes. The bell sleeve is quite popular, while signs point rather markedly toward the leg-o'-muttons of our mothers' day. Many of the Fall sleeves are of three-quarter length, and are worn with long gloves. The double sleeve—one wrist length, the other—of flared cut—several inches shorter — is seen not only on numerous dresses, but on suits and coats as well. Necklines are especially flattering this year with their soft front-or-back cowl effects, draped lines, or soft lingerie details.

Capelets continue in high favor for the present, though interest in them is gradually on the wane. Just now boleros are receiving most of fashion's attention. Every type of garment, from evening gown to "best" coat, actually has a bolero, or at least simulates one. Likewise, all types of garments emphasize bloused treatments. Peplums, ruffles, pleats, and fringe are being featured more prominently this year than last.

THIS year's coats are decidedly fitted to the figure, and the tendency is toward colors rather than black. Green and Brown are especially popular. Very interesting are the new fur shawl collars of galyak, lapin, or other flat furs. Sealine, Hudson seal, Persian lamb, caracul, and pony are other very good furs this season, with long-haired types—especially fox—again enjoying a definite place in fashion's favor. For evening there is a new fad for lapin jackets dyed in pastel shades, as well as in brilliant red or green, to match or harmonize with your gown. Unless you can afford to be extravagant, I'd not buy one of these little wraps, however, as they are obviously a passing fancy. Lapin itself should be chosen cautiously; for while it's "lapin" when it's fashionable, it's plain "rabbit" when it's out of date! For sport wear it will probably continue in high favor; for dressy occasions, its popularity may be short-lived.

Evening wraps are long, and Dorothy McNulty, M-G-M player, chooses royal blue velvet for her favorite cape. White ermine makes a luxurious standing collar.

Hats! How we girls adore them! Efforts to revive the brim have not been wholly successful with the smartest women. Paris and Hollywood decree that this Fall we'll all be wearing our hats from one to five inches off the forehead—and that means that sooner or later the ancient female weapon—the hatpin—is likely to reappear! There will be brims on most of the hats—but they'll turn back from the face. Some of the new chapeaux have brims over one eye. The tendency is toward shallow crowns again; and feather trimming is trying to fly back to fashion after years of absence. The most popular fabric seems to be velvet—white for the early Fall months, and darker for the rest of the season—especially black. Neutria felt, which resembles fur, is another leader. Beret types are seen everywhere, for all occasions from active sports to evening wear. For dressy affairs, hats made like little bonnets are flattering and fashionable.

OH YES! What about the skirt length? So conflicting have been the reports from fashion headquarters throughout the world that I finally called on the famous Harry Collins, who costumes all the best dressed stars in Hollywood. His large establishment is a veritable fairyland, and is said to rival the most gorgeous salons of Paris.

"Whenever there is a new fashion trend," Mr. Collins told me, "women immediately go to extremes. For a while skirts were all very long, but they were neither practical nor becoming for all occasions. The new lengths are generally agreed upon now, and there will be few changes for some time. It is safe to place the length for street frocks and spectator sports wear twelve or thirteen inches from the floor; afternoon gowns at ankle length, and evening gowns touching the floor. There will be fewer trains, too, for women enjoy dancing, and trains make it almost impossible. Practical sports costumes will be as short as necessary to permit freedom, but they will cover the knees."

Mr. Collins has very interesting views on feminine fashions. To him, there is no such thing as a "popular" color or silhouette. The fashionable thing is whatever suits the individual wearing it. Let the whole world wear the princess gown, but if one of his clients looks better in a straight frock, that's what Collins gives her. Of course, he keeps one eye at least on general trends, which are generally the result of women tiring of some overworked fad and seeking something new; but he is never enslaved by them. Harry Collins' very clever young designer, Judge Johnson, created all of Gloria Swanson's gorgeous gowns in *The Trespasser* and *What a Widow*.

The girl who buys the best material she can afford, in the colors best suited to her individual type, and makes them in a style that camouflages her defects and accentuates her good features, will unquestionably be the best dressed girl in her set this Fall and Winter.

"DON'T! You'll make him the laughing stock of the place"

but when he started to play the piano . . .

WHAT a glorious night!

Henri's quaint restaurant — with its intimate European atmosphere —was crowded with joyful parties. Tonight, John Brent was giving a party for eight in honor of Helen Thompson's engagement. Dick Peters had recommended Henri's as a splendid place to dine and dance. And Dick was right.

"What's that in your pocket, Dick? Your will?" asked John.

"No, that's just some sheet music I bought on the way over," returned Dick.

"What in Heaven's name are you doing with sheet music? Going to use it as wallpaper?" exclaimed John.

"Why, I'm learning to play the piano. Didn't you know?"

"Oh, boy! Listen to that! You couldn't learn to play in a thousand years."

Dick looked at John with an amused smile on his face.

"What would you give to hear me play?" he asked calmly.

"A ten dollar bill if you'll go up there right now and play that piano. What do you say?" exclaimed John with triumph in his voice.

"You're on," replied Dick, quick as a flash. "I'll take you up on that little dare. But not here—wait 'til we get home tonight."

"No, sir, you'll win or lose that bet right now. Come on, fellows, let's take him right up to the piano and we'll settle it here."

"Don't be foolish, boys, you'll only make us the laughing stock of the place," begged one of the girls.

Heedless of Dick's pleading, they dragged him to the platform and placed him at the piano. By this time the unusual goings on had caught the attention of everyone in the restaurant. Now Dick realized that he had to go through with it. So summing up all his courage and with a sudden burst of confidence, he broke into the chorus of the latest Broadway hit.

John gasped. He couldn't believe his ears. Everyone at the table sat in open-mouthed amazement as Dick sat there playing one snappy number after another. It wasn't until the regular orchestra returned that they allowed Dick to rise from the piano. Amid the din of applause, he went back to the table, only to be swamped with questions. But Dick refused to tell them the secret of his new-found musical ability, in spite of all their begging.

Going home that night, John, the most surprised member of the party, insisted stubbornly until Dick finally gave in.

"Well, John, I've put one over on you. I learned to play by myself, without a teacher."

"What? That's impossible! Tell me more."

Dick Tells His Secret

Dick then explained how he had always longed to be able to play some musical instrument. One day he chanced to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement offering a Free Demonstration Lesson. Skeptically he sent in the coupon. But when the Free Demonstration Lesson came and he saw how easy it was, he knew that this was just what he had been looking for. Why, it was just like A-B-C. He sent for the entire course and almost before he knew it, he was playing real tunes and melodies. And the lessons were such fun, too. Almost like playing a game.

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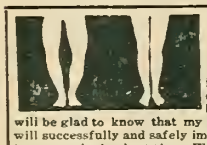

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Who's Doing What and Where

RICHARD ARLEN—*Lost Ecstasy*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
ROBERT ARMSTRONG—*Taking the Rap*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
LEWIS AYRES—*Saint Johnson*, Universal Studio, Universal City.
GEORGE BANCROFT — *Typhoon Bill*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
WARNER BAXTER—*Renegades*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
CONSTANCE BENNETT—*Lipstick*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
JOAN BENNETT—*Smilin' Thru*, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.
CHARLES BICKFORD — *The Passion Flower*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
JOHN BOLES — *Resurrection*, Universal Studio, Universal City.
CLARA BOW — *Her Wedding Night*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
WILLIAM BOYD — *The Painted Desert*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
EVELYN BRENT — *Madonna of the Streets*, Columbia Studio. Hollywood.
JOHNNY MACK BROWN — *Her Great Day*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
SUE CAROL—*Check and Double Check*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
NANCY CARROLL—*Lost Ecstacy*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
LON CHANEY—*Cheribebi*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
RUTH CHATTERTON — *The Right to Love*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
JUNE COLLYER—*Extravagance*, Tiffany Studio. Hollywood.
RONALD COLMAN — Untitled picture, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.
BETTY COMPSON—*The Boudoir Diplomat*, Universal Studio. Universal City.
GARY COOPER — *Fighting Caravans*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
JOAN CRAWFORD—*Her Great Day*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
MARION DAVIES—*Rosalie*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
CLAUDIA DELL — *The Bad Woman*, Warner Studio, Hollywood.
DOLORES DEL RIO—*The Dove*, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.
IRENE DELROY—*Maytime*, Warner Studio. Hollywood.
RICHARD DIX—*Cimarron*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
LOUISE DRESSER—*Lightnin'*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
MARIE DRESSLER — *Dark Star*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
MARY DUNCAN—*The Cat Creeps*, Universal Studio, Universal City.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.,—*Lightnin'*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
CHARLES FARRELL — *F. O. B. Detroit*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
LOUIZE FAZENDA—*Pure and Simple*, Darmour Studio. Hollywood.
SKEETS GALLAGHER — *Her Wedding Night*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
GRETA GARBO—*Red Rust*, M-G-M Studio. Culver City.
MITZIE GREEN — *Tom Sawyer*, Paramount Studio. Hollywood.
NEIL HAMILTON—*The Cat Creeps*, Universal Studio. Universal City.
ANN HARDING — *Playing the Game*, Pathé Studio. Culver City.
OLIVER HARDY—*The Rap*, Hal Roach Studio. Culver City.
JEAN HERSHOLT — *The Dove*, United Artists Studio. Hollywood.
JOHNNY HINES — Untitled comedy, Christie Studio, Hollywood.
JACK HOLT—*Arizona*, Columbia Studio.
HEDDA HOPPER—*War Nurse*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
WALTER HUSTON—*Honor of the Family*, First National Studio, Burbank.
BUCK JONES — *The Shadow Ranch*, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.
HARRY LANGDON — *The Ape*, Metropolitan Studio, Hollywood.
STAN LAUREL — *The Rap*, Hal Roach Studio, Culver City.
EVELYN LAYE — *Bitter Sweet*, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.
DOROTHY LEE—*Half Shot at Sunrise*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
JEANETTE LOFF—*The Merry-Go-Round*, Universal Studio, Universal City.
BESSIE LOVE—*See America Thirst*, Universal Studio, Universal City.
EDMUND LOWE — *Scotland Yard*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
BERT LYTELL—*Brothers*, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.
ADOLPHE MENJOU — Untitled picture, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
MARILYN MILLER — *Sweetheart*, First National Studio, Burbank.
GRACE MOORE — *New Moon*, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
LOIS MORAN — *Play Called Life*, Fox Studio. Hollywood.
CHESTER MORRIS—*Death Takes a Holiday*, United Artists Studio. Hollywood.
CHARLES MORTON—*Check and Double Check*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
MARIAN NIXON — *The Losing Game*, RKO Studio. Hollywood.
RAMON NOVARRO—*Song of India*, M-G-M Studio. Culver City.
JACK OAKIE — *Merton of the Talkies*, Paramount Studio. Hollywood.
GEORGE O'BRIEN—*Fair Warning*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
MARY PICKFORD — *Forever Yours*, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.
WILLIAM POWELL — *Spring Cleaning*, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
EDDIE QUILLAN—*Trouble*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
MARJORIE RAMBEAU—*Dark Star*, M-G-M Studio. Culver City.
WILL ROGERS — *Lightnin'*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
CHARLES RUGGLES — *Charley's Aunt*, Christie Studio. Hollywood.
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT—*Aloha*, Metropolitan Studio. Hollywood.
MILTON SILLS—*Net Work*, Fox Studio, Hollywood.
FORD STERLING — Untitled comedy, Christie Studio, Hollywood.
LEWIS STONE — *The Passion Flower*, M-G-M Studio. Culver City.
LILYAN TASHMAN — *The Cat Creeps*, Universal Studio. Universal City.
ESTELLE TAYLOR—*Cimarron*, RKO Studio. Hollywood.
LAWRENCE TIBBETT — *New Moon*, M-G-M Studio. Culver City.
DAVID TORRENCE — Untitled Colman picture, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.
HELEN TWELVETREES — *The Price of the Party*, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
LUPE VELEZ — *Resurrection*, Universal Studio. Universal City.
BERT WHEELER—*Half Shot at Sunrise*, RKO Studio. Hollywood.
GRANT WITHERS—*The Steel Highway*, Warner Studio. Hollywood.
LOUIS WOLHEIM—*The Quest*, RKO Studio. Hollywood.
ROBERT WOOLSEY—*Half Shot at Sunrise*, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

They Earn While They Yearn

[*Continued from page 47*]

roadster. But, of course, somebody would have to be with me all the time, because I just hate to do things alone!"

The shops, too, would claim Anita Page; and because she isn't really very grownup yet, she adores ice cream cones. If she didn't have to think of camera angles and hiplines on that precious day, she'd eat lots and lots of ice cream cones—vanilla, chocolate and strawberry.

WORKING in pictures doesn't allow much time for reading, Betty Compson finds. So she, for one, would spend her glorious holiday trying to catch up in a literary way. The same pursuit appeals to Conrad Nagel, who would like nothing better than to put on a comfortable old dressing gown, settle down in an easy chair in some quiet place, and read—just read—all day and all night.

Add to the list of bookworms Tommie Clifford, the twelve-year-old imported from Dublin for John McCormack's picture, *Song O' My Heart*. Tommie is specific in his literarty appetites. War stories are his meat, and he would just love to spend his day off devouring them one after another.

"If time and space were eliminated," declared jovial Victor McLaglen when he was cornered out at Fox Hills, "I would spend twenty-four hours visiting the haunts of my boyhood days in and around by birthplace, Stanmore, twelve miles from London. I haven't had a vacation in six years, and haven't been back to England in all that time."

As for Kay Francis, she has a weakness for Paris. She would restock her entire wardrobe (Kay, whose stunning wardrobe is the envy of all Hollywood) and buy perfumes in a little store she remembers. "In the evening," Kay continued, languidly blowing thin waves of smoke ceiling-ward, "I would go dancing in a smart restaurant. Then just a few hours sleep."

Clara Bow wouldn't want much sleep either. She said so, flaming curls bobbing emphatically in the morning sun. "I would go to New York, because it's alive every minute of the day and night. I'd see shows and dance and have a good time generally."

WHEN Ramón Novarro is not actually at work, he is usually to be found at the piano, taking a singing lesson or practicing. But for just one day he'd like to forget that there are such things as motion pictures or singing lessons, and sing for the sheer joy of it—sing the quaint old Spanish love songs and folksongs he loves so well.

Once upon a time Johnny Mack Brown was the star All-American for the University of Alabama. His great ambition was to be a football coach. Then motion pictures came into his ken and the beloved pigskin went by the board. If he had a day off Johnny would gather together all the boys in the neighborhood and appoint himself referee, linesman, timekeeper, coach and substitute player for both sides. And what a grand time he'd have!

Baseball is the consuming passion of Buster Keaton's life. What, then, would be more logical than for him to have a baseball

Now he DRAW$ the thing$ he want$

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. Before he studied drawing with the Federal Schools, he worked as a surveyor's assistant at $18.00 a week. Today he has a fine position in the work he enjoys at $65.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation, as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Mr. Nelson is just one of many young people making good money because of Federal training.

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orgy if he had the time? Correct. He would play all morning, go to a game in the afternoon, and talk about the game all evening and night.

Robert Montgomery is just about the best tennis player in Hollywood. He can beat almost anybody at it, professionals and all. And 24 hours of tennis at a stretch would suit him just about right. He's that energetic!

Things that sprout and bloom have illimitable fascination for John Miljan. His garden is his pride and joy. Nothing would please him better than to have a nice long day in which to fuss with his rock garden and his flowers.

THEN there are those bridge fiends whom you just can't drag away from a card table, once they get started. Pretty, blonde Leila Hyams is like that. "I'd get up a congenial foursome," said Leila without a moment's indecision, "and play bridge all day and far into the night."

Charlie Bickford looks like a red-blooded he-man and, begorra, he is! Here's proof: If he had a day and a night free, he would put on a pair of overalls, take the motor of his powerful speed roadster to pieces and put it back together again—if he could. He's just dying to know how it works, and hasn't had time to "watch the wheels go 'round."

You've heard about the mailmen's picnic where everybody participated in walking contests. That's like Jack Oakie, who would like to take "Ev," his mother, and go to one picture after another. Then they would have dinner at Henry's and go to another show. "After the last show," Jack goes on, "we'd drive down to Venice in my Ford roadster and go on every concession on the beach pier. Ev always wins dolls at the beach because nobody can ever guess her weight. Then we'd wind up with a ride in a speedboat on the ocean. By that time I guess I'd be ready for bed!"

BESSIE LOVE doesn't get a chance to see enough shows either, because she is always too busy working or getting ready for her next picture. "I'd just see one picture, then another and another—" beamed Bessie, "until the last theater closed its doors."

Everyone who knows Marie Dressler loves her, and Marie has travelled all her life. Consequently her friends are legion, all over the world. She longs to hear from them, and to write to them. But with her present schedule the best she can do is squeeze in a note now and then. She could easily spend 24 hours writing letters—and even then she might not catch up on her correspondence!

Here's a gal after my own heart. Marjorie White, Fox comedienne, wouldn't do a thing but sleep. That's what I call sensible. Even Fifi Dorsay, the irresistible French damsel with the loquacious eyes, would like some sleep. "But not all day," she expostulated, hands fluttering denial, "for I would like to go to the contree, and smell the flowers and 'ear the birds. In the evening I should like to come back and 'ave dinnair weeth some veree dear frien', and talk for about three hours."

Sue Carol likes the "contree", too. Redwoods near a pleasant little river are her specific request. Later a game of tennis in town, dinner with friend husband (Nick Stuart) and dancing until far into the night would suit her perfectly.

Marguerite Churchill put in the most highbrow request, and Bebe Daniels the most inclusive. Marguerite's earnest desire is to spend 24 hours listening to a symphony orchestra. Bebe said she would take lessons in fencing, flying, singing, piano, guitar, French and German; see movies and two plays; read a few chapters of Balzac, Merimee, Dumas; play a few rubbers of bridge; and have lunch and dinner with her hubby, Ben Lyon. She must have thought we meant twenty-four months.

We had just about given up hope of finding a suppressed desire that had the slightest scarlet tinge, when Edmund Lowe came along. Trust Eddie to save the day. He opened his mouth to answer the question, then thought better of it. "Oh," grinned Eddie with a twinkle in his eye, "it just wouldn't do to tell what I would do with twenty-four hours to myself, sez I. What say you?"

Bravo, sez we. Also hear, hear!

What Love Means To Me

[*Continued from page 50*]

IN EXPLAINING my theory on "love" to a few of my closest friends, I have often been asked the question: "Well, what of this thing called Mother Love?" What is that? Personally I look on what we call Mother Love as a quality of emotion—misnamed. It is not love at all—it is a Divine Friendship. I might go still further and say that I believe it to be the closest that friendship ever comes to accomplishment. Mother love (so called) embodies all the finer things I have learned to attribute to friendship: tenderness, understanding and companionship.

Another example of divine friendship may be found in the very old couple . . . the golden anniversary sort. Most of you will be quick to say that any couple who have remained together over fifty years must have a deep love . . . but I still contend you would be wrong in so saying. I believe that the main reason for the duration of their married existence is the fact that they were never willing to sacrifice that great gift of friendship on the altar of love. And, believe it or not, the one force that has succeeded in keeping them forever together defying the years, is nothing but the deepest of real friendships.

Don't misunderstand me!

I AM not dodging marriage, or men. I really hope that some day I shall marry again. I don't think I want to marry an actor, and the only reason I have for that statement is that actors make a business of the love I have learned to avoid. I should like to marry a man who has learned the futility of fame and success and marriage without friendship. I wouldn't marry the most famous romantic lover in the world if I knew for sure that it was my only opportunity. But I have an idea of just the man I would like to marry! I should like very much to marry my most attractive friend!

Fields, Rodgers and Hart listen to a playback of their song which Inez Courtney recorded under the direction of Clarence Badger for First National's *The Hot Heiress.*

Saving Those Incomes

[*Continued from page 69*]

Gardner, who besides being Miss Dresser's husband also acts as her business manager, advised her to buy the garage; at last reports it was developing into a regular gold mine.

To J. Harold Murray of *Married in Hollywood* and *Cameo Kirby* fame, came the sawmill inspiration. Murray inherited, through a family legacy, the controlling interest in a Connecticut mill. He hired a good manager to run it, and after taking one look over the profit and loss statement for the year, he decided his money was better placed in the gyrations of saws and belts than in a new Rolls-Royce and a elaborate Hollywood wardrobe!

CLARA BOW hasn't any profitable side line but she is saved a lot of money yearly by her very efficient secretary and companion, one Daisy De Voe, who is about Clara's own age. Miss De Voe runs all the Bow affairs, financial and domestic, does all the purchasing, pays all the bills and sees that the income tax is settled to suit Uncle Sam's exactions. In fact, she manages everything marvellously—except Clara's personal allowance. That, she admits, she has never been quite able to manage. And when Clara spends a bit more than she should, Daisy tries to make up for it by cutting down on the household expenses.

She employs four servants—a cook at $100 a month, a personal maid at $100, a chauffeur-gardner at $140, and a studio maid at $100. Miss De Voe, herself, gets $75 a week, and watches over Miss "IT" like a mother. All the laundry for the Bow Beverly Hills home and the beach cottage at Malibu costs about $40 a month, according to Daisy. When they entertain at the beach for a week-end, she spends about $25 for food, but at the Beverly Hills domicile she feeds them all, four servants included, for $50 a week. She buys as much wholesale as possible.

NOT a few of the movie stars engage the services of similar experts in financial matters and these people take care of investments, contracts, real estate, funds, charity donations, etc. When a star is approached for money for any of these things or when some high-powered salesman tries to incite interest in his wares, the star merely refers the person to his or her financial manager. And that is not only a good idea, but waives all chances of making an enemy by refusal to donate or buy.

Neil Hamilton has such a manager—one J. Rex Cole. He takes the Hamilton salary check and after investing a part of it, budgets the rest and gives Neil $50 a week and two charge accounts for his personal use. Cole pays all the household bills for Neil. He also has Clive Brook, Warner Baxter, William Boyd and Patsy Ruth Miller and handles them in much the same way.

EIGHT years ago Harold Lloyd brought his uncle, William R. Fraser, from the U. S. Forest Service to Hollywood to become general manager of the Harold Lloyd Corporation, which Fraser was instrumental in organizing. At that time, Lloyd virtually turned over his entire business affairs to Mr. Fraser, who since has handled all the Lloyd investments.

Fraser, who studied economics and finance at Stanford and Cornell, has proved himself a shrewd investor, and as a consequence the Lloyd resources have been protected and invested in such a manner as to guarantee the comedian an extremely suitable income for the rest of his life. Conservative, like his nephew, Fraser instituted a policy in investing primarily in gilt-edged bonds and real estate. He advocated the purchase of the land on which Lloyd subsequently built his home in Benedict Canyon and his judgment of that property has been vindicated by the rapid increase of land values in that section. His policy has been "protection always" for the money which he is intrusted to handle and invest, and he has the reputation in Hollywood of having yet to lose the first penny for Lloyd.

Lloyd has no interests in the picture business or any other business except through his bond holdings in the latter. He invests all his own money in his pictures and has never had to resort to outside sources for financial aid since becoming an independent producer more than six years ago.

JACK DEMPSEY'S wife, Estelle Taylor, helps save him money by advising him

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Also featured in the same issue are stories starring *Walter Huston* in "The Bad Man" adapted from the famous stage play; *Ruth Roland* in Cornelius Vanderbilt's exposé of America's famous divorce city, "Reno"; a short story based on Harold Bell Wright's book "Eyes of the World"; *Dorothy Mackaill* in "The Office Wife" the picturization of Faith Baldwin's novel; *Gary Cooper* and *Kay Johnson* in "The Spoilers" which is taken from Rex Beach's well known smash hit; and the complete story of the latest starring picture for *John Gilbert* called "Way For A Sailor!"

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about most of his investments and expenditures. Estelle is a keen business woman and no one can put anything over on her. It was Estelle that advised Jack to buy *Doc Wilson,* the racing horse he now owns and which won $50,000 at the Tia Juana races last year! Dempsey also puts his money into real estate and bonds.

Jobyna Ralston is another wife who acts as "business manager" to her husband. She takes hubby Dick Arlen's money and wisely invests it so that it will bring ample returns.

RAOUL WALSH, the director, has many a profitable side line saving money for him, yet withal he has the instinct for taking a chance. Recently, he got into a little roulette game at the Casino at Agua Caliente and cleaned up $18,000! His friends all admitted he must have been born under a lucky star. But the joke was really on Walsh, however, since he was merely taking that much out of his own pot, because he happens to be one of the biggest stock holders in the Caliente Corporation, a fact not generally known.

Even the stock market crash of last year has failed to dim the enthusiasm of the dyed-in-the-wool operators. Corinne Griffith and Alice White have been buying and selling bonds through their brokers and with remarkable success, too, as the income tax collector seems to have found out!

The stock market, however, is for the most part denied Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Their business manager, Harry Eddington, an executive out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, won't let them play it. He banks the greater part of their money and intends to see that neither one of them starves to death in their old age!

REAL ESTATE claims its ardent followers. Richard Barthelmess has specialized in trading Hollywood business sites, and Dorothy Mackaill has been purchasing Hollywood properties. Lois Moran's mother, who acts as Lois' business manager, has been buying all kinds of real estate from lots to apartment hotels, improving them a bit, and then selling them at a tremendous profit. It is a well-known fact in Hollywood that Mrs. Moran yearly saves her famous movie star daughter a regular mountain of gold!

Then, of course, there is Ruth Roland, who has long been laughingly referred to as "owning half of Los Angeles," which by the way, is more truth than poetry. Ruth owns property on nearly every large boulevard and is constantly buying and selling. L. E. Kent, who once upon a time was Mr. Ruth Roland No. 1., acts as her business manager and has done so for many years now. Ruth consults him regarding all her important business dealings and admits that his judgment is almost uncanny. Certainly, he has saved Miss Roland many thousands of dollars.

It is a wise movie idol who knows how to get the big money in Hollywood these days, but a wiser one who knows how to invest it so that it will bring in great returns. As can now be readily seen, there are many, many very wise ones!

As far as this group of rapidly growing financially independent persons is concerned, producers can froth at the mouth with temperament or cameras can run completely out of film. If their pay envelopes suddenly stop they will always have at least one ace in the hole!

Famous Movie Friendships

[*Continued from page 71*]

But Clara Bow really is a wonderful girl with a wonderful disposition, a great love of human beings, and an understanding of human nature that constantly surprises one.

Her chum, then, is Daisy DeVoe. Daisy recently went to New York with Clara, for Daisy is indispensable.

So perhaps, after all, some credit for the friendship is due to Daisy herself.

Miss DeVoe first was a hair-dresser. That's when she and Clara met. Instantly a real friendship sprang up between the two girls.

Daisy amused Clara, for one thing. She is clever and witty, and might have been in pictures herself, only she is a very calm young lady, who looked the situation over and decided there was too much heart-break in it, and that she'd prefer a steady job to all that hectic life of the movies.

It was during the filming of *The Wild Party* that Clara decided to give Daisy a chance as her secretary. To Clara's surprise, one day, she found that Daisy had been studying short hand and typewriting. That's when she generously offered Daisy the opportunity.

And we wouldn't be a bit surprised to find, one day, that Daisy had gone in for writing film stories.

CHARLIE MACK AND BERT SWOR ARE FRIENDS

CHARLIE MACK and Bert Swor were vaudeville partners for years. They still are friends. And if you just realized what that means! Professional jealousy and money squabbles—these are too often the means of tearing vaudeville teams asunder. Then there are the ladies! Somehow the friendship of Swor and Mack has survived all these obstacles.

Mack has many interests away from the camera. I mean business interests. And Bert Swor has always believed in his friend and fostered his enterprises.

"Charlie Mack is a real inventor," said Swor, the other day. "Do you know that he invented the best trunk on the market? I was out on the road with him when he started that invention, and I always believed in it. He has also invented and patented a paint remover and is manufacturing the product."

Mack isn't a wise-cracker. Rather he has a slow, droll style, and loves telling stories. He and Swor used to vie with each other in collecting stories and telling them to each other.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN AND ALICE TERRY

I CALL our friendship a long-distance affair!"

Dorothy Sebastian was speaking of her dear friend, Alice Terry.

Between Alice Terry and Dorothy Sebastian exists one of the most remarkable friendships in the movie business—a friendship which even long separations cannot spoil.

Alice Terry is almost constantly in Europe with her husband, Rex Ingram, while Dorothy is meeting other girls of the pictures all the time. Nevertheless when Alice returns for a short visit to this country—which she has done twice during the past three years—it is Dorothy she calls first on the telephone, and she spends most of her time at Dorothy's house.

"An odd thing about our friendship," Dorothy related, "is that when I was coming out to Hollywood on the train, I was reading a fan magazine, and the first picture I looked at was that of Alice Terry. I thought, 'Oh, if I only can meet her, how wonderful it will be!'

"Alice was my ideal, and I went to see her three times in *The Four Horsemen*. Then I signed a contract for pictures—and the very first star I worked with was—Alice Terry! When I found I was to work with her I was overjoyed.

"And right now I want to say that one isn't always disillusioned. Ever since we became friends, during the making of that picture, I have found her to be the most wonderful woman I have ever known. She has a capacity for friendship, a loyalty which one rarely discovers in a human being, and she has a never-failing sense of humor to carry her over the moments that come to any friendship when a misunderstanding might happen.

"So, on the one or two occasions when we might have had a little tiff, we just looked at each other — and burst out laughing! Most quarrels between friends are so absurd. Alice would always bring in some droll little bit of philosophy, in that quiet way of hers, or get off a sly joke, and there was no quarrel.

"The picture we worked together first in was *Sackcloth and Scarlet*. Alice was so kind to me! I knew nothing about make-up, and though she was a star, she hurried through her own make-up the first morning to come over and see to mine.

"Rex was in Europe—I mean Rex Ingram, Alice's husband, you know—at the time, and she used to invite me over to dinner. Of course the first time I went I was so overwhelmed with delight that I don't think I talked much. But Alice talked well, and everything she told me about pictures and about Europe was tinged with humor. I remember being dumbfounded that anybody who could make me cry as she had in *The Four Horsemen* could keep me in such gales of laughter.

"But I'll never forget that first picture. We were finally both very nearly kicked out of the picture for kidding so much! We had one very sad scene, I remember. But we took some kind of a funny meaning out of it, and poor Henry King nearly broke his megaphone hollering at us. Finally he let us turn our backs to the camera when we did it, so that our shaking with laughter looked like sobs."

JACK OAKIE THINKS HIS MOTHER A GREAT PAL

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And you're likely by this time to say "Burgoise!" or "Bunk!"

Because next you hear of them, son or daughter is suing for an accounting of salary, or mother has run away and married somebody son or daughter doesn't like.

But Jack Oakie and his mother are pals—honest!

Always have been, too.

I was present at a party not long ago, where Jack's mother was also a guest. I had a nice chat with jolly Mrs. Evelyn Offields, Jack's mother. She has a bubbling sense of humor, and you can readily see where Jack gets his comedy talents. Mrs. Offield told me about how Jack, with the first money he ever earned when he was a kid—selling papers or something,—bought her a couple of pounds of lemon drops! She says that she has some of them yet.

Jack calls his mother "Ev."

He always has a date with his mother for dinner. They always dine at Henry's on Hollywood Boulevard.

"I make a personal appearance every night at Henry's," declared Jack with a grin.

Jack takes his mother to a show about once a week, and he has arranged for life passes—he says!—to two theaters in Los Angeles.

He has rented a small, cozy bungalow for his Ev, but he doesn't live there himself. He dwells, instead, in the place where he settled when he came to Hollywood several years ago.

Jack is engaged to marry Gwen Lee, and now all three are pals. In fact it was at Gwen's that I met Jack's roly-poly Ev.

Hardboiled and Happy

[*Continued from page 85*]

Theatre. Jim talked it over with me and told me he had a play manuscript in his trunk. If we could use that, it would dispense with the necessity of paying royalties.

"Jim got it out of his trunk one night and read it to me. It was a good play, but I saw no part for me.

"Jim laughed. 'Sure,' he said, 'there's a swell part for you. The pug rôle!'"

"I laughed at his suggestion. The prizefighter he wanted me to play was a toughie with an East Side accent. And me a Pacific Coast lad!"

Jim Gleason had been raised on the East Side of New York and was a whiz at the Bowery accent. For hours every day he coached Armstrong and when *Is Zat So* opened, Bob was adept at the Bowery dialect and his "pug" rôle fitted him perfectly.

"I think the biggest compliment of my professional career came when we played *Is Zat So* in New York," said Bob. "A woman who had witnessed the play declared afterward that it showed wisdom on the part of the producer to go down to the East Side and pick an uneducated prizefighter instead of training an actor for the rôle! The person she was referring to was none other than myself, in person."

IT WAS while the company was playing in New York that Bob met the young woman who became Mrs. Robert Armstrong. Since her marriage she has been winning fame for herself in stage productions on the Pacific Coast, using the professional name of Jeanne Kent. Jeanne had done some professional dancing and stage work and naturally had a deep interest in the theatre. In witnessing a performance of *Is Zat So* she found a great deal in Bob's work to be admired. She wrote him a note of congratulation.

"Not a mash note," she says. "It was simply that I recognized a very fine piece of acting and I wanted to let Bob know how much I enjoyed it. He later telephoned to thank me for the note. We discovered we both enjoyed outdoor sports and began to be together more and more."

When the play moved to London and gave indications of staying there a long time, Bob cabled New York. Jeanne came to England on the next boat and the young couple were married between performances of the show. That was six years ago.

ARMSTRONG first caught the eye of film producers when *Is Zat So* played Los Angeles.

"I was getting a knockout blow every performance and was just beginning to wonder how many socks I'd have to take for art's sake when Cecil DeMille saw me. He was looking for a pug to appear in *The Main Event,* and I was offered the part. And, well—here I am!"

To date Bob claims he has made more money as a movie racketeer, gunman and thug than have the Chicago gentlemen who are in the business for keeps.

"At heart," he reflected, "I'm just a quiet, home boy—so meek, in fact, that I hardly ever beat up my wife."

Armstrong says he rightfully owns half a dozen pullman cars and a big interest in a Statler hotel, but that he never actually had a deed to a home of his own until he became a picture actor and settled in Hollywood. His charming home is on a wooded hillside within a few minutes driving distance from the center of the film city. And he recently purchased a Spanish home for his mother, Mrs. Mina Armstrong, who came from New York to make her home near her son.

Bob still keeps an active interest in sports. When *Is Zat So* closed its run in Los Angeles, he and Gleason bought an athletic club in South Gate, near Los Angeles, and installed Jack Perry as manager. They have four boxers now and are thinking of turning the club into a professional organization.

Bob recently signed a long-term contract with Pathé, for whom he has been doing most of his work in the past.

Right now he is working on *Lookin' For Trouble,* starring Eddie Quillan. In this production he will appear once more with his old friend, Jim Gleason.

"Ever want to go back on the stage?" Bob was asked.

"Every time I see a good play my feet itch to get near the footlights," Bob replied. "On the other hand, when I think of those daily socks on the jaw I'm quite contented here among the Kleigs."

Before Fame

[*Continued from page 79*]

means of saving the woman. He dove into the lake, turned the bather sunny side up, and began to push her ahead of him as he would push a floating log. And in this unorthodox fashion he brought the woman to shore.

SHE was carried into the bathhouse hospital on a stretcher that bent like a hairpin under her weight, and revived. Immediately, she asked for the guard who had rescued her.

Arlen was brought in.

"And you saved me?" she asked him.

Arlen, looking sheepish for perhaps the only time in his life, admitted his guilt.

"My hero!" cried the girl, casting her ample form into his protesting arms.

Nor was this the end. Daily for the next two weeks she came out to the beach. Daily she followed Arlen from guard stand to guard stand as a faithful puppy dog follows a boy. With that Chesterfieldian politeness for which he is now famous Arlen was kind to her at first. She interpreted his kindness as encouragement. Finally the only escape for Arlen was in a row boat far out in the lake. Yet such escape was but temporary. Hour after hour his enamoured lady waited for him on the beach as patiently as a sailor's wife waiting for her husband's ship. The fact that she was some years older and one hundred pounds heavier than Arlen mattered to her not at all. She was stuck on him. For a while it looked as though he was going to be stuck with her.

He might have been stuck at that had not his fellow guards decided to save him from the girl he had saved. They formed themselves into a committee of vigilance to watch for the damsel. At her first appearance in the morning they warned Arlen to hide, while they calmly and, after about a week, completely assured her that Arlen had been arrested for non-support of a wife and four children the base wretch had deserted in Chicago.

IT IS not surprising that Arlen made good in pictures. The gift of mimicry and acting came honestly to him. He could fake an epileptic fit that would throw the beach into a panic or stage a comic diving act that was a wow.

Above all he loved to mix nonsense with a certain amount of pseudo-seriousness, leaving many of his auditors wondering whether he meant it or not. When he came out one day as a prospective candidate for Congress and began soliciting votes more than one bather believed him. Solemnly imitating the speech and manners of a politician, Arlen would approach a group of swimmers sitting on the sand, introduce himself, shake hands with all, and ask their votes and support. Before he left them he could convince many that what this country needed was shorter days for working, longer nights for loving, and Christmas every other Thursday.

Another of his favorite stunts was to don an outlandish bathing costume, approach a group of bathers and pretend that he could "no spik English" and "no swim." More than one afternoon while Arlen was doing his stuff in the water some fatherly old soul would warn the head life guard that "there's a foreign nut out there by the chute who's going to drown if he isn't watched."

In the bathhouse worked a mulatto watchman and janitor named Tom who had the usual superstitions of his race. Arlen and the guards delighted in playing tricks upon him. Once Arlen, posing as a drowned man on a stretcher, frightened Tom out of his wits. And again another night Arlen, standing rigid and disguised in a telephone booth, convinced the darkie that the place was full of "haunts."

OF NIGHTS the guards would squat in groups on the moonglittered sands while Arlen strummed the ukelele and we all sang.

What did we sing?

Perhaps it was *Hindustan* or *Tripoli,* or the still popular *Long. Long Trail.* Then again it was *Hinky-Dinky Parlez-vous* or *The Ballad of Mobile.*

At the end of a long hot day when the tumult and shouting had died and darkness covered the lake, the guards frequently took a dip au natural. Noons and evenings on the way to the dining room we played four holes of golf. To add zest to these games imaginary tournaments were invented for strange geographical lands. Arlen, I remember, won the Tierra del Fuego National amateur, and he went into a triple tie one noon for the Mozambique Open. Rainy days the guards played duck on the rock, fitted home-made sails to the life boats, or practiced driving floaters into the lake. On pay days they shot crap. Once the guards struck because the park department was feeding them too many cheese sandwiches. Arlen was one of their spokesmen. Another time Arlen induced the guards to strike for a more generous allowance of towels. They were being allowed four towels a day. After Arlen's brilliant protesting they were allowed one.

IF THERE is any one characteristic by which Arlen is remembered among the life guards it is his gift of gab. He was a talker par excellence, a talent which, I understand, he has since developed and improved.

Always his fertile mind was hatching some scheme. Ever his ready imagination was seeking new fields. Once he conceived the possibility of organizing the better swimmers among the life guards into an exhibition troupe which would stage a show at the country fairs.

We laughed tolerantly. Arlen was always having dreams.

Perhaps it was for the best that the girls did not realize that the handsome guard in the blue silk bathing suit who performed such graceful jack-knives from the twelve-foot board was to be a famous star. If they had they might have drowned in such numbers that the guards would have required a fisherman's seine to rescue them.

And as it was we, and especially Arlen, had trouble enough with females.

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Brief Guide

[*Continued from page 6*]

MANSLAUGHTER *(Paramount)*—The talkie version of the famous silent movie with Claudette Colbert in the rôle formerly played by Leatrice Joy. Good.

THE MATRIMONIAL BED *(Warner Brothers)*—A very amusing farce which takes place in France, with Frank Fay and Lilyan Tashman being very, very funny.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE *(Warner Brothers)*—Reviewed in this issue.

MOBY DICK *(Warner Brothers)*—The well known story in which our own John Barrymore goes after the famous whale with a harpoon and a vengeance. Joan Bennett stands out in her delineation of youthful charm.

THE NAUGHTY FLIRT *(First National)*—Reviewed in this issue.

NIGHT WORK *(Pathé)*—Eddie Quillan in an amusing story in which he gets mixed up with a baby orphan. Lots of fun.

OLD ENGLISH *(Warner Brothers)*—Another wow with George Arliss. You may find the dialect difficult to understand, but the human character of *Old English* will certainly get you.

ON YOUR BACK *(Fox)*—Reviewed in this issue.

ONCE A GENTLEMAN *(Sono Art)*—A story that opens up slow, but develops into a good picture. Edward Everett Horton plays a butler who takes a vacation and is mistaken for a gentleman of leisure. Horton's characterization is excellent and Lois Wilson is the woman who makes the happy ending possible.

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S *(First National)*—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a good story which will keep you well awake.

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES *(M-G-M)*—The story is certainly silly, but Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery are such a couple of great troupers that you will enjoy every minute of this picture.

RAFFLES *(United Artists)*—Ronald Colman, as the famous crook character, does a good job. Kay Francis is charming as the woman he loves.

RAIN OR SHINE *(Columbia)*—A riot of a picture in which Joe Cook kids everything and and everybody. This master of humor will simply delight you.

THE RECORD RUN *(RKO)*—Louis Wolheim gives a marvelous performance with Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur supplying the love-interest in this railroad drama.

ROMANCE *(M-G-M)*—Greta Garbo's second talkie. This fascinating woman puts over this story in a way that will bring tears to your eyes and a lump to your throat. Lewis Stone also gives an excellent performance.

THE ROAD TO PARADISE *(First National)*—Dual rôles have not been very common lately, but here's one, and one in which a woman does the dualing. Loretta Young is the delightful person in question and she does a good job.

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE *(Paramount)*—A good story and a good actor—Jack Oakie—make this film one you have got to put on your list. Anybody who can resist that Oakie grin just ain't human.

THE SEA BAT *(M-G-M)*—A thrilling story in which the main interest is a strange and horrible beast from the bottom of the sea.

THE SEA GOD *(Paramount)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE SEA WOLF *(Fox)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW *(Paramount)*—William Powell is the guy who is innocently convicted of the crime. Trite as this character is, Powell lifts it into something worth seeing.

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS *(RKO)*—Sue Carol and Arthur Lake in a charming story of youngsters and how they get that way.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT *(RKO)*—Richard Dix in the rôle of the big, strong gambler with a heart of gold. You will love it.

THE SINGER OF SEVILLE *(M-G-M)*—Ramón Novarro in a story of Spanish life in which he gets a chance to put over a couple of songs in his usual excellent style.

SINS OF THE CHILDREN *(M-G-M)*—Poor father gets a break in this one for the first time in his life. Louis Mann is the suffering papa and he suffers beautifully.

SO THIS IS LONDON *(Fox)*—Will Rogers in a story which doesn't matter at all. It doesn't matter, that is, except to give him a setting to pull his very amusing gags. You'll love it.

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN *(Columbia)*—A triangle story with a United States Army setting. Good dramatic fare with Grant Withers giving an excellent performance.

SONG O' MY HEART *(Fox)*—The silver tenor, John McCormack, makes his talkie début in this charming talkie film. You had better not overlook this epic picture.

SPURS *(Universal)*—Hoot Gibson in another splendid talkie Western. Don't miss it.

THE SQUEALER *(Columbia)*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE STORM *(Universal)*—Lupe Velez in a talkie version of the old play and old movie. An excellent film with an unusually thrilling sequence in the forest fire.

STRICTLY MODERN *(First National)*—Dorothy Mackaill in an entertaining picture about a girl who has not much use for men until a certain one comes along. The dialogue is good.

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE *(Columbia)*—Alice White and Lloyd Hughes in an amusing story of marines and dance hall girls. There are a couple of swell fights that will thrill you.

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS *(Warner Brothers)*—A talkie version of a stage hit which introduces the lovely Claudia Dell to picture goers. The picture is handsomely costumed.

SWEET MAMA *(First National)*—Alice White again in a story of cabarets. David Manners does well as the dumb young fellow who gets mixed up with one of those naughty gangs.

THREE FACES EAST *(Warner Brothers)*—Eric Von Stroheim makes his second appearance in a talkie with Constance Bennett playing opposite him. Good suspense in this drama.

UNDER MONTANA SKIES *(Tiffany)*—An excellent Western with Kenneth Harlan doing very good work.

THE UNHOLY THREE *(M-G-M)*—Lon Chaney makes his talkie début with no less than seven—7, count em'—voices. Hearin' is believin', so go to it.

THE WAY OF ALL MEN *(First National)*—Here's a talkie version of the famous silent movie *Sin Flood.* It's well worth seeing. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., does well.

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU *(First National)*—Loretta Young plays the charming heroine who amuses Conway Tearle in this picture adapted from the story "When We Were Twenty-one."

WAY OUT WEST *(M-G-M)*—William Haines goes cowboy in this picture with amusing results.

WHAT A WIDOW *(United Artists)*—Here's our old friend, Gloria Swanson, dashing through a delightful comedy which takes place mostly on an Atlantic liner. Plenty of fun of all kinds.

WHAT MEN WANT *(Universal)*—Ben Lyon and Pauline Stark depict modern youth for the benefit of those who have never seen modern youth depicted. However, as modern youth stories go, this one is a lot better than many of them.

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—A thrilling picturization of Commander Byrd's little jaunt to the southern end of the world. "Must be seen to be appreciated."

WAY FOR A SAILOR *(M-G-M)*—Laurence Stallings made a real he-man rôle for John Gilbert and Gilbert does excellently by his work. Leila Hyams is her usual carefully marcelled blonde self.

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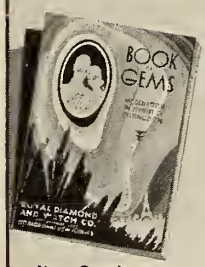

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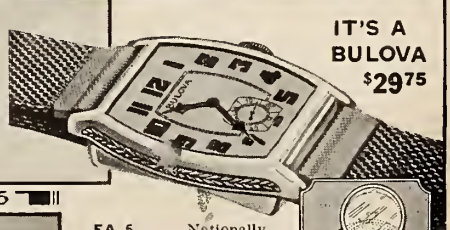

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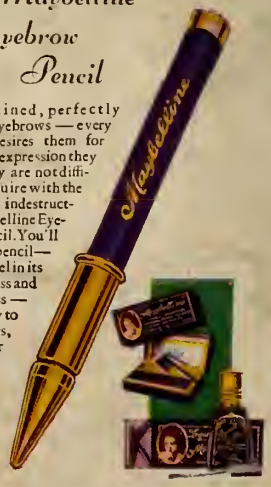

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